



LETTERS ON
A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

J. W. KLIEWER





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READING A LETTER FROM DADDY



TRAVELING COMPANIONS

LETTERS ON
A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD



WRITTEN TO
MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY

BY

DR. J. W. KLIEWER

DEDICATION

This volume is gratefully dedicated to

my faithful wife

EMMA RUTH KLIEWER

who went to her heavenly home

January 2, 1935

J. W. Kliewer

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FOREWORD

While I was on my journey around the world in the interest of missions, I made a rather careful record of my travel experiences and sent them home to my wife and children who lived in Los Angeles, California, while I was on the journey. My now sainted wife made a careful record of my correspondence, numbering my letters in careful succession. My plan was to use these letters as a basis for a printed report of my travel and my observations. In fact I began writing such a report soon after my return from abroad. I had written as far as the part relating my experiences in China when my collapse of health came and I gave up my effort as planned. I, however, used the letters that had been so faithfully preserved by my wife. These letters are now made public, practically without making any change. My hope is that the volume may serve in memory of my sainted wife, who went to her heavenly home on January 2, 1935. I trust that these "Letters" may further the missionary interest. I appreciate it very much that the office force of Bethel College rendered much valued help in transcribing these letters and getting them ready for print.

The compiling of such letters naturally met with manifold handicaps. It had to be done under a great variety of travel conditions. The information had to be gotten through a number of languages, but to make the statements nevertheless reliable, they had to be checked and rechecked. If help and satisfaction has come through my effort, I feel rewarded. Again I state that ultimately my wife deserves the acknowledgement for her willingness to take on the added burden of responsibility that came to her through my absence from home and home duties.

Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Kaufman checked up on the spelling of Chinese words; and Mrs. Mariam Penner Schnidt did the same for Indian words, before the manuscript went to print. To these persons my gratitude is herewith extended.

I also wish to mention with appreciation my Travel Companion, Mr. J. P. Habegger of Berne, Indiana, who was a valued associate in all the experiences of the trip, and one who showed a keen interest in the cause for which the trip was made.

J. W. Kliewer

PRELIMINARY REMARKS



Bethel College, Kansas

April, 1936

Starting on a journey around the world, perhaps always would involve a good many steps of preparation. This was so to a more than usual extent, for several years following the World War. Therefore, when my travel companion and I wanted to leave for such a journey in the summer of 1920 we had to take a great many preliminary steps. Merely getting our passports and engaging our passage over the different seas was not enough, as it used to be in the good old days. Since we contemplated traveling in India, we had to have, besides our passports as American citizens, a special permit from the British government to enter that British dependency. The ship company was not permitted to sell us our steamship tickets, unless we could produce our sailing permit, signed and stamped by the proper United States official. To obtain this permit, we had to produce our income tax receipt, or an affidavit that our income was too small to subject us to income tax. Then the consuls of a number of the countries through which we intended to travel had to be seen for their visas of our passports. After a number of busy days spent in San Francisco in these preparations, we set sail on the S. S. "Persia Maru" of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha of Tokyo, Japan.

My travel companion was Mr. J. P. Habegger of Berne, Indiana. He had been engaged for a number of years as manager of an overall and shirt factory in which he employed a bevy of girls, who spent many hours at singing while they worked. His jovial disposition was contagious. Being left at the head of a family of boys and girls after their mother passed away, he needed a great deal of sunshine in his soul to keep his cheer and to spend it.

I had known and admired him as a Sunday School teacher of an adult class, and later as an official of the church. When I discovered that it would be my lot to be thrown into rather intimate relations with him for a period of a whole year, I was glad. A number of persons had approached me to become my travel companions. I felt glad that I had been led to be with Mr. Habegger.

On the afternoon of July 21 we were ready to leave for Los Angeles, California, after we had taken leave from my wife's father, Mr. J. W. Ruth, whom we scarcely expected to meet again, because of his impaired health. A number of unexpected delays with reference to passports, etc., postponed our embarkation until August 12.

When the day finally came for embarkation, a lump slipped into my throat, and a thump came into my heart. But with faith in God we turned our eyes toward the setting sun.

Enroute San Francisco to Yokohama

S. S. Persia Maru

August 12, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

The boat rocks considerably but maybe I can write so you can read. I may start my letter by stating that I was very much disappointed not to receive another letter from any of you before I sailed. And now a few words as to how I have been faring.

Our vessel left right on the dot day before yesterday at 1:00 p. m. Mr. Habegger had to go without his permit to enter India. That may mean that he will have to return from China unless something can still be done. As I say, we left at 1:00 o'clock.

Embarking from San Francisco August 12, 1920 At 2:00 we passed the Golden Gate, at 3:00 we dropped our pilot, at 4:00 we got our seatings for the dining room at the purser's office. I am ticketed for first sitting, seat No. 15. Breakfast 7:30 to 8:30, luncheon 12:00 to 1:00, dinner 6:00 to 7:00. Just after getting my meal ticket I passed the kitchen and the odor was inviting. This was 4 o'clock. At 5:00 I doubted whether I would eat. At 6:00 I threw up as though I were an old hand at it. At

Slight touch of Seasickness 7:00 the cabin steward came and announced "deen-er" since he had missed me at my seat. When I said I did not care for any, he smiled knowingly and then said "too bed". I took his words for what they sounded and not for what they evidently were intended, and retired. Before turning off the light I saw that the ceiling was coming down and the floor was going up. The left wall was going rightward and the right wall leftward. But I did not care and really got some sleep through the night. In the morning I had another spell of nausea, so I did not go up to breakfast. When the steward came and announced breakfast almost at the close of my breakfast hour, I asked him to bring me two soft boiled eggs, some toast and a cup of coffee into the cabin. When he came to make my bed I said I was too lazy to get up. He said, "No lazy; seasick." All day I had a dull headache and was lying down in my cabin. From the almost endless menu card for dinner I ordered only chicken giblet soup and crackers and a little rice. When the Chinese steward brought

First Personal Contact it he said, "Stay in cabin all time, seasick all time; go on deck, get well." I gave him a bunch of my Reedley grapes for his advice. This morning I felt fine. I went to breakfast in the dining room. All forenoon I stayed on deck and played several deck games. I ate a moderate lunch though my appetite called for more. I am feeling fine this afternoon. If that will be all to my seasickness, then it has surely not been terrible with me.

August 14th. I am going to continue my letter today. I have felt just tip-top all of this time. I do justice to every meal that comes along, but I have so far not taken the beef tea that is being served at 10:30 a. m., being brought to us on the deck, and the other tea at 3:30 p. m. in the dining room. This evening they showed a picture show on the promenade deck to the aft of the

engine room. I saw only part of it, since my salt water bath turn came before the show was quite over.

August 15th. A little squall this morning made the sea somewhat rougher than yesterday. The sun soon came out but although it is almost 3:00 p. m., the sea is still not quite smooth. But nearly all of the seasick people are well by this time. This forenoon at 10:15 we had a preaching service in the dining saloon. Rev. W. Heslop of England returning as missiosary to Seoul, Korea, preached the sermon. Only about one third of the whites and several Japanese were present. I have promised to preach next Sunday.

You may be interested to know what kind of cabin Mr. Habegger and I have. The cabin is for two persons only. It is just about the size of the drawing room we had on the train to Williams, but since the berths are single it leaves a little more room than would have been the case, if the sofa bed would have been taken out of the drawing room. Our berths are to the right or north of the room. At the foot end is a little space to hang our clothes. Each berth can be closed off by a sliding curtain. The beds are made a little deeper down than in a Pullman car so one does not pitch out when the ship rolls. Besides that you can raise a sort of fence for further protection. On the east wall is a couch for the length of the rest of the wall. It is not quite long enough for me to stretch out on it, but I have taken some noon naps on it. Under it are sundry vessels that may be needed in case of seasickness. Above the couch are a number of pockets in a cloth for holding combs, brushes, etc.; also a wooden rack with two shelves for similar purposes. In the southeast corner is the electric fan. Under it are some clothes hooks. On the east end of the south wall is an oval mirror about two feet long; then is the door. On it are the cabin regulations in English and Japanese. To the right of the door is the shelf containing the life preservers, on the door of this shelf are instructions how to put the preservers on and into what boat the passengers of our cabin should go in case of need. On the west wall is the towel rack, wash stand and a ventilator into the hall. In the ceiling is a round hole about 18 inches in diameter. It connects by two port holes with the outside, and at noon the sun even shines into our cabin. Walls and ceiling are white, but bedsteads and ventilator frames are mahogany colored. The air is never bad in our cabin, but we spend very little time in it; we are on deck, in the dining saloon, or in the library most of our waking hours.

You may wonder what we do all day. It is really surprising how time has passed so far. I get up at 6:30, wash and shave, then take a vigorous walk on deck. At 7:30 is the breakfast hour for my sitting. There are two sittings for each meal. Then comes either a stroll, or reading, or writing. If one of the latter it is usually followed by some deck game. Before one knows it the gong sounds for luncheon. When you think of it that we spend half or three-fourths of an hour at each meal, you realize that that reduces the length of the day. I

take my salt water bath before retiring at 9:30 since the bath rooms are all crowded in the morning.

Although our small boat has fewer than 100 people in first class we have an interesting variety as to nationalities and callings: Americans, English, Finns, Swedes, Hollanders, Japanese, etc. There are teachers, preachers, missionaries, doctors, engineers, stenographers, a purchasing agent for the Chinese government, etc.

Today I saw the first flying fish. That is the first thing I saw besides our boat and the water since the pilot boat left us. Early Tuesday morning we hope to be in Hawaii. We are making about 320 to 340 miles every twenty-four hours. Every night the ship clock is set back about 20 minutes to make it agree more nearly with our longitudinal time. Thus while it is 3:30 here now you at Los Angeles have it a little after 5 o'clock. I wonder how you all are. I am afraid it will seem very long until I can hear from you.

It may interest Dave to know that Mr. H. L. Dietcher living on Ave. 58 in Highland Park is a passenger on this boat on his way to Shanghai to start a half million dollar linen factory there.

This noon (on Monday 16th) the chart showed the ship to be only 175 miles from Hawaii, so they are just creeping along to get there by 5:30 tomorrow morning. After a quarantine inspection, we will have breakfast and then we can land. Today the water in the ocean tested 80 degrees warm. The deck was correspondingly warm and the slow motion of the ship makes it warmer yet.

To give you evidence that I need not starve, I am enclosing the menu for the dinner I have just eaten. Of course, I did not order the whole bill of fare but only the things marked.

I am glad for the trip but I just wish I could peep in and see how you all are. I hope, Emma, that you are feeling better.

Praying that God may be with us all, I am, with much love to all,

Daddy

P. S. Write a whole lot at least once a week.

S. S. Persia Maru
August 18, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

I want to write you while my impressions of yesterday's visit in Hawaii are still fresh. We arrived at Hawaii quite early yesterday and got up and ate breakfast earlier than other mornings, but by the time quarantine inspection (which looks like a farce to me) and the counting of the passengers had taken place, it was 8 o'clock before we docked.

During the time of waiting Hawaiian youths entertained us by diving for coins that were thrown out to them. Some of them climbed to the topmost deck of our vessel and dived from there. At the pier we soon found Mr. Doell, since Mr. Habegger and I were among

Hawaiian youth
entertain

the first ones to leave the vessel. Before we left we were told that the boat would leave again at 4 o'clock.

We three then hired an auto and driver to do a little sight-seeing. The drive we took, took us through the city to the opposite side of the island. Plants on every hand that were new to us made the drive very interesting to us. If you Hawaiian vegetation could imagine Pasadena with narrower streets and running in all imaginable directions and great profusion of tropical plants, then you would have some idea of the residence street of Honolulu through which we drove.

The sight from their historic point Pali is simply beyond description, but the wind blows a furious gale at the point. This Pali is the place at which the final and deciding battle was fought for the unification of the different islands in the Hawaiian group.

From this drive we went into the city and looked at some of the Chinese and Japanese markets. Doell said it should be a curtain lifter of what we might see and smell after we get into China and Japan.

Then we took the street car to Doell's home where we were invited for dinner. They have moved and are living in a new At Mr. and Mrs. home picturesquely nestling against a hill, their Doells back yard being higher than their roof and their cellar floor higher than the street in front. They all look well and are enjoying their stay in Honolulu, but I believe they are a trifle lonesome after all. Soon after dinner we took the electric car to the famous Weikiki Beach. Lack of time prevented a longer stay. We went into the aquarium and saw the most wonderful collection of fish to be seen anywhere, I am told. We saw fish of shapes and colors that I had never dreamed existed anywhere. Fish as gaudy in color as the plumage of tropical birds. At the beach there were but few bathers, since it was soon after the noon hour and still quite hot. Still, we saw some of the famous surf-riding done. When I say it was hot, I must modify that and say hot in the sun, for the thermometer showed only a few degrees above 80. In the shade it was delightful. And just think, in winter it is only 10 or 15 degrees colder. Doells have no windows at all in their dining room, only screened openings. There is no provision whatever for heating the house.

Doell came with us to the pier to wave us goodbye as our vessel backed out into the open sea and turned westward. We were in sight of the island as long as daylight lasted. Then it means good-bye land for 12 days until we reach Yokohoma. We may see an occasional island now and then. We are to pass the Midway Islands, but whether they will be close enough to be seen I do not know. Just as I came into the library to write at 11:00 a. m., I saw an island away off against the southern horizon.

Aug. 19th. Every day at noon the captain of the ship posts a bulletin as to speed and location of our ship. Yesterday we had made 269 miles since leaving Hawaii. Since yesterday noon until today noon we have traveled 344 miles. We are going slightly northward too. Hawaii, as you know, is only slightly above 22

degrees north latitude. Today noon we were 25 degrees and 57 minutes north latitude. Ever since we left Honolulu a brisk north breeze has been blowing. This makes a rougher sea but it lowers the temperature, which latter result is quite acceptable.

Two first class passengers left our boat at Hawaii and two others took their places. One is a Catholic priest, the other a Prof. Smith of the University of Oregon. The latter was a delegate to the Pan Pacific Conference of Scientists just closed at Hawaii. He gave us a lecture on Hawaii last night in the dining saloon. Strange how one can really forget that it is a ship in which you meet to hear scientific topics discussed.

This evening is the first time that the waves are going so high as to splash on the lower deck and some few even onto our deck. The promenade part of it is protected by canvas, but I went forward after the evening meal to get an unobstructed view of a beautiful sunset and got a few splashes of salt water at it. We have not had many unusually beautiful sunsets, but at nearly every sunset there are fantastic cloud formations that are very interesting.

Aug. 20th. This forenoon we had the first real rain shower since we have been at sea. You could see it coming for miles. Near by it looked like fine snow being driven over snow drifts. It soon chased us in from our deck games to places under roof.

Our captain's report of this noon reads 334 miles run. Latitude 27 degrees 7 minutes north Longitude 173 degrees 25 minutes west.

This evening was "stunt" evening. Every table was asked to furnish some part of the program. At our table we have an old farmer from West Virginia. He is over six feet tall, has a long flowing beard, looks very seedy but is as bright and well informed and as much traveled as any person on the boat. We dressed him up as a king of Hawaii and a Norwegian sailor was made queen. Then the people were admitted one by one to shake hands with the king. But each time he would turn to the queen and shake hands with her, leaving the person admitted standing bluffed. This was done to passengers of first class and to all officers except the captain, who got to shake the king's hand. It all caused a great deal of merriment and was innocent enough. The program was put on in the dining saloon.

Aug. 21st. This forenoon they had the second fire drill on the boat. It is always some diversion when this time comes. Other diversions are to watch the sailors at work. It is marvelous how they can cling to the masts while being swung to and fro by the motion of the ship. Early every morning they scrub the decks, wash all the windows and clean all walls, steps, halls, brass railings, etc. Things are kept scrupulously clean everywhere.

The captain's noon report reads: 331 miles run, Latitude 30 degrees 14 minutes Longitude 179 degrees 15 minutes. At 2:50 this afternoon we crossed the international date line. This means

that next midnight we will pass from the 21st to the 23rd from Saturday to Monday. This will lose us Sunday, but the Christians on the boat have asked me to preach to them tomorrow at 10 a. m., and the captain has given his permission.

Aug. 23. At 10 o'clock we had our services. We had about the same people out that we had out last Sunday. Rev. Heslop led the singing. Mrs. Heslop was at the piano, a Rev. Willis sang as solo, a Rev. Frank read the Scripture. I preached the sermon. Some seemed helped by it.

The noon report of the captain was 330 miles run, latitude 30 degrees 55 minutes, Longitude 174 degrees 25 minutes East. At 2:30 this afternoon a series of contest deck games began. Those played were potato races, needle threading races, cracker and pop race, and breaking a cracker on the opponent's head while you hit it blindfolded. The whole thing lasted about two hours. It is to continue thru four days at 9:30 to 3:30 with games varied from day to day.

The voyage is still a delightful one, and I am feeling fine. There is almost no seasickness. We have not had our fan going in our cabin any night yet. In the day time we turn it on when we are in, which is seldom the case though.

A joke is being circulated in connection with our West Virginia farmer. It is said three smart young chaps met him on deck one morning and one said: "Good morning, Father Abraham." "I am not he" was the reply. A joke on a passenger "Then, Good morning, Father Isaac" said the second youth. "I am not Isaac" answered Mr. Marshall. "Then, Good morning, Father Jacob" said the third. "I am not Jacob either" was the response, "I am Saul, the son of Kish, hunting his father's asses and since I have found you, I know my search has not been in vain." I say, this is a story being circulated. I doubt whether it is true, for nobody confesses to be guilty, but I thought you might enjoy the joke.

We had a most wonderful sunset tonight. A number of us had gone to the extreme front end to watch it. After the others had all gone back to the middle part of the vessel A wonderful sunset where the first class passengers are, I looked back at the ship and thought how lonesome it looks on the wide expanse of water. Then somehow I thought of you folks at home, and while I stood there in the deepening darkness a feeling of decided homesickness took a hold of me. Let me assure you that I will just devour every bit of news that I will get from home.

Tuesday, Aug. 24th. This noon's report was 310 miles run, 31 degrees 27 minutes north latitude, 168 degrees 25 minutes east longitude. A few hours were given to contests on the deck again. I watched only few of them because I wanted to spend the rest of the time in reading. Towards evening quite a strong wind sprang up from the south causing the ship to list leeward considerably. When I made my usual trip to the front of the ship about sundown, I noticed Ready for a storm

quite a gale was going. A bulletin has been posted that all deck contests will close tomorrow afternoon. No reason was given on the bulletin, but the news is being circulated among the passengers that according to a report by wireless we are due to run into quite a severe storm tomorrow night.

I am planning to mail this letter to you from Yokohama, Japan. Though we are due there next Monday, Aug. 30th, we were told that likely we would get there on Sunday. But now that we are to encounter the storm we will likely suffer some delay.

Wednesday, Aug. 25th. The wind has gone down considerably since last night. The conversation at breakfast this morning centered about two points. One was a group of twenty or thirty whales that we passed at six o'clock this morning. I did not see them as I was not up at that time. The other was the approaching storm. The captain says by running a little south of his course he will avoid the brunt of the storm but may still have to go through some high sea that follows the storm. The readings this noon are: 315 miles run, 31 degrees 58 minutes north latitude, 162 degrees 16 minutes east longitude.

About the time I will mail this letter the children will be ready to start to school. I hope they have written for their credits and all will go well with them for a successful year.

After receiving this letter address my mail to Margaredja, Tajoe, Java, in care of Rev. N. Thiessen for about three weeks, unless I instruct you otherwise after I get farther along the way. I am not absolutely sure when I can get to Java. It is surprising how many persons on this vessel are going there. They tell me that connections from Shanghai to Batavia via Singapore are quite good and frequent.

Evening has come and there is no sign as yet of the approaching storm. In fact, the water has never before been so calm on the whole trip. We came more nearly having a cloudless sunset tonight than any time before. One cloud was a perfect dome in shape and only its edges a very bright red. It looked absolutely like the dome of some capitol lit up by rows of electric lights along its outer edges. And later the patches of silver on the water as the moon was reflected in them. Is this all but the calm before the storm?

Thursday, Aug. 26. While I was in the library this forenoon, I looked out when there seemed considerable excitement on deck and saw a school of 30 or 40 porpoises skipping the waves. They went in the same direction with the ship and outdistanced us. Our shuffle board contest continued. I was booked to play against the Catholic priest and lost out. In the afternoon a menacing cloud appeared on the southwestern horizon. Soon there was unwonted activity among the deck hands. Port holes were being closed, etc. The captain had left his bridge and was standing on the right side of the fore part of the promenade deck where a number of passengers stood watching the men at work and the fast approaching

cloud. A lady passenger nervously asked him:
A storm approaching "Are we going to have a storm?" He serenely smiled and said: "I don't know. We

make ready." A heavy rain then fell and quite a gale blew but soon died away. But the swells of the sea are considerable and toss the boat up and down without giving it much of the rolling or sideway motion. I went to the front part of the boat just as it was getting dark and the sensation is surely peculiar when you step forward and just then the deck floor seems to sink away from you or at another time rise up as if to meet you half way.

While the rain storm was on, a couple of fellows in the steerage got to fighting and were both carried bleeding into the hospital. I do not know whether they were passengers or crew. One fellow in the steerage I saw in handcuffs. I understand he is an insane Chinaman being sent from Hawaii back home to China.

Friday, Aug. 27. Last night when I was taking my bath the water in the tub threatened to splash out first at one end and then at the other. This proved that we were cutting the swells of the ocean by the ship. At about 2 o'clock at night I woke up and noticed that our ship was going through a sort of corkscrew motion. This proved that we were hitting the swells at about 45 degrees.

With every roll of the ship the walls of our cabin creaked and groaned. The monotonous swish, swish, swish of the water against the vessel was interrupted only from time to time by a dull boom as a larger wave would strike more squarely. Through it all one would feel the tremor caused by the screw working hard to propel the ship onward. I could hear no storm as yet. The cabin was hot because portholes and hatchways had been closed to keep out the "gleen" water, as our cabin steward put it. But I soon fell asleep again. When I awoke in the morning I heard the storm howling outside. After dressing I went on deck and found

A storm a fifty-mile-an-hour gale blowing. The waves are surely a grand sight to behold. Our boat is now on the crest of them and then in the trough. It dips sufficiently so that as I look out at the windows of the opposite side of the library as I write this, the horizon line is even with the tops of the windows. This of course makes us all walk in a manner that does not seem becoming to people coming from a prohibition country. At the breakfast table they had to use a railing to keep our dishes from sliding off. But our ship seems to be weathering the storm very nicely and in a way I am glad for the experience if the Lord further protects us. Some passengers are seasick again though.

Our first class passengers have all received an invitation from President Asano of our ship company to take tea with him and his wife next Monday afternoon. The invitation of Mr. Asano came by radiogram this forenoon. At luncheon all who will accept were asked to make it known. And what do you think. I have accepted. We have a few days at Yokohama and I welcomed this opportunity to get into a Japanese millionaire's home.

The reading this noon is 33 degrees 15 minutes north, 149 degrees 46 minutes east, 305 miles run. By noon the sun was shining again and the wind gradually went down. The sea calmed down sufficiently so that our deck chairs were untied from the

railing again. And still, occasionally we strike a pretty heavy swell. In the evening, while the picture show was on and the passengers were seated on ordinary folding chairs arranged in rows running across the deck abaft of the engine room, the ship struck an unusually large swell and a number of passengers were spilled into each others laps.

Saturday, Aug. 28th. After a rain shower in the early forenoon we had the finest weather imaginable and a very smooth sea. At about 10 a. m. the water in the ocean tested 80 degrees warm and the air on deck 74 degrees. It got much warmer in the afternoon. The noon report showed that we sailed 316 miles the last 24 hours. This leaves 229 miles to Yokohama. A bulletin says that all passengers shall hold themselves ready for health and police examination in the dining saloon as the gong sounds early tomorrow morning and for passport examination in the library soon after that.

Since most passengers will leave the boat at Yokohama, to-nights dinner was made a farewell meal with special decorations and a special menu. I enclose the menu card.

I hope you are preserving the letters, etc. that I send you. Some day I may want to look through them again. My, how I wish I could hear from you when I get to Yokohama. But I know that cannot be.

Sunday, Aug. 29th. It is now 10 o'clock. We are at anchor in Tokyo Bay. The health and police inspection is passed. We have our landing permits in our pockets. Soon the anchors are to be lifted and our boat will steam up to the pier. I will mail this letter as soon as we land. We will live on the boat while in port. We can even eat here if we are here for breakfast 8 to 9, luncheon 1 to 2, dinner 6 to 7. Whether we continue on this boat to Nagasaki or take another one, we will find out tomorrow when the ship company's office is open. If possible I want to arrange to go from Yokohama to Kobe by train, then this boat to Nagasaki, then another boat Nagasaki to Shanghai. But whether we will do this or not depends on connections we can make. I will write you again soon.

Good bye, with much love to all. Write long letters.

Daddy

Yokohama, Japan

Aug. 29, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

It is quite possible that this letter would reach you at the same time with the one I sent you this morning. A Rev. Swinehart,

who met our boat with the health and police officials and represents the Tokyo S. S. Convention, told us that we would be too late for church.

No time for
Sunday School
Convention

With him I sent word to the officers of the Convention that I would not be able to give my address there.

Since our luncheon hour does not come until 1:00 p. m., while our ship is in port, Mr. Habegger and I watched the people leave

the ship and being met by their friends. Then we strolled into the near parts of the city. We crossed a canal on which there were hundreds of houseboats with half naked people living in them. A friendly exploration A gentleman from Chicago and his daughter were with us. A little child waved its hand at him. He wanted to give the child a ring. To get to it he had to go quite a ways up the canal, cross a plank to a boat and then jump from boat to boat to get to the one where the child was. When he got to within a few boats of the desired one, a man angrily protested to his progress and threatened to take his boat out thus making a gap so our Chicago friend could not get back. When, however, he was made to understand what Mr. Tuthill's plan was, he brought mother and child to get the ring and we got some pictures of them.

At the time of landing, the money changers came on board and a haggling for rates of exchange began. I got 19 yen for a ten dollar bill. Some passengers got only 18 yen. Then Landing activities all kinds of articles were offered for sale. After jewing with the dealers you can actually buy things for one third the price asked, and maybe even then you pay too much—and all of this on a Sunday but Japan has no Sunday.

After luncheon Mr. Habegger and I strolled through over two miles of the city. We first went to the post office to mail some letters. Then we went to a park. It was interesting for us to notice that the trees are largely of a smaller variety than in American parks and irregular in shape. Then we watched the people. They mostly looked content and serene to a fault. Some seemed to betray a little animation when they would see two Americans usurping a seat where the play of a fountain could be advantageously watched. And what a kaleidoscopic picture one gets when noticing their dress. We came to the conclusion that no one can easily be out of style in Japan. Boys and girls seem to dress very much alike. A loose sort of tunic, often made of cloth that had black and white checks of about an inch in size, fastened loosely about the waist, constitutes the suit of many boys and girls. Of course, some quite young girls are gaudily appareled. I noticed mostly how the men dressed. Some looked as though they had just taken their morning bath and had walked into the park in their bathrobes. Others looked as though they came all the way from a California bathing beach and had not had time to dress up. Others wore some loose thing about their body which the wind would at times blow back and show that besides it there was nothing covering the skin but a gee string. But they seem perfectly unabashed about it. One of them I saw assisting a woman lighting her cigarette and then, while chatting with her, fanning his legs which he had bared to the gee string. Then there are the gentlemen in flowing silks and the gentlemen in American clothes.

When we came to the end of the park we heard someone calling: "Ball one. Strike one." And, sure enough, there were two Japanese teams not only playing American baseball, but using the

American language at it. The umpire was dressed in black flowing silk. The players appeared as they do in America.

We walked on. Neither of us believes in Sunday baseball. We took a look at their street car line. The cars run on the left track, just as autos here take the left side of the street. You board the car from the left side. The cars are about exact duplicates of No. 51 that used to come out to the college, except that they have two trolleys and thus need two wires.

Then we walked through a number of their typical business streets. Some were about ten feet wide. Some of their shops are only a few yards square. The whole front opens up for business hours. Things of whose use I haven't the slightest idea are offered for sale.

Then we climbed to the Bluff, which is the foreign residential section and very attractive. When we looked at our watches we found it was 5 o'clock and we knew The Bluff that we were over two miles from our ship. We therefore yielded to the invitation of two jinrikisha pullers to ride their vehicles. We agreed that it should cost us 50 sen or 1 yen for the two. A ride in one of these two-wheeled gigs is by no means to be despised. Pneumatic tires, ball bearings and good springs make the ride a very easy one. I was very glad that I do not belong to the heavy weights. Still, going down the steep hill my little old man humped his back and groaned until I wished he would stop long enough for me to get out. When more level ground was reached, he fell into his usual dog trot and in about 25 minutes we had ridden the 2 1-2 miles. Then our drivers wanted 10 sen more than our bargain was. We, of course, did not give it.

After supper there was no church anywhere, so I spent my time in the ship's library. The racket of the hoisting machinery as the cargo is being unloaded is very annoying, but I am told it will quit by bedtime. Many Singer Sewing Machines and much wire is being unloaded. After the present cargo is off, new cargo goes on for Hongkong and Manila. This is why so much time is consumed here. Being in this far away land seems like a dream. This morning I got a letter from Rev. Brown, stating that he would meet me in Tientsin and not in Shanghai. When the various offices are open for business tomorrow, I will see what can be done to change our tickets.

Monday, August 30th. Our visit to the ticket offices proves that connections by water both to Shanghai and Tientsin are very poor and everything is booked full ahead. So we have just about decided to go to Tientsin by rail via Korea. This will mean only twelve hours by water as we cross from Shimonoseki, Japan to Fusan, Korea. The other way we would have to be on the water about six days.

The outstanding thing of today is the visit for a three o'clock tea at the palatial home of Mr. Asano, president of the steamship company to which the Persia Maru belongs. A guide came to the vessel to direct us. About a dozen and a half jinrikishas took us to the electric station of the line connecting Yokohama and Tokyo.

This is a very excellent railroad and not like the city line that I described yesterday. They run trains about 10 minutes apart. The 30 minute ride to Tomachi, the station nearest to Mr. Asano's home, was very interesting. Part of it was through rice fields and farms growing other produce. When we arrived at the home, servants checked our hats, kodaks, umbrellas, etc. Then we each had to slip some felt slippers over our shoes, evidently so we

A visit at
tea in a
palatial home

would not scratch up the fine polished floors. Our number had by this time grown to about thirty five and there were felt shoes for all. Then we were shown through the

various rooms of the house that it had taken years to build. There is not a nail in the whole building. All pieces of timber are held together by dovetail. After the house had been shown us, we were asked to register. Then the ceremonial tea was served us out of bowls like soup bowls. Luckily, they were not full, for the stuff was thick, green, and bitter, no sugar or cream being served. Candy cookies of shapes and colors implying good wishes according to Japanese symbolism were also served. I might add here that the ceilings and walls, handpainted or embroidered in silk, are also full of symbolic figures. After this tea we were taken into the tower of the building and given a chance to feast our eyes on the view across Tokyo Bay. Then we were taken into a room on one of the lower floors where we were seated two by two at small tables, and tea as we are used to it was served us in teacups. Two lumps of sugar were in each saucer, also a teaspoon. With the tea they served tiny sandwiches, nut cake, a cookie, a cream puff, and some jelatine wrapped up in a green palm leaf. Then a piece of candy was brought, also a glass of wine and cigars and cigarettes. Of course, I did not indulge in these latter. During this lunch we were entertained by a slight-of-hand performer and by a three-piece orchestra. It was at this part of the program that the host appeared and was heartily cheered when he appeared. When the lunch was over, we soon bade our host good-bye and left him bowing deeply.

The chug, swish, chug, swish of the wooden-soled shoes on the platforms at stations and on side walk is a very characteristic sound. A sight is the drayman who always walks beside his horse, unless the load is very heavy when he helps to push the wagon. Then there are the gray tile roofs except in the country districts, where the roofs are straw thatch, sometimes with some green plants for a capping or crown.

Tuesday, Aug. 31st. Early this morning I woke up and thought of it that about that time the children were starting school and that the conference in Pennsylvania had been in session a few hours. Today we had planned to arrange all matter so that we could start for Tientsin by train via Korea. But today is the birthday of the Empress and a holiday and all offices are closed. So there is another day of delay. Since we could do nothing else we started out to have another day of Japan's sights and smells. We took an hour's train ride into the country. Every inch of the trip was a

The birthday
of the Empress

delight because of the many new things. Every spot is green, except the brown, ripening rice fields. The absence of things quite usual with us is so noticeable. On all the farms we passed, we did not see one horse, cow, sheep, or hog, and, of course, none of our implements. At Kamakura we saw the

Buddha image
at Kamakura

Buddha image, over 40 feet high and over 1300

years old, if the claims for its antiquity are genu-

ine. When we left this place for the railway station, there was no jinrikisha in sight—a rare failure. We hurried to one of their diminutive street cars, but had gotten mixed up in directions and were not sure which way to go. No one understood our questions. We paid our fare and got on, trusting we were going the right direction. The conductor could not tell us where to get off because he did not know where we were going. Finally I thought of my return ticket on the railroad. When I showed him that he knew where we wanted to get off, and we had just gotten to the right street. We just had time to board the train, and were soon off for the connecting point to Tokyo. At Tokyo we hired rickshas

Visit near the
Imperial Palace

for two hours. They took us to or rather past the imperial palace. My, what room there is around it while a few minutes walk away the

millions of Tokyo are crowding upon each other. We also took a hurried look through an interesting museum and went past the various embassies, through one of the parks, native business streets, and their main street. There we dismissed the rickshas and went into a restaurant to see whether we would succeed to order a meal even without any knowledge of Japanese. But lo and behold, the bill of fare was printed both in Japanese and English. In fact all station signs, tickets, time tables, even many signs in front of stores are given in these two languages. I got fish, fried potatoes, bread and butter, ice tea, for what is equal to 55 cents in U. S. money. Everywhere we get most courteous treatment.

Wed., Sept. 1. This morning we went to make final arrangements for our trip to China. We have decided to leave our boat here and go by train all the way to Tientsin, except the 12 hours between Shimonoseka. Japan and Fusan, Chosen. The whole trip will take four times 24 hours. At Mukden we will be close to the Bolshevik country, but we are assured that there is no danger. If we had time we would travel by day only and stop at hotels by night, but now we have arranged for sleeper accommodations. Think of it! Sleepers and dining cars in such out of way places.

We had really planned to leave on our trip tomorrow morning but the company will not be ready to refund our money until tomorrow at 3:00 p. m. You cannot hurry anybody or anything here. So we will not get to leave here until 6:13 tomorrow evening. This will give us one night more on the trip than originally planned, but one must learn to take these things with good grace. If all goes well, we should arrive in Tientsin next Monday afternoon.

Be sure that you do not miss any week in writing to me. I am anxiously awaiting the first news from all of you.

Next night will be our last night on this boat and tomorrow breakfast the last meal. The boat sails for Kobe, Nagasaki, Hong Kong, Manila tomorrow at 10:00 a. m. One gets to feel quite at home in such a place finally. Over three weeks in the same room and bed is not doing so badly on a trip. There is only a small number that is making the boat home during its docking. The racket of the hoisting machines while the ship is loading is the chief unpleasantness.

I am sending a piece of paper money worth our five cents; so you see what piles of money one may have here without being rich. Keep it and the other things enclosed for my trip souvenir box.

In the evening we went to see the crowds in their most frequented street, Theatre Street. Surely novel sights greet one there; crowds of people not only on the
Streets of Tokyo walks but across the whole street. People sitting on mats on the ground in the side streets and offering their wares. In many shops the things offered for sale are made right in your sight. Long bamboo poles set slanting over the street with long cloths suspended announce the business carried on in the respective building. This is especially true of the theatres. The theatres are so that the playing can in some be partly seen from the outside. Crowds would stand in front of such places. But as soon as a group of our white crowd would stop anywhere, the crowd would leave its vantage point in front of the theatre and gather around us. Aside of their undisguised curiosity there was no rudeness toward us in their behavior. A group of Japanese similarly situated in America would hardly be so well treated. Hardly ever did we see a man and woman walking together and men do not carry the babies.

Thurs., Sept. 2. It is 10:45 a. m. Our vessel sailed at 10:00 o'clock. We left it at 9:00 o'clock. We have our tickets bought through to Tientsin, China, and our baggage checked through. We leave at 6:13 this evening and, if all goes well, we will be in Shimonoseki tomorrow evening, cross over to Fusan in the night, then make Seoul, Mukden, and Tientsin, so we get to the last named place Monday afternoon. If the Lord protects us on the way, I will mail you another letter from Tientsin.

Good-bye to all.

Lovingly,

Daddy

Fusan, Korea

Sept. 4, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

Our ship landed here about an hour ago and we are seated in a very comfortable express train that will leave for Seoul in about half an hour. I thought I would start a letter to you and maybe mail it from Seoul when we get there at 8 o'clock tonight.

The train ride through Japan yesterday was the most scenic all day ride that I have ever had. I do not know how one could

find a more wonderful one. Every foot of progress that the train made there was a new combination of scenic effects. Mountains that are green to the very summit, their lower slopes terraced for agricultural purposes. The plains are leveled for irrigation and covered with luxuriantly green rice fields. Villages of quaint Japanese style dot the landscape everywhere. And from time to time there are cities of no mean size. Our train sped through the valleys, then darted through tunnels that would bring us up against the various arms of the Pacific Ocean that reach into the island, and so the scenery changed from minute to minute.

The train service is surprisingly good when you consider that Japan is comparatively new in railroading. The roads are narrow gage and thus the cars are narrower than ours in U. S. The berths in a sleeper have room for one person only. When they are made up the passengers have to sit sideways. If you imagine a drawing room on a U. S. train having two sofa berths and a wider aisle, then you have some idea of the Japanese sleeping cars. Electric fans and screened windows are part of the equipment.

In the dining cars you do not have the choice of foods as in America but it is cheaper. The table d'hôte dinner of which I send you a menu card, cost us 90 cents. The train men treated us very courteously and some of them spoke some English. These people have Americans outdistanced when it comes to languages. The physician on last night's boat (a Japanese) spoke English, French, and German. Tips are desired but not rudely demanded. The water trip last night was a very smooth one. I had intended to write you then, which would have been easier than on a moving train, but we had to be examined to make sure that we were not cholera carriers. That meant some time and annoyance. I will tell you details when I get home.

And this morning we set foot on the continent of Asia, not at one of the most frequented places, but in the out of the way place, Fusan. And yet, the train service, which is in Japanese hands, is very good indeed. Standard gauge. As we are speeding through Korea, Chosen on the maps here, we find it so different from Japan, but none the less interesting for that reason. Here the hills have grass and therefore one sees cattle grazing on these. The houses are different. Squashes grow on the straw roofs. The people are different, they dress differently. The very hills are different. Nature seems to have given itself room to build things on a bigger scale. The heat is oppressive but not at all unbearable as yet. I shall quit for this time and mail this letter at Seoul, where we wait a few hours. The next letter I will mail either when we arrive at Tientsin two days later or when we get to Kaichow, our present destination.

Hoping that you are well and that the children are getting much good and satisfaction out of their school, I am,

With much love,

Daddy

Mukden, Manchuria
Sept. 5, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

I did not know I would write you a letter from this place. We had thought of going right on from here, but found out that the train service is such that we better wait until tomorrow.

On the trip through Japan we occupied the same compartment with the Swiss Charge de Affaires at Tokyo who was on his way home. From Seoul here we shared a compartment with a man from the U. S. legation at Peking. He had traveled with the U. S. congressional party for two months on their visit to the Far East.

As our train does not leave until 10:40 tomorrow, we may do a little sight seeing before leaving. This place was the capitol of the old Manchu dynasty, as you may know, and it is also the place of the decisive battle between the Japanese and the Russians.

Since it is bedtime and I feel somewhat tired I shall quit for tonight.

With much love,
Daddy

Tientsin. China
Sept. 7, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

We have just arrived here after a very pleasant journey between here and Mukden. Mr. Habegger and I were in a compartment by ourselves without having any Chinese or Japanese with us.

An incident occurred immediately after our arrival and I do not know yet how it will terminate. As is always the case, ricksha men besieged us for patronage. Mr. Brown, Habegger, and I each got into one and somehow Mr. Habegger got separated from us. Since he cannot speak Chinese and I doubt whether he has Mr. Brown's Tientsin address, he may have some "fun" before finding us. Mr. Brown is on the hunt for him now.

I am at the Union Business Agency. This part of the city looks quite modern. But the din at all stations through which we passed was truly heathen. While I was writing this, Mr. Habegger was found. So all is well. Mrs. Brown and their little girl are here too. We leave for Peking this afternoon. After a day's stay there we start inland to our station—a three days trip.

Goodbye.
Daddy

Kaichow, Chihli, China
Sept. 13, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

I really should have written you at once after arriving here, but the program has been absolutely too full to find any time for writing. But better late than never. I will begin where my last

letter left off, as near as I remember it now. I believe I closed with the report that the lost Mr. Habegger had been found. He has had to stand a great deal of teasing for his early morning sightseeing.

After his return we had breakfast at the Union Business Agency and then he and I went sightseeing. We took the tramway into an extremely Chinese part of the city and then got off and walked a mile or so through their narrow dirty streets to get a near view of things. Some of the squalor and filth we found is almost beyond description. Soon after lunch we went to the rail-

way station to start for Peking. Though our baggage had passed custom's inspection as we passed into Manchuria at Antung, we had to submit to the ordeal once more and came nearly being too late for our train. Luckily the train was a trifle late too, and we still got on. We traveled second class on this stretch and the crowd was terrible. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their little girl and we two were the only whites on the train. All the others were Chinese, smoking, lunching, drinking tea. Their luggage filled not only the racks but even the aisle to such an extent that the train men had to climb over it to get from one end of the car to the other. It was after dark when our train pulled into the Peking station. The station is outside of the city wall. A peculiar feeling creeps over one as one enters the gateway under the towering walls and thinks of it that only a few weeks ago all of the city gates were closed to keep out revolutionary soldiers, and the city reached the verge of starvation.

We had been announced to be guests at the Union Language School, where our new missionaries study Chinese. Soon a number of richshas were taking us through the poorly lighted streets to our lodging. Though we were late arrivals, the servant soon had supper ready for us.

The next morning, Wednesday, Sept. 8th, we did some sightseeing while Mrs. Brown did some shopping and saw a physician. The language school is located in an old two-story Chinese building with an inner court. When we stepped through the gate into the street, about a dozen and a half of rickshas, as though they had sprung out of the ground, rushed in our direction and noisily solicited our patronage. Of course, we could use only three, and the other fifteen had to be disappointed. We agreed on 70 cents Mexican money for four hours' work, waiting included. We were taken to the Temple of Heaven, a place where the former emperors used to offer sacrifices once a year. We visited the Methodist Hospital

and went to one of the banks to get some cash for the trip into the interior. We had to take it all in silver and you can imagine how we were loaded down. I also got some films for my kodak.

The above program filled our forenoon. One incident took place which was not on our program. Just as we were leaving the Temple of Heaven an immense crowd was rushing past its outer gateway. At the head of the crowd was a small troop of soldiers. The crowd

stopped on the edge of an open field (the temple is out in the country). The soldiers entered this field. We stopped our rickshas and got off to see what was happening. They had a fellow with his hands tied, who was led between two soldiers. After they had led him a few paces he was made to knell down. The two stepped back.

A public
execution

A soldier in the ranks leveled his rifle at the kneeling man and shot him in the back of his head. A few convulsive motions of the poor fellow's body and he lay dead. We realized that we had witnessed a Chinese execution. I looked at the crowd and found it stolidly apathetic. The whole event took but a few minutes, but it was so gruesome that it took all relish from my lunch served an hour and a half later.

In the afternoon of that day we visited some Christian missions in the city and some heathen temples. That is quite a mixture, isn't it? Early in the day we had tried to make sleeper reservations for the trip of the following night. We were informed that that would do us no good; soldiers would take possession of them and keep them even if we had tickets for them. Soldiers seem to board trains here at pleasure and ride without pay. Our train was to leave at 9 p. m., but at 6 p. m. Mr. Habegger and I took possession of our compartment. At 7 o'clock I went to purchase our tickets and check our baggage. I had drilled on the pronunciation of the name of the station to which I should buy my tickets. It was Wakeway. When I got the tickets I found the Chinese characters romanized into Weihwei Fu. I thought they had sold me the wrong ticket, but I found out that Weihwei is pronounced Wakeway here. Mr. Brown was within hailing distance but I wanted to be in training for the time when he will not be near to help. For checking the baggage though I had to call on him for help.

Getting a
berth reserved

A missionary by the name of Peabody was to be with us in our compartment where there was room for four. For some reason he did not come. We were congratulating ourselves that we would be alone. The porter intimated by signs that he would bring us a key to lock our door, but he didn't. We went into the two lower berths and soon fell asleep. At 1:30 in the morning there was a commotion at our door. A Chinese gentleman and two soldiers rushed into our compartment. They wanted to know how many were in. By sign language we answered "two". But they all came and stayed. Soon they began to lunch and smoke. The shade was pulled down before the open window and the air became awful. After a while three train officials arrived. After some parleying one of the soldiers left. After the other two men had retired (without removing their clothes though) I opened the shade again. The air got better and we got a little more sleep.

Our journey took us through a famine-stricken district in which 20,000,000 persons are on the verge of starvation unless they are helped. We saw hundreds of them as refugees with bag and baggage on coal cars, in empty freight cars, even with cattle in cars fleeing to better parts of China. Others were traveling in wheelbarrows: the

Through a
famine district

wife and children in the barrow, the husband pushing, and a donkey pulling. Poor, poor China! It is a land of heathen temples and of graves, and at present, of soldiers.

On the way to Kaichow we stopped one day with the Canadian missionaries at Weihwei Fu and another with those at Taokou.

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| Missionary County | Both are Presbyterian missions. We found them very hospitable and kind. Mr. P. J. Boehr had come to Taokou with the auto to meet us. |
|----------------------|--|

Christine Habegger was with him and surprised her father. The distance from Taokou to Kaichow is only 30 miles, but it took five hours' driving to make it by Ford. So you can imagine the state of the roads. At most places the road is from three to ten feet below the surrounding country and only wide enough for one vehicle. The roads have been used from 2 to 3 thousand years and get deeper as the centuries go by. No work is done on them. At one place we met a whole car load (they have only two wheeled vehicles in the country) of holiday attired people. They could not turn out; neither could we. They were nearest the place where a crossroad made turning possible after backing to it. Soon their bull and two donkeys were unhitched, the cart pulled back by hand and we passed. Did they complain? Not at all. Seeing an automobile was ample reward for all their trouble. Once we stopped right in a village street, thinking we would pump up a softening tire, but in a minute or two there was such a crowd that it was impossible to work. We went into the country and stopped. There we also ate our lunch. Before we were through, about 150 people had gathered about us. Every move we made was watched, and every morsel we ate was discussed. When two of the men were shown how to pump up the tire and asked to do it, they were the envy of the crowd; when they stood munching some of our lunch given them as reward for their work, they were heroes.

And the reception we got when we arrived! Dust begrimed though we were, we were received like royal visitors. They had expected us a day earlier, and the schools, a number of our Christians and prominent business men of the city had gone to the city gate to receive us. Now we almost slipped in on them unnoticed. But on a moment's notice the boys of the school were called to the gate leading to our compound. Under its arch and under the American and the Chinese flag and a banner with the Christian cross on it they sang "Onward Christian Soldiers." This was led by Mr. Kaufman. A little farther in, the girls were lined up and sang "Gott ist die Liebe." Miss Neufeld led.

All of our mission workers of the China field are here for a conference. Yesterday I attended two preaching services and a Christian Endeavor meeting. I got a very good impression of the work here.

For this afternoon we are invited to a meal in the home of a wealthy business man in the city. Of course, only the men are thus honored. I do not know whether to look forward to a feast or to an ordeal. I will report the event in a later letter.

I am figuring that before long I should get a letter from you. I hope I will not be disappointed. By the time you get this letter I will be leaving here for Java. But I still do not know the exact date of my sailing. Neither do I know whether or not Mr. Habegger goes with me. I shall likely sail from Shanghai and get my booking through Thos. Cook and Son at that place.

I am enjoying the finest of health, and I must say I have noticed no fatigue of the trip so far. And old Mr. Habegger is just as spry as I.

Trusting that you are all well and praying God's protection on all of us, I am,

With much love to all,

Daddy

P. S. You may be interested in one event of our journey from Peking here. In a former letter I expressed my surprise that dining car service was announced for the trains in this out of the way part of the world. But the service is not Fred Harvey service. One time Mr. Habegger and I went into the dining car for a meal. We were told to wait a little in the aisle. And why? The waiter had to go ahead and shake a soldier off our table where he was taking a nap, not only leaning on it, but lying on it.

J. W. K.

Kaichow, Chihli, China
Sept. 18, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

It isn't quite a week yet since I wrote you, but this is a somewhat rainy day and that gives me time to do some writing. I have just finished a report to the Bundesbote and will write to you also.

Day before yesterday I received Ruth's letter of Aug. 20th, and today mama's of Aug. 12th. I can tell you I was glad to get them. I am sorry that you were sick again, Emma. I hope that California climate will do more for you a little later. The same day that Ruth's letter arrived, the two that were forwarded arrived. I had to pay 28 cents fine on them for not having enough postage. That is the way they do in China. The letter from Mrs. Knittel in Newton contained a long list of names and addresses of her friends in various places that I may touch on my journey.

We have had delightfully cool weather since we are here so that I have worn my heavy suit practically all the time. Nearly every night it has rained and thus the drouth here is broken. It is too late for the crops that are burned out, except right near Kaichow, but it puts the fields in shape for next year.

For several days we have had a workers' conference here on the station, and our whole working force here in China was present. Of course only Boehrs and Miss Lehman and Miss Habegger are stationed at Tung Ming Hsien, Browns, Kaufmans, Goerings, Voths, and the Misses Neufeld and Fast are here. Early this morning the Tung Ming Hsien force and Mr. Habegger left for that

A Worker's
Conference

station. It is about 30 miles of heavy road from here. I will likely drive there towards the close of next week or the beginning of the following. I am then planning to come back here and stay till about the middle of October. Then I shall go by way of Tung Ming Hsien, the Bartel and the Kuhlman mission to Shanghai, taking two weeks for the trip. From Shanghai I plan to sail for Batavia, Java, via Singapore on the last day of October, likely on the steamer "Porthos." If this plan can be carried out I hope to be in India some time in early December.

I believe the last time I wrote you I promised you a description of our big meal as guests of Mr. Kuo. We left here in two roras at 2:30 p. m. last Monday. A big crowd followed our autos into the yard. The curiosity of the people was divided between the autos and us. So quite a number crowded into the doorway to watch us eat. They were driven away soon. Mr. Kuo thought his house was not good enough so he planned to entertain us in a saloon. After it was explained that we were from a prohibition country and would not like to appear as supporting the business of a saloon, he had a room in his cotton exchange prepared for our reception. When we stepped in we found chairs arranged for the six men in our party, Mr. Kuo and his business partner. I was given first place because of my official position, Mr. Habegger second because of his age. The other men (and there were no women present) each were trying to push the other into the next honorable place, as Chinese custom demands, and then settled down in their places. At once tea was served. Then the table was set for the bigger meal. Before each one of us there was put a brass plate about two and one half inches in diameter, a brass spoon about an inch and three-fourths in diameter and three-fourths of an inch deep, and a pair of chopsticks made of a silver alloy. After one of our missionaries had asked grace on request of our host, the dishes began to come in by courses. I lost my count of courses, but several of us counted the different dishes and agreed that there were—now hold your breath—thirty-seven of them, not counting the initial tea nor the hot wine at the close which our host ordered to be removed by one of the servants even before it got onto the table. This evidently was done out of consideration for our prohibition principles. You may wonder whether we ate all of these dishes. Well, some we ate, of others we nibbled and at others we only smelled. The host soon saw the predicament into which some of us got with our chopsticks, and when that had supplied sufficient merriment, forks were brought for us. But after that the same fork, spoon and plate had to serve for the rest of the meal. A bowl with water was placed in the center of the table into which we could dip our utensils from time to time between courses and thus get the tastes of the different dishes less mixed. Some of the things that were served really had an excellent taste. Of others that could not be said.

A number of peculiar customs may be noticed at such a meal. Everything is eaten out of a common dish in the center of the table, the wee plate at each place being used only to catch the

drippings from one's spoon or fork. When a new dish is set into the center of the table, then all guests hold their spoons, forks or chopsticks over this dish until the guest of honor is ready to help himself, then all spoons, etc. are plunged into the unknown deep. If any guest has helped himself sparingly, the host uses his own spoon with which he is eating to fill up the spoon of the guest. Liquid contents of the spoon must be emptied noisily. I say must. There are two reasons. One is that politeness demands it. The other is that the depth of the spoon necessitates it, unless you would turn your face to the ceiling and drink like a chicken. Quiet eating suggests that you do not appreciate the meal. The more questions you ask about each dish, the better the host is pleased. You apparently are following good social form when you ask the cost of each dish, how long it took to cook it, and how many more will be served. When the nineteenth dish had been served our host announced that the second half of the meal was still coming. At the close of the meal a towel dipped in hot water is given each of us to clean our hands and face. After that I was surprised that finger bowls were still brought in. But soon I discovered they make a different use of them than we do. If you do the thing properly, you draw the water into your mouth, rinse your mouth with a loud swish and then spit the water on the floor. Of course, we were all game. Over two hours had passed since we had sat down to the table. Our host said it was the grace of God that had made it possible to meet, we ought to sing a song of praise. We did so. When I left I asked myself whether I had ever attended a more interesting banquet, and I had to answer my own query in the negative.

Nearly every day we hear the doleful music of the professional mourners at a funeral in the immediate neighborhood. Cholera is demanding a number of victims. You need not feel alarmed, for we are employing all precautions. God is over us.

With much love to everybody at home, I am,

Daddy

I finished this letter Monday, Sept. 20th. We had planned a trip to one of the outstations, but rain prevented it.

Kaichow, Chihli, China
Sept. 25, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

I had really not planned to be here at Kaichow at this time; I wanted to be in Tung Ming Hsien where P. J. Boehr, Miss Habegger, and Miss Lehman are, but rain made a change of plan necessary. The plan was that Rev. Brown should take me to Tung Ming Hsien the beginning of this week, but rain had made roads so bad that he could not use his auto. The rain quit Tuesday night and we hoped by today we could make the thirty-mile drive by auto. Yesterday, however, we got stuck with the car just outside of the city gate and had to hitch up a bull to pull us out. I took a picture of it. So we made arrangements that I should go over today in a Chinese cart. A bargain was made with a driver, a Chin-

A rained-out trip ese employed by the mission was to go with me to see to it that everything went right.
My lunch was prepared by Mrs. Kaufman

The alarm clock was set, for we were to start with daybreak. I was given a small English-Chinese dictionary so that I could make my most pressing needs known. I wondered how I would fare on my trip, knowing no Chinese and my traveling companions knowing no English. I knew that when I would eat my lunch at the half way inn, where my driver would stop to feed his mules, dozens of Chinese of all ages and all stages of nudity would carefully watch every morsel disappear. I knew the cart would have no springs and no seat and I would have to squat cross-legged on it or lie down, though the most comfortable position would be to let your legs dangle out at the side like the driver does, but that would not be gentlemanly and by doing so I would lose "face" with the driver, and face is nearly everything in China. I knew my bones would ache after the thirty-mile drive. I knew this because I had made a shorter drive on a Chinese cart. Yet I retired with keen anticipation of the novel day ahead. So I was really disappointed to discover when the alarm went this morning that it was raining again, and the trip would have to be canceled. I do not know now when I will go there and how. I must, however, go within the next ten days, and I will not come back here again then, as I had first planned.

Yesterday we had another Chinese feast. This time it was with the head official who has jurisdiction over about 400,000 people and is a sort of cross between an American governor of a state and a chief justice of a state. He has the power to pronounce the death sentence and to grant pardons from capital punishment in his realm. I had paid him an official visit with Rev. Brown on Wednesday. He said he would return the visit on Thursday. We

An invitation and a meal then arranged a dinner for him and three other prominent Chinese. two of them members of our church. I was surprised at the state with which the head official arrived here. A retinue of soldiers preceded and followed his vehicle. A crier went ahead and cleared the street for him. Regular oriental custom as in old bygone days. But once in the house, he could be as simple as a child. He actually clapped his hands when he found out how comfortable Mrs. Kaufman's rocking chair was and said he would have some like it made for himself. He heroically went after every article in the foreign meal, and, I am sure, used his knife and fork with greater dexterity than I can use their chopsticks, though both of us are novices. But he balked at eating corn off the cob, presumably because the common Chinaman eats it that way. Even before the guests arrived to our dinner, there came a special courier bearing a flaming red envelope for me in which was a letter also of flaming red paper, though of a slightly paler hue, and announced that it was from the official. Since it was written in Chinese I did not know but it might be my death warrant for some unwitting infraction of a Chinese law. On having it translated I found that the envelope bore the name Li Mu Shih, that is my name in China (first time I ever

went under an assumed name) and on the sheet inside there was the following missive: "By the Chinese calendar the eighth month and thirteenth day after one o'clock you are invited to a meal and to visit with your humble servant who is willing to learn. Chow Tsu Hsien."

So yesterday Rev. Brown and I drove to Mr. Chow's home for a one o'clock dinner. Besides us two, there were three officials next in rank to him, and two of our Christians, Mr. Hsu and Mr. Yuan. In my honor they tried to serve things in American style though they had been prepared Chinese fashion. Five servants attended to our wants. Really everything tasted good. The host was immensely pleased when he discovered I had learned the Chinese word for "good" and used it to express my opinion of various articles of food. After the dinner the host sent a servant to call his two sons to be introduced to us. One of them speaks French and they are also studying English. Whether there are any daughters, we did not find out, but they do not count anyhow, he did not even think it worth while to have us meet his wife. That is China.

We went to the dinner in the auto. Mr. Brown took two servants along. I thought first maybe it was only to put on style. but I soon found it was an absolute necessity. The main streets of the city are about as wide as Aunt Ida's dining room. In them stand all sorts of vender carts and stands. At the intersection of such streets a car cannot make the turn without backing into position a few times. While the one servant goes ahead and has carts and stands moved out of the way, the other watches in the rear that the auto does not back into some one in the crowd that closes up immediately after the car has passed. Pigs, goats, and donkeys constantly obstruct the road. It is worse than driving an auto in Los Angeles. There is one redeeming feature; there is no traffic police to arrest you. Though there are soldiers.

Well, I wonder how all of you are at this time. I had hoped that the third letter might reach me from home this week, but nothing has come so far. My mail will be forwarded to me when I leave here. It has turned quite cool here and I could really use a heavier overcoat when driving, but in Java and India I will not need the one I have.

All the workers here send greetings to you all.

With much love to all and greeting to Dave and Ida,

I am,
Daddy

Tung Ming Hsien, Chihli. China

October 8 1920

Dear Folks:

There is a little lull in my program this forenoon, so I will start a letter to you, I may, however not finish it until tomorrow. According to the plan mentioned in my last letter, we, that is Mr. Brown and I, left Kai Chow early Monday morning for this place. The two schools and a number of the Chinese church members,

also our whole working force marched behind our vehicle for a mile singing songs like "God be with you till we meet again", "God will take care of you", etc. in Chinese. Before they turned back I addressed a few words to them thru an interpreter, Rev. Brown led in a Chinese prayer, and we went on. They waved their U. S. and Chinese flags and a cross banner and I responded by waving a white handkerchief until a turn in the road hid us from each others view.

Our rig was a springless Chinese cart drawn by two scrawny Chinese mules hitched tandem. Since such a cart has no seat, we had to sit squatting. We often walked to rest ourselves. One time we got so far ahead that we waited for nearly an hour to have the cart catch up with us. It had gotten stuck in a mudhole. The driver then pleaded to be permitted to go back. But we held him to his contract. So we drove about eighty-five miles in three days, with only a half day's stop at Chang Yuan Hsien, where a third station may some day be erected. The driver walked practically all of this distance. It is a whole entertainment to watch him and hear him. He has no lines. His talking and whipping must do it

A drive in a Peking cart all. Now you hear an ejaculatory ye-yo and then a longer drawn ye-e or ho and then a stacatto ta-ta, and then a shrilly trilled trr.

And what words will not accomplish, the whip will. The mule in the lead had the trick of suddenly turning around and facing the cart. But the whip would then menacingly whirl around his ears and even strike their tips. At needed moments there would come a sharp flick, flick against the animal's flank and again a stinging encircling of its legs in the region of the fetlocks.

Since the meals in Chinese inns are hardly the thing for foreigners, we had our cook along, who knows how to make foreign dishes. And we spent one night in a Chinese inn. The other night we slept in our chapel at Chang Yuan Hsien. We got up at two o'clock that morning to resume our journey. Since the Yellow River is out of its first dike on the north side, we drove on the second dike for five hours past fields and villages under water. When we got our cart and mules into a boat and started to cross we found the current so strong that it carried us down stream about two miles. It took over two hours from the time of leaving shore to the time of landing on the other side. It was 10 o'clock by the time we got to our station at Tung Ming Hsien. All had gone to bed, but the cook got up yet and made us supper. By 11 o'clock we were in bed. That was just 21 hours since we had gotten up. I will write up this trip more minutely for the Mennonite and Bundesbote.

Mr. Brown left again for Kaichow yesterday. My plan is to stay here until Friday, Oct 15th, then start overland to Tsaotchow Fu, stay all night at Mr. Schraags, drive to Tsao Hsien on Oct. 16th, spend Sunday with Mr. Bartels, drive to Shanhsien on Oct. 18th where a Schmidt family, distantly related to me, is doing mission work, on Oct. 20 drive to Tangshan to Mr. Kuhlmanns, a son-in-law of Mr. Dyck near Elbing, Kansas. From Kuhlmanns I go by rail to Tsinan Fu to visit a Christian Union College, Oct. 23rd and 24th.

Oct. 26th and 27th I want to visit another Union University at Nankin. Mr. Habegger and Christine will likely join me there, and we will leave that same night for Shanghai, from which port we sail for Singapore on the S. S. "Porthos" October 31st. Mr. Habegger has received word now that he can enter India. We will likely still be in Singapore when you receive this letter.

I still do not have the letter that should have left Sept. 2nd. After receiving this letter, address my mail to Champa, C. P. India, care of Rev. P. A. Penner. Will you also please let me know when the schools of Los Angeles close next summer. I will have to plan the date of my return somewhat accordingly. Ask Dave whether there are firms either in Los Angeles or San Francisco that make lantern slides. Things might turn out so that I would want to have mine made there instead at Kansas City as I had first planned.

I will close this letter today anyway, as mail goes out tonight yet. I hope you are all well.

With love,

Daddy

Tsaohsien, Shantung, China

Oct. 17, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

I did not get to write my weekly letter yesterday or day before, because both of these days I was on the journey overland—Friday in a Chinese cart and yesterday on an American spring wagon.

On Friday morning Rev. Boehr had planned to take me to Tsaochow Fu by auto, but he discovered a broken cylinder ring and found he could not take me. So we had the official of the city, who paid me a formal call Thursday afternoon, engage a Chinese cart for me. He even offered to send a retinue of soldiers because the robbers are bad in that part of the country. They are so bad that for two days the gates of Tung Ming Hsien were closed not only at night but all day also. The robbers had taken possession of a village only a few miles from Tung Ming. But I refused the escort for two reasons: One was that it would not be consistent with Mennonite principles; the other, that I did not see how fifteen soldiers would protect me against a band of few hundred robbers. I am carrying but little silver with me. I would rather let them have it than cause any loss of life. I get just enough cash to take me from station to station.

Thursday evening S. J. Goering and wife arrived from Tung Ming Ssien. With them was Miss Fast who gets a few weeks' vacation and wants to make the trip to Rev. Kuhlmann's with me. Friday morning early we two and a Chinese driver started on our trip to Tsaochow Fu where Rev. J. J. Schrag and wife are stationed. We got there at 3:00 p. m. Yesterday Miss Fast, a Miss Gerber and I started early in the morning in a spring wagon and with a Chinese driver to come here where Rev. Bartel and quite a force of workers are doing quite a work. We got here at 8:00 p.

m. On Tuesday Miss Fast and I will start for Rev. Kuhlmann's. We will have to start at 2 a. m. to get to the railroad, but will then get to Kuhlmanns before evening.

Mr. Habegger is not with me. He and Christine went to visit a Swiss missionary in southern China. They have to go by rail, by river boat and two and a half days by chairs. We will meet again at Nanking where I go to visit an industrial mission school. I also want to visit at Tsinan Fu where there is a noted independent native church. My next letter will likely be from there.

No foreign mail has come in for some time, so Karl's letter is the last one I have received. Yesterday some foreign mail came here. Maybe I get some at Kaichow. It will be forwarded to me, but I will not get it until I reach Shanghai. That will not be until the 27th of October.

I am enjoying the finest of health. But my program is almost too full. I am writing this before the morning service at which I shall preach through an interpreter.

Hoping you are all well, I am,

With best regards.

Daddy

Tsinan Fu, China

Oct. 21, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

This is not the day yet for writing you, but for next Saturday I have planned such a full program that I know I will find no time to write, so I shall do so today. I am otherwise one day ahead of my program. I had intended to arrive here tomorrow morning and arrived here this morning. This gain was caused by two things. First. One of the stations of the so-called Bartel mission that I had intended to visit I did not visit because I found out that the workers from there—Shanhsien—are not at home since they are temporarily helping at another station. Second. I also made my visit at Rev. Kuhlmann's a little shorter.

Last Monday night I attended a Chinese wedding at Tsao-hsien. It was a Christian wedding, but it was an amusing affair in some ways. The bride hesitated for the longest time to promise to love her husband to be. She would not take her bridegroom's right hand and the minister had to put her hand into the bridegroom's hand. At the ceremony there were no other men present besides the minister and I and one Chinese man, all others were women and girls. When the marriage was over, the bridegroom unceremoniously left his bride to receive the wellwishes of her girl friends, but he did not speak a word to her. For a while neither knew where the other was. Through the mediation of the missionary's wife they were each helped to discover the other. It was also found that no provisions had been made to set up housekeeping. So the next morning, although we started on our trip at 3 o'clock, she came with us to where her parents live. The bridegroom was expected

to walk there later in the day. Then a family council should decide what to do with the new couple.

As already intimated, on Tuesday morning we had to start at 3 o'clock to get to the railway station to go to Rev. Kuhlmann's. Miss Fast and I were taken to the station at Liuho. Rev. Boehr and his wife had gotten on the same train further down the line and we met on the train. We all spent 24 hours at Kuhlmanns. Mrs. Kuhlmann is a Miss Dyck from Elbing, Kansas. Then Mr. Boehr and I left for this place Tsinanfu, about 4 p. m. yesterday. In a way I was glad to leave that robber infested country. You may know that sometime ago two ladies of the Bartel mission were taken away and held for a ransom. When that was not forthcoming they returned the ladies unmolested. Twice the Kuhlmann station was robbed. Once they took almost every stitch of clothes they had, and pulled Rev. Kuhlmann's beard for anger that they found no money. Then with the tantalizing politeness of the Chinese, the captain of the robbers came to Rev. Kuhlmann a few days later and apologized for the mistake his men had made, for they had orders not to molest the missionaries. But he restored only about one-fifth of the stolen goods. At another time he was stopped on the road and his horse and money taken from him. When they found the horse to be stiff and the money to be all coppers and therefore very bulky and heavy, they returned the horse and about five-eighths of the money, and offered him a safe escort to his destination to protect him against other robbers. To scare these robbers, some of the more insignificant ones are decapitated and their heads hung against the city wall. I have the picture of two such heads hanging against the city wall of Tangshan. But the captains are often given a position in the Chinese army because they are brave men.

With these stories ringing in my ears, I was glad in a way to leave that region. But it means going from acquaintances to strangers until we get to India. When we got to Hsuchow Fu last night just after dark and had to change trains we found that robbers are not the only pest in China. The porters on the depot platforms can become such. We had six pieces of baggage between us, but about a dozen of men wanted to carry them. They pounced upon us like hungry wolves. Mr. Boehr made them understand that we first had to buy our tickets then we would have our luggage carried over the bridge to the other train. While he bought the tickets I stayed with the stuff. Then they started their jargon at me again. My usual weapon of "pudung" (I do not understand) failed me this time. They evidently thought if I was green they could be fresh. One fellow started to tie two of the grips together preparatory to sling them over his shoulder. I wanted to tell him to go away and said (tsoba) go. They took that as a signal to start and the whole pack pounced upon our baggage. They left only when I hit them a whack in the ribs with my umbrella. When Mr. Boehr came with the tickets a new tustle began. I thought

Almost mobbed
by would-be
helpers

they would tear our luggage into shreds. The platform police finally had to chase some of them away.

On the train we did not find the most ideal conditions either. The third class coaches on this train had no seats, but they were filled up to capacity. Some lay on the floor asleep, others sat and ate lunches, others smoked, and women nursed their babies. The air was thick. One of the second class coaches was also very crowded, but it had seats. The first class coupes were all taken. There was no sleeper on the train. We found two vacant seats in another second class coach that was less crowded and cleaner. The thought that we would have to sit for ten hours through the night on hard unupholstered seats was not inviting. But it had one redeeming feature: Robbers have attacked this very train in the past. If they do so again tonight one would at least be awake and decently dressed to see and hear the doings. Opposite to us sat two lavishly dressed Chinese women with two little boys. But even these fine women will do some shocking things. When during the course of the night the little fellows should have been taken to the water closet, this trouble was saved, for the cuspidor was drawn into the aisle and made to do substitute service in this respect. Well, the night passed, although without sleep. I feel it a little today, that the last three nights have brought me only twelve hours of sleep.

We are comfortably located in a second story northwest room of a Presbyterian mission. We get board and lodging at a very reasonable rate here.

With the letter you are writing today there must be eight letters on the way somewhere. I have received only three so far. I hope some have been forwarded to Shanghai.

What do you hear about Bethel? I get no direct reports from there so far. Let me know how the children are getting along in school. And how is your health, Emma?

With love to you and Uncle Daves,

Your,
Daddy

Shanghai, China
Oct. 30, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

The last time I wrote you, or the time before the last, I related that I would sail for Singapore on the steamer "Porthos" tomorrow the 31st. While visiting in Nanking I saw by the papers that the Porthos was delayed and would not sail until Nov. 7th. But we came here anyway and put the wheels in motion at once to change our date of sailing. We were told by Thos. Cook and Son that all vessels sailing before then were booked full and there was no chance of a change. We then began to look up the steamship companies direct and after a day and a half of chasing over the city in rickshas found that the Italian Loyd Trieste had room on the "Africa" which sails Monday, Nov. 1st. We hope, therefore, to be in Singapore Nov. 10th or so. A vessel leaves there for Batavia

Nov. 11th. This should get us to Nargaredja, Java about Nov. 14th or 15th. How long we will stay there depends on sailing chances between Singapore and Calcutta. These we have not been able to ascertain as yet.

Ruth's letter of Sept. 9th was forwarded to me at Tsinan Fu. Paul's of Sept. 2nd and Karl's of Sept. 16th both reached me at the same time, Oct. 28th, here at Shanghai. I suppose the one of Sept. 23rd was addressed to Java. I am sorry to notice, Emma, that your sick headaches continue in spite of change of climate. I, on the contrary, can report the best of health inspite of Chinese filth and stench. Mr. Habegger too stands the trip like a young man. The weather has been warm, at noon even hot, but the nights are cool, so one must have quite a bit of cover. Of course, it will likely be very hot as we cross the equator.

I am glad that you children like school. Make the most you can out of it. Incidentally look out for your grades. You must keep up the family record. Your mother never made poor grades in school and your father also was not last in the procession. Do not 'decide that you "just don't like" any of your subjects. Each will make its contribution to your well-balanced knowledge. I wonder, Ruth, how your trying out for pianist of the girl's chorus terminated. Write me about it if you have not already done so.

I was interested to read what you write about your Sunday School. I am learning to appreciate more day by day, as I visit in China, what schools, Sunday Schools and churches mean to a country. How people who are informed can be indifferent to them, I cannot understand as I compare China with Christian countries.

You surely seem to have plenty of diversion from the daily routine program too. It is so nice of Uncle Dave to take you to places of interest. I suppose the "Fatty Arbuckle" kind does not come very frequently.

I had a most interesting visit at Tsinanfu. The city dates from 2200 years before Christ. It now has a population of nearly 400,000 but is still quite Chinese in type. No street cars, no water works, but few streets wider than twelve or fifteen feet. But even here civilizing influences have set in. I visited a flour mill, a paper mill, and a match factory that all have modern equipment. But in one sense the match factory is a horrible place. Young children of not more than six years, work from 5:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. for from 2 to 5 cents a day. And oh, the speed at which they have to work! Outside of the city wall the so-called settlements have sprung up. The Christian University is located in one of these, also various missions in others. In the medical department there are 100 Chinese young men studying. Nearly all are Christians and preparing for work in the various missions. Several Chinese churches are under their own control and have dared to introduce co-education.

At Tsinanfu Various missions in the city are doing splendid work. One day I hobnobbed with Mr. Cromwell, a junior members of the J. Pierpont Morgan firm. His wife is a daughter of Dodge, the Detroit automobile manufacturer. They

were married four months ago and are on their honeymoon. They had asked for the room which Mr. Boehr and I occupied, but we got in ahead of them and so they went into a hotel run for foreigners. They were at our hosts for one dinner as guests, but Mr. Boone, our host, showed them around. One day while Mrs. Cromwell was resting, Mr. Cromwell, Mr. Boone, Mr. Boehr, and I did the city—and on foot at that. We even ate a meal in a Chinese restaurant. The millionaire's son-in-law acted just as other mortals.

At Tsinanfu I left Mr. Boehr last Sunday night. I made the trip to Nanking alone. At Nanking I again met Mr. Habegger.

Christine is with him and will see him sail.

At Nanking Here at Shanghai we have done sightseeing only as we could do it incidentally while going from place to place where we had business to do. The city is over one million in population and is quite modern in parts. You may know that Noah Gilliom of Berne is in business here. We will take dinner with him tonight.

I was so glad for the Newton news you sent. I get it no other way so far. How is the enrollment at Bethel?

This letter shall go by a vessel tomorrow, so I must mail it today. By Thanksgiving you should have it. Almost I wish that I could go with it. But I must not.

With much love to all,

Daddy

On Italian Steamer "Africa"
Enroute Shanghai to Hongkong
November 3, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

I am planning to mail this letter when our steamer stops at Hongkong, I think day after tomorrow, so I may write my letter piecemeal as new things come to me from day to day.

In my last letter to you I did not mention, I believe, that our first evening in Shanghai we had a regular Fourth of July celebration. You may know that there was a total eclipse of the moon that night. According to Chinese superstition the eclipse is caused by the dragon's eating up the moon. So they shoot firecrackers to chase away the dragon. The din began by an occasional pop of a firecracker, as the earth's shadow began creeping over luna's face in the early part of the evening, and grew worse and worse as the moon became darker. When the whole disc had turned into a sombre brown the noise was terrible. Cannon crackers, big crackers, and little crackers all helping to give voice to an old well-rooted superstition. And all of this in as modern looking city as Shanghai.

An Eclipse of the Moon In Shanghai I met a number of Kansas people. The wife of a Mr. Pettit, who is a Y.M.C.A. man there, was formerly a Miss Randall of Hutchinson. Mr. Hall was formerly Boy's Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Kansas and has that position for a part of China now. His wife is Kansas folks and other acquaintances in Shanghai

from Caldwell, Kansas. I was entertained for a meal at each of these places. Mrs. Pettit said, "When you get back to Kansas take a good look at it for us."

Saturday evening Anna Scheidegger, formerly of Berne, Indiana, now doing mission work in Shanghai, called on us in the parlors of the Missionary Home. She is a sister of Peter Scheidegger who did the plumbing in our Wanner house. We could visit with her but a short time since Noah Gilliom soon called for us to take us to his home for an eight o'clock dinner. He works for the American Trading Company in Shanghai for whom he had worked in Dayton, Ohio, and in New York City. His wife is a very pleasant little Dayton girl. They seem to like China very much.

Sunday morning we heard Marion Lawrence speak to a group of Chinese through an interpreter. In the evening we attended services at the Community Church. It is a Union Church of Americans recently organized and has 240 members. They had just called their first pastor, Dr. Luther Freeman of Pittsburgh, Penn. and he preached his first sermon Sunday night.

Monday morning we had to hurry away from the breakfast table to get baggage and everything ready to leave on a 9 o'clock ferry for the Italian S. S. "Africa" anchoring over a mile down the Woosung River. After a tearful farewell between Mr. Habegger and his daughter we left on the ferry promptly at 9 o'clock. Our vessel, however, did not lift anchor until 11 o'clock. The trip down the river towards the ocean was a very interesting one. Our pilot did not leave us until 5 p. m. Even at that time the water was still yellow from the Yangtse Kiang and the Hwang Ho. The Yellow Sea deserves its name.

Our boat is one of the smaller boats. It is even smaller than the "Persia", but it seems to sail more smoothly. It used to be the Austrian boat "Vorwaerts". Its linen, dishes and silverware still bear that name. As a result of the war it went into Italian hands. But even now the captain and crew still speak German. I believe German is spoken more on this boat than any other one language. There are only a few who speak English fairly well. There is really a Babel of languages: Italian, Austrian, Swiss, French, Russian, Polish, English, German, Japanese, Chinese, and others that I cannot detect. Mr. Habegger and I are seated at the same table with two very fine Russian couples. One of these couples speaks a little German. They speak no English but all speak Polish and French. Our waiter speaks French and German so he can serve us all. Our Russian neighbors are very musical. One plays the piano well, one the violin and one lady has a good soprano voice. The other lady is a jolly happy-go-lucky woman of apparently no other accomplishment than keeping others in good cheer. The whole group does not seem very heavily burdened by the thought that Russia is under Bolshevik rule. They order beer for every meal and marvel that we are content with water besides coffee and tea.

Among the passengers there are those into whose lives the war has made deep inroads. There are Germans who spent several

years as prisoners of war in Japan, having been interned when Kiaochow was taken from the Germans. They are now on their way home. They will not be permitted to land when our vessel stops at Hongkong and at Singapore. Several German speaking Russians were in Siberia on business when the revolutionary disorder began in Russia. Their families fled from Moscow into the Ukraine and have not been heard from since. The men are now trying to re-enter Russia via Danzig and go in search of their lost families. They travel as third and fourth class passengers.

This voyage is quite different in many ways than the one from San Francisco to Yokohama. There, land once out of sight, we saw nothing but water, schools of flying fish, a few whales and porpoises until we were about to land again. On this trip we see land to our right from time to time. At night there are the lights of houses ever and anon. Every once in a while there are passing ships. Yesterday morning a faster vessel overtook us and remained in sight ahead of us till nearly noon. At noon we overtook a slower vessel and it was in sight back of us practically all afternoon. At 9 o'clock at night I could still see its mast light just above the horizon. Then we have passed a number of ocean liners going in opposite direction. Fishing smacks are to be seen whenever we near land. Just before starting this letter I looked out of the port hole of our cabin and counted 22 sails between us and the horizon landward. Yesterday before breakfast I saw some shark. Just after lunch I saw some fishermen in a row boat.

Our cabin is different too. We have an outside cabin with two port holes and are located to the right or landward side of the ship. Instead of having a lower and an upper berth we have two lowers. I have No. 38 and Mr. Habegger No. 39. The wash bowl is of the kind that folds out of sight when you empty the water out of it. Being on the northwest side of the vessel we get the afternoon sun. That warms our cabin up somewhat, but so far we have not yet used our electric fan. At night it has even been cool enough so that we used a light cover.

Our meals are less American than on the "Persia," and are served quite differently. There is less variety. So far we have seen no pies, ice cream, or cakes. No other than canned butter. The meals are served somewhat on the Fred Harvey style. A menu card standing on the table shows what is coming. Each course is then brought in by the waiter and the platter held to each person while you help yourself to as large a portion as you wish. The children eat in a separate room one hour before the others. The hours for the grown-ups are as follows: coffee and toast any time after you arise, breakfast at 9 o'clock, tiffin at 1 p. m., tea at 4 p. m., dinner at 7 p. m. I have so far omitted the tea.

My daily program is as follows: Arise about 6:30 or seven, take a brisk walk on deck, eat the little breakfast, read or write, real breakfast, a walk, read, write, visit, then comes tiffin and a nap, then a walk, again read, write and converse; dinner, a walk, a quiet period of star-gazing on deck, a salt-water bath at 9, evening devotion, retire at 10. It is surprising how the time passes in

this way. Just while I am writing this, another young Russian is seated at the piano (for I am writing in the music saloon)—I hear another one than the one I mentioned earlier in this letter—and is playing "Tales of Hoffmann" from memory. I am wondering whether we have struck a Russian professional musical troop.

It is time that the election is over in all parts of the United States. I feel almost relieved to have been saved the dilemma of voting this fall. Neither party had an issue, and neither party had much of a man.

We are in the Formosa Straits now. This is the region of typhoons, but we are past the time of year for them. So far sailing has been almost as smooth as on a river. There isn't much more vibration than there would be in a mill or a factory. I feel just fine. It is just three months today that I left Los Angeles. I have been on the go all of this time and I haven't even had a cold all of this time. I surely have reasons to be thankful. I have gathered no Chinese vermin so far either. I do not know whether Javanese or Indian vermin will take more of a liking to me or not.

I see our postal schedule says we are due in Singapore on Friday, 13th of November. I hope we do not have to wait until the following Friday before we can sail for Batavia, Java.

Nov. 4. We are running ahead of our schedule and the report is that we will land in Hongkong today yet. If we do not spend too much time in Hongkong we may get to Singapore in time yet to get a boat due to leave there for Batavia on Friday, Nov. 13th.

We landed at Hongkong the 4th of Nov. at 1 p.m. while eating tiffin. We leave again tomorrow.

With love to all,
Daddy

S. S. Africa between Hongkong and Singapore
November 8, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

Since conditions are favorable for writing now, I shall start my letter home. You will pardon the use of an indelible lead pencil. The ink they have on board this ship is so wretchedly poor that it will not flow through a fountain pen, and their steel pens are not for my hand.

When I mailed my last letter at Hongkong on Thursday, the 4th, immediately after landing there, we still thought we would leave there Friday noon. That was the notice posted on the bulletin board. When we came back to the ship for our 7 o'clock dinner, a later notice stated that we would not leave until Saturday noon. At once speculation was rife why our leaving was postponed a day. The explanation that was current was that a strike was threatening among the ship's crew because of some trouble that had started between the head cook and the head machinist, so that the Italian consul had to be called on board to help settle the difficulty. The next morning when we went ashore again we saw a storm warning posted on the post office building opposite to the ferry wharf. The American Consul had received a wireless from Manila, stating that

a typhoon was moving towards the China coast. So maybe this was the reason why our sailing was postponed. This gave us two days to see Hongkong. We always had to get a ferry boat to take us ashore, for our boat was anchored in the middle of the harbor.

After we landed about two o'clock Thursday afternoon, we attended to our mail, had our money exchanged and then took an automobile drive around the island on which Hongkong is located.

Delay at
Hongkong

This is one of the interesting drives in the world. It has cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to make the road. Part of the way it skirts the sea

on sea level and then again it is several hundred feet up the mountain side. It took us an hour and forty-five minutes to make the drive. After the 7 o'clock dinner we stayed on board. I am speaking for myself and Mr. Habegger. And watching the lights of Hongkong from about a mile away is well worth spending an evening at. The island rises right from sea level to a height of 1700 feet. The business section of the city of 600,000 inhabitants is built on the narrow level stretch along the shore, the better residence section hangs like swallows' nests along terraced roads on the side of the mountain. When the lights are turned on of evenings and you see them from such a good vantage point as we had, it looks as though the stars of heaven had all been collected into a triangular section of the southwestern sky with the most numerous assembly of them near the base line of the triangle. This impression is made more real yet when the sky is starless, as it was the second evening of our day in the harbor.

The next day in the forenoon we made a few purchases and strolled through parts of this extraordinary city that is such a mixture of Oriental and European architecture and smells. We each bought a cork hat for use in the tropics. We had been told that the museum was worth seeing, but it is a very limited and a poorly kept collection. Some of our party visited a botanical garden and found it more interesting. In the afternoon we had planned to ascend the peak, but we thought the atmosphere too hazy for a good view and deferred the ascent to the next forenoon. Early in the afternoon a drizzling rain began to fall, so we were glad we had not ventured out. But the afternoon and evening did not seem tiresome at all. I spent my time writing a report to the "Mennonite". Intervals of rest I spent on deck, watching the activities around the vessel. A horde of coolies were coaling our vessel from a Chinese coal barge. Small boats surrounded us like a swarm of bees around a hive. From these boats there

Bartering around
the steamer

boarded our ship money changers, tailors who would make you a pongee suit while you

waited, jewelers who would repair your watch or sell you one. Lodge members of the various orders could buy their respective insignia, the benedict to be could buy the engagement diamond here, the man who had become parted from the proverbially missing collar button, could replace it; cuff buttons of any design or material under heaven could be purchased, etc. The phrase "and articles too numerous to mention" is quite hackneyed, but I must employ it here. The prices of these articles depended primarily

upon the gullibility of the purchaser. Other venders did not come on board but rowed their boats alongside of the ship and called up to the passengers on deck for a bid on their commodities. If an agreement as to price was reached, a basket fastened to a bamboo pole would be hoisted to the deck level to receive the purchase money. A second trip of the basket would bring the article and any change that might be due. You may be interested to know what some of these articles were. Here is a partial list: Steamer chairs, canaries, parrots, paroquets, lories (these birds were all in cages), then there were kittens, pups, monkeys, etc. I might also add, that on our first day in harbor one could order the steamer chair from a book of patterns containing a variety of designs. The price of the ready made chairs was in inverse ratio to the nearness of the time of sailing.

The next morning was a bright one, and Mr. Habegger and I started out on a trip to the peak. We got a late start because the regular ferry did not make its run and we had to wait for a special one. To take no chance and miss the station of the tramway that takes one a part of the way to the peak we took a ride on sedan chairs. It was our first experience. As you know these chairs are suspended, but rigidly, from two poles. The ends of these poles are placed on the shoulders of two men. These men walk in tandem fashion as they carry the chair. The jolt of each step of the carriers gives the rider a sensation similar to that experienced while riding a fast walking horse. The tramway, which is an incline cable road, does not take one to the top of the peak. From the uppermost station it is still about a twenty-minute walk to the top of the peak. But there is a paved road nearly all the way, for there are buildings almost to the top. From the end of the road on there is a paved path. The climb is therefore comparatively easy. And the view from that peak is the most wonderful that it has ever been my privilege to behold. The comparatively small island rises out of the ocean 1700 feet. This gives one almost an aeroplane view at objects near by. Almost under your feet lies the varied city of Hongkong. Beyond that is the greenish-blue water of one of the finest harbors in the world. It is third in the world in the number of ships that clear it. In the spacious harbor between the narrow Lyemnu Channel to the east and the narrow Sulphur Channel to the west there was collected a fleet of vessels the like of which I do not expect to see anywhere else on my trip, because my vantage point will hardly be as good anywhere else. Through the spy glass you could discover that flags of many lands were on the vessels. In the eastern part of the harbor were the various battle ships. Three of them, floated the U. S. flag. Then there were many ocean liners, our own ship "Africa" among them. Merchant vessels of all parts of the globe. Ferries loaded to capacity carrying passengers between Kongkong on the island and Kowloon on the main land or between these places and the various ships. Launches darting to and fro. Chinese sampans without number. How many houseboats there must have been you can partly ima-

Up Hongkong
Peak

gine when you think of it that 65,000 persons live in them in that harbor. No wonder that a few years ago a typhoon striking this harbor caused the loss of 40,000 lives. As we looked oceanward we saw island upon island jutting out of the water. Too bad we had to hurry away from such a place. We started from the peak just one hour before the time set for our sailing and got on board just eight minutes before 12 o'clock. We gambled with time that way because it did not look to us when we left the ship that it would be ready to sail at the time set. And we were right, it was two o'clock

A futile chase when the whistle blew and the ship slowly turned its nose toward the southwest. A couple more daring than we, left the vessel after lunch and went ashore, though the captain warned them that they would get left. We had hardly gotten under full steam when a launch was seen dashing toward us at top speed. A man was standing on its prow vigorously waving his cork hat with one hand and his handkerchief with the other. Soon his wife brought her white shawl to be waved. All of this was seen through a number of spy glasses on our deck, but the captain's orders were to go on. Then the waving on the pursuing boat stopped but the pursuit continued. Evidently the thought was that the ship could be boarded when it stopped to drop the pilot. But this gentleman was a dexterous enough seaman that he descended into his accompanying boat by means of a rope ladder while the vessel was moving at about half speed. The baggage of the persons left was lowered into the same boat, the pilot's boat was loosened from the ship and all the pursuit had been in vain.

Nov. 9th. (I did not get to finish my letter yesterday, so I will continue it today). We had hardly left Hongkong when we noticed that the mill pond smoothness of the ocean that had prevailed between Shanghai and Hongkong was no more. The waves went higher and higher. All through the night between Saturday and Sunday our ship leaped the crests of the waves like a hunting steed in a steeple chase clearing the intervening fences. There was very little of the rolling motion though. Of course, there was much seasickness. For the 4 o'clock tea most passengers still appeared, but for the 7 o'clock dinner less than one third appeared. One of the officers told me that in the second class, which is located at the end of the ship, where the pitching is so much worse, there were only three passengers well. In the third class, at the front end of the ship, the smell suggested that many did not reach the railing in time. No wonder that even some of the deck hands who bunk there were sick. These conditions prevailed till Sunday night. You will wonder how Mr. Habegger and I fared. We did not miss a meal, although out of prudence we went lightly on a few of them. The part of the sea in which we were, had its dangers, but God led us safely through all of them.

To the person who can keep his spirits up and his meals down, some things that happen during a storm at sea look very funny. Let me recite two. We have a New Yorker on board who has spent four years in Shanghai and is now on his way home via Europe.

A sea-sick man As I stepped out on the windward deck he gleefully announced that the "foist" wave had

splashed on the deck. I then said I would go to the lee of the deck because my time for a saltwater bath came later in the evening. He said he was raised near the sea and felt in his element when the sea was the roughest, he would stay where most of the show was going on. But a short time after that I saw him on the lee side of the deck and looking dreadfully pale. When I asked how he felt, he answered, "I wish I would feel bet-". The word "better" was spoiled in his throat by something else that struggled for ascendancy there just then. He bent forward just a little above the region of his belt, there were convulsive humpings of his back, and over the rail of the ship went his offering to angry Neptune. I never was good at comforting the miserable, so I awkwardly consoled that I was afraid there were more to follow, thinking that misery might love company even in anticipation. He was cheered enough to answer with a sort of grim humor of the gallows: "Yes, I am afraid there is more to follow." And he was right in his surmise. I suppose with all his conceit he hardly thought there was so much in him.

The other incident happened to one of the ship "Boys" or servants. I had just descended the stairway on my way from the dining saloon to my cabin, when I heard somebody following me at a rate that seemed hazardous with the then prevailing gale of sea. It was a cabin boy balancing a tray on his left hand and undoubtedly taking a light lunch to some sick passenger. I was just beginning to admire his dexterity, when he went sprawling to the floor, scattering lunch and broken bits of dishes in all directions. First he looked around to determine whether anyone had seen, then he tenderly felt of his elbow whether it had been hurt, then, with equal tenderness, of his hams whether they had been hurt, then he got a broom and swept the wreckage together amid the laughter and bantering of other "boys" and a stewardess.

Since yesterday morning we have had a calm sea again. Saturday night I saw the last light house. Since then there has been no land visible. No ships have passed us since we left Hongkong. This noon's record was 11 degrees N. latitude and 111 degrees 15 minutes E. Longitude. Gradually it has been getting warmer. Our fan goes whenever we are in our cabin now. The door is left open. Both port holes are open with a windcatching contrivance attached. We succeed in being fairly comfortable. They have begun to serve ice at the table. Last Sunday night we had chocolate ice cream that would have been good enough for you, Emma. It is brought to the table on a platter and is in the form of a truncated hollow cone about eight inches high, five in diameter at the bottom and three at the top. A big knife and spoon in the platter assist the diners to help themselves to such portions as their appetites may direct. My portions will always be liberal.

Our ship moves along very slowly and I fear we will not make our connection at Singapore for Batavia next Friday. That may mean that we will have to wait a whole week there, unless we are in luck as we have been so far. I have the names of several ship companies on my list with whom we will take up negotiations at

once. I will try to let you know results before I mail this letter at Singapore.

I have just read the letter written so far and I am afraid that at least you, Paul, will not find it interesting because there are some words you do not understand. Well, maybe you can find Uncle Dave's dictionary somewhere. Or maybe you can tease him for an explanation. I know he will get even by teasing you some other way. Again and again I have wished you were all with me to enjoy these many things with me. But I am afraid mamma could not have stood some of the "roughing".

November 11th. You should have been on our vessel yesterday to enjoy the smooth sea. I had often heard and read of a "glassy sea." Yesterday we surely had it. For parts of the day there were not even ripples. The blue sky and the few feathery clouds were mirrored so perfectly in the water that it was absolutely impossible to determine the horizon line. Then there came a time when little ripples like those one sees on sand dunes were observable. After a while the ripples went in two different directions and formed an ocean full of diamond shaped quadrilaterals.

November 12th. We are landing in Singapore in a rain storm at 9:00 a. m. Get away tomorrow. Have to go on ship tonight.

With much love,
Daddy

On Board S. S. Van Riebeeck, Singapore to Batavia
November 13, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

I will start my letter today so I am sure I will have it ready when we get to Batavia. although there is no danger but what I will have plenty of time, as you will see when I have written about our experiences yesterday. We arrived at Singapore yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Although our ship went through a blinding rain storm just before we landed, the rain soon ceased and we had a good day for attending to our necessary traveling business.

Mr. Habegger and I were the first ones to have our passports attended to by the officer who came on board. We had our eye on a ship leaving for Java that day. So we got into a carriage at once and drove to the booking office. Two things were against us. One was that the ship left at noon instead of 4 p.m. as it used to. The other was that there was more red tape connected with getting out of Singapore than we had thought there would be. We could have had the last two places on the ship, if we could have gotten ready, and if one of us would have been willing to go into the same cabin with a Chinaman. Let me tell you of some of the red tape.

When we got to the ship company we found out that they would not accept our traveler's check or Hongkong money. It had to be the Singapore dollar. So we had to go to the bank and get it.

At Singapore

When we returned we found we needed to have our passports stamped by the police before a tick-

very likely too late to start by train for Margaredja that day.

Our plans after Margaredja and the other Mennonite mission stations are somewhat wavering. We bought return tickets at Singapore, thinking that it was too round about to visit also our Sumatra missions, as no regular passenger steamers make the west coast of Sumatra, where our missions are. Our captain informs us though that there is frequent service by boats like the one on which we are now, in fact, he is just completing a voyage around the island of Sumatra when he gets back to Batavia. So it may be easy for us to get to Padang, West Sumatra, near which our missions are. A German who had to stay in Sumatra during the war, so the British would not get him, says that there is a good auto road from Padang to the northeast coast of Sumatra from which there are daily vessels to Penang in the Malay States and from Penang frequent sailings to Calcutta. He says the Dutch government runs regular autos over this road twice a week. The trip across the island would take us three days, he says, but would land us in Calcutta sooner and cheaper than by way of Singapore. If we find this true, we may go that way. At any rate we want to leave Batavia not later than Nov. 27th.

I hope when I get to Margaredja I will find several letters from home. The last letter I received was written eight weeks ago last Thursday. I wonder how you all are. Soon it will be four months that we left Kansas. It hardly seems so long. And yet, many impressions on one's mind have been made in that time. I wish I could bring home a picture of each. As it is, I have one hundred sixty pictures of my trip so far. A good many films I have spoiled.

Nov. 16th. We arrived in Batavia at 9:45 this morning. Then began a hunt for a hotel. I hoped we could stay at some Dutch sounding place like "Nederlander", "Java", "des Indes", "Konijunks Plain", etc. etc. But we found these all full and were glad to get into prosaic sounding "Astor". Everything looks tropical about hotels here. I wonder what the mosquito net about the beds and a whisp of grass to whisk the mosquitoes out may presage. We came very near being tied up here for another day because all

banks close at 1 p.m. and we had not gotten our money before that. But luckily we ran across a man who had been a passenger on both our ships from Shanghai. He was a banker and helped us out. We leave by train tomorrow morning at seven. We will have to stay all night at Samarang, as no trains run at night in Java, it being too dangerous on account of earthquakes and landslides. We will get to Tajoe Thursday noon and then drive to Margaredja. We are booked to leave here for Singapore on S. S. "Ruingshius" on Nov. 27th, if all goes well. A heavy rain is falling now.

With love.

Daddy

Hotel Mataram, Jokja, Java

November 25, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

I have just eaten a genuine Dutch supper, it is not quite bad

time yet so I shall at least begin a letter to you even though I may not finish it. I would gain no time by mailing it from Java, so I may mail it after we get to Singapore again on our way to India.

As I informed you in my last letter, I believe, we left Batavia, or really Weltevreden, on Wednesday, Nov. 17th, for the mission stations of the Netherlands Doopsgezinde in the northeastern part of Java. We traversed the greater part of the island from west to east. Surely Java is so different in almost every way than the parts of the world to which we are accustomed. The sun rises in the southeast and then climbs upward and northward until at noon this time of the year it stands straight above you so objects cast no shadow on any side. When the moon has reached its zenith it peeps in at you through your north bedroom window. And even

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| Tropical plants | our never varying and never wavering north star |
| in Java | has abandoned us here and is no more in sight, |
| | in the opposite heavens is the southern cross. |

The trees, plants, and grasses familiar to a Kansan must make room for entirely strange ones. As you ride through the country on the train, the auto, the cart or carriage, or even walk as we did, you will see the towering cocoanut palms with their nut fruit clear out of reach, the less pretentious banana palm, bunches of slender bamboo reeds, the papia, the breadfruit, the orange, the lemon, the coffee tree, the rubber tree, teak trees, a variety of cotton trees 20 or 30 feet high, and then ferns and flowers whose shapes and names are new to you. How would you like to have a tree one hundred feet tall in your front yard as have our missionaries at Margaredja? This plant is one of the few remnants of the virgin forest hewn down after our Mennonite mission was started there when the tigers still cried in the jungle, the wild boar still stood at bay with foaming mouth and the monkeys hung suspended from the limbs by their tails. These animals are still found, though very rarely, in the parts of the woods held by the government. I am never blessed with adventures, so I did not encounter any of them though three of us walked these woods for about two miles.

The life of the thousands of persons who raise rice here is almost aquatic. You would surely agree with me if you would see them, as I have, plowing with their elephant-colored caribous kneedeer in water, or see the boys riding these animals into some inundated field and then cooling them by splashing them with water, or if you would see dozens or even hundreds of men and women splashing in the water where they transplant rice. And then the many fishermen who hardly know what it means to have a dry skin. It is a wonder that they are not webfooted.

When we went to Margaredja we had to stay at Samarang all night because no trains run in Java at night. On our way back to Weltevreden we go a different way and that is why we are here at Jokia tonight. At Samarang we stayed at the Hotel Jansen. I shall write the Honorable Peter Jansen about it. Hotels in Java are interesting places. The buildings are mostly one-story structures built around a number of open courts that are connected with each other. Tropical flowers, shrubs and trees fill these courts with color for the eye and fragrance for the nostrils. The rooms have

ceilings about eighteen feet high. In front of each one of them is a partition of a wide porch running the whole length of the building. On this private porch you do your correspondence work, drink your early coffee, your afternoon tea and your beer with your calling friends (unless you are an American and true to the prohibition). The dining rooms are really but wide porches. The waiters, polite, quiet, attentive, come to you unawares because they are barefooted. At first their being barefooted almost shocks you. You soon see though that they have much barefoot company. The policeman whom you ask to direct you is barefooted, so is the man at the bank where you cash your traveler's check, the chauffeur who takes you to the station, the agent who sells you your railroad ticket, the conductor on the train, the native preacher in the pulpit—all are barefoot, so you quit noticing the bare feet of the waiter overmuch.

A bed screened against mosquitoes was a new experience for me. So far not a mosquito has slipped in with me. After you move into your room, the "Boy"—in Java they call him "Jungas", a corruption of Junge—comes several times and whisks the supposed mosquitoes out of your bed. He is sure to do it while you are in so it will be remembered at tipping time. Bath and toilet are detached from the room and are found in the back yard. There is no hot water for bathing. The theory may be that you are hot enough before you bathe. The first time I went into one of their bath rooms I surely was puzzled. The bath tub had a small opening that even I would have had difficulty to get into it. The water was already in it and I was surprised at the amount allotted to my use. Then I noticed that the floor around the "tub" had an arrangement for leading away water. Two big dippers stood on the "tub". It dawned on me that bathing here is not supposed to take place in bath tubs. By means of the dippers you pour the water on yourself and imagine a shower bath. What I had taken for the tub was the tank containing the water for all the bathers in that particular room. I find the same arrangement in private homes here. Two or three baths a day—as they take them here—are considerable gymnastics.

This is Thanksgiving Day with you at home. As we are closing it you are beginning it. But it does not seem like it, while you sit on the porch in the evening. It is very pleasant on the porch this evening, since Dyokja lies quite high and since several showers fell this afternoon. Really the temperature here is not as awful as I had thought it. May and October are the hottest months of the year. So you see we did not miss the one very much. A real hot, sultry July or August day in Ohio or Indiana feels about as it does here at the hot time of the day. Fortunately the days are never over twelve hours long here. They vary only about half an hour from shortest to longest. Europeans work in the forenoon. From 1 to 4 p.m. they rest, then do a little after 4 o'clock. The nights are quite comfortable, but no covers are found in hotel beds, not even a top sheet.

Nov. 26th at Weltevreden, Java. We left Dyokjakarta at 8 this morning on the express train and arrived in Weltevreden at 6:30 this evening. I had ordered our room for tonight at the "Astor" when we left here ten days ago and even left my trunk there. I was surprised when we rode to the "Astor" from the train to find no room there. After much phoning we found a last room at the "Savoy" but Mr. Habegger and I will have to sleep in the same bed. But it is a monster affair and we will have plenty of room. The proprietor speaks a fair English, but the "Jungas" of our room ought to be called "Young Goose". He had given us no slop pail for our wash water. When I rang him up and tried to show him by motions that there should be a pail there into which to pour our wash water, he would have finished my pantomime and actually poured the water on the floor, if I had not stopped him. These dusky sons of Java do not seem very brainy.

We had thought of going to Buitenzorg, about an hours ride by train from here, to visit a noted botanical garden. But the only time for that would be tomorrow forenoon, since we sail for Singapore in the afternoon. But we would have to get up very early. The weather seems going into the rainy season. A number of hard showers fell yesterday and today while we traveled, besides, we must attend to a few matters yet, so we will have to forego the pleasure of the visit.

Nov. 27th. On Board S. S. "Rumpus". We had to keep on the jump all the way today to get through with our business by the time our vessel sailed. Weltevreden means Well-content, but I do not see how the visitor can feel that way about it. We spent three hours to find someone who would give us cash on our traveler's check. Even in heathen China we had no trouble in that way. Tourists wishing to avoid difficulty had better steer clear of Weltevreden. But we got started at 4 o'clock and are on the way to Singapore. The sea is somewhat rough and a few passengers are sick. If it doesn't get worse, I anticipate no trouble for me. Supper tasted good.

Nov. 28th. Sunday, but no services on the boat. I do not know that there are other preachers besides myself on the boat. Only a few of the passengers would understand me though. if I would preach. Sailing is fine again today, a smooth sea and a nice cool breeze. For hours we have been in the Banka Straits with Sumatra in sight to our left and Banka Island to our right, Sinep Island and a number of other islands will be to our right, which we passed on the other side going to Java because our ship had to make Billiton Island for a cargo of tin. We are due in Singapore tomorrow forenoon. I do not know how soon we can leave there. I left orders for booking for Calcutta as soon after we arrive as possible but will not know results until after arrival. Before long I will have to let you know where mail can reach me in Europe, but as yet my plans are not definite enough.

We found our visit to the Java missions interesting and instructive. I shall say something about them in my articles to the

Java Missions
Interesting

church papers. Of sightseeing we did only what we could do incidentally. We saw only one of the still active volcanoes from the train as the others were enveloped in clouds.

While at Margaredja I got your letters of Sept. 23rd and Oct. 30th. I suppose the one of Sept. 30th started on a slower vessel and will be forwarded to me at Champa when it reaches Margaredja. I am glad to notice that you are having Paul read the Bible and learn some German. An intelligent Christian life without a knowledge of the Bible is impossible. A knowledge of more languages than one should be one of the marks of culture.

So you are already thinking of a possible staying in California. That could be done for another year yet while I travel among the churches. After that we would have to go to Newton, Kansas, for there is where I have some prospects of making a living for a while yet. Somehow, in my moments of homesickness on my trip I think of all of us back in Newton on Bethel's campus. But I have often said, with work to do and my family about me I could be at home anywhere. Especially would this be true if health reasons demanded a change.

You mention that you have written Mr. Napier about my trip. I am sure he will appreciate that. I have asked that the "Mennonite" with my articles be sent him and Mr. Nye and that they shall be at liberty to publish such parts as they wish.

I see by your report of subjects that Dr. Dixon will likely get after things in general in his sermons. Write me about those sermons you heard.

I have not had a syllable about Bethel this year. How many students? Are buildings going up? Who were elected into the Board? And who has become the editor of the Herald? What is C. E. Krehbiel doing? I wonder who does most of the preaching at Bethel.

Singapore, November 29. We left our boat here this morning at 8:30 and are located at the Van Wijk Hotel. We have registered at the police, as all aliens arriving here have to do. We have left our passports with the British official for visa. We have booked to sail for Calcutta on the "Elefanta", have had tiffin and a nap, so you see we have been busy in spite of the heat. Now I want to take some mail to the office and some films to the kodak shop. Then we may do a little sightseeing. Our ship will sail on December 2nd. This ought to get us to Champa about December 12th, allowing a day or so for seeing Calcutta.

With much love to you all, I am,

Yours,
Daddy

On Board of Elefanta, Singapore to Calcutta
December 2, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

I am not quite sure that the letter I mailed at Singapore got

away on the next steamer for America. If it did not, then this one may overtake it at Singapore. We left Singapore at 4 p.m. yesterday. We get to Penang early tomorrow morning and stay there a few hours. There is where I want to mail this letter. It will likely go back to Singapore by rail. I just had a chat with the captain and he tells me that this boat will stop at Rangoon, Burma for four days. That is the difficulty of breaking up one's trip into short snatches as we do. You travel on slow boats. It will take us longer to go from Singapore to Calcutta than it takes to cross the Atlantic. The voyage is pleasant though. It seems cool compared with Singapore. We even may be able to avoid the wait at Rangoon by transferring to another steamer. This is uncertain as yet though.

With this letter I ought to give you instructions where to address me after Champa, India, for by the time this letter reaches you, and your reply comes back we will likely be leaving or will have left India. But I will not know definitely until I reach Calcutta, so you address me at Champa until further notice and the mail will be forwarded to me. I am eagerly looking forward to finding a number of letters at Champa.

This may be my last letter to reach you before your birthday, Emma, so I want to offer my well-wishes now. The other day I sent a number of New Year's cards. I racked my brain for Hilda's address but could not remember it. I enclose that card. Will you please enclose it in your next letter to her and explain. This will have to be a case of better late than never.

The stay at Singapore could have been quite interesting if the weather had not been so oppressive. Between 1 and 4 in the afternoon white people keep themselves pretty well indoors. We managed, however, to do a little sightseeing while we were there. We spent a half day in Raffle's Museum. Another half day we took for a drive over Singapore Island. Of course, to one coming from Java this drive is largely a repetition of cocoanut, banana, and rubber tree groves, with wild tropical jungles here and there, but it was well worth while. The visit to the botanical garden can never be forgotten. Three hundred acres of wonders that gardeners who are specialists can produce with tropical plants! They say the garden at Buitenzorg, Java is even more wonderful, but I do not see how it can be.

Today it is just four months when I left you folks at Los Angeles. I am afraid it will be about seven more before I will see you again. That will seem very long.

Saturday, Dec. 4th. At Penang Harbor. We arrived here this morning before I got up. The notice has not been posted yet about our time of leaving. But I think it will be sometime this afternoon.

With much love to all.

Daddy

We leave at 2 p.m.

S. S. Elefanta from Singapore to Calcutta
Sunday, Dec. 5, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

Yesterday I mailed you a letter at Penang. This one I will try to mail at Rangoon in Burma. Our steamer anchored out in the bay and anyone going ashore had to go by launch. The ship company ran a free launch at stated intervals for its passengers. We left for shore at 9:30, since breakfast is not served until 9:00 o'clock. When we got ashore we found it quite hot, and I was on the point of returning to the ship after I had mailed your letter. But I changed my mind and we took an hour's drive through the city and its park or botanical garden. The city has some fine residences with spacious lawns of very fine tropical decorative plants. The garden or park is small since it is crowded into the confines of a mountain gulch. But certain landscape gardening effects are made possible by this situation that would not be possible in more level country. A waterfall is among the attractions in the garden.

Penang is really the name of the island, the name being derived from the Malay word for betel nut that is so much chewed by the natives of the east and that discolors their teeth so hideously.

The name of the city really is Georgetown, but one always hears it spoken of as Penang just as in Hongkong the name of the city, Victoria, is never heard but always the name of the island, Hongkong.

Penang is one of the greatest tin markets of the world, but I did not see that our vessel handled any of it as cargo. It unloaded two automobiles and loaded a small boat load of lumber and another small boat of cocoanuts. As Penang is a British possession in the Straits Settlements, the same currency and the same stamps as those in Singapore are used here.

Quite a number of new passengers came on board at Penang. Most of them are American tourists who came from Singapore by train. The first class passengers are mostly Americans and British, and a few French. Some of the passengers have their own private servants with them. So things on this boat are somewhat formal. The ladies appear at breakfast and lunch with their hats on. For dinner they "dress" and are without hats. The men appear in their conventional black in spite of the heat. The waiters wear black coats of regular cut, white trousers, and are barefooted. In the morning coffee or tea with toast and some kind of fruit is brought into our cabins, breakfast is served at nine o'clock, lunch at one, dinner at seven, with tea at four in the afternoon. I do not know whether I am getting fat on this or not.

A rather peculiar thing occurred to me the other night. On account of the heat our cabin door was left open by the Singapore Englishman who is in our cabin with us. About one o'clock I felt something getting into my berth with me (I have a lower berth). By the light that came from the hall I could see that it was the pet deck cat. When I tried to chase him out he scratched my left hand. The scars are proof that I was not merely dreaming, but they are healing nicely.

A scratch by
a deck cat

While I am writing this, it is raining. I was reminded of the little verse of Stevenson's, that the children use to illustrate by their drawings at school, in which he speaks of the rain falling on the umbrellas and on the ships at sea.

Tuesday, Dec. 7th. Our vessel arrived here early this morning and is anchored in the Irawaddy River. As soon as a British mail steamer, that is now tied against the wharf, leaves for Calcutta, we will tie against the wharf and I am going ashore then to mail this letter and to take a look at the city if it is not too hot then. Some passengers have transshipped and will get to Calcutta somewhat sooner. Mr. Habegger and I will stay on this vessel and will leave Thursday. We do this because Penner may want to meet us off this vessel since I wired him that we were coming on it. If we transshipped we might miss each other. Hotels at Calcutta are reported as being very full.

I am glad I am getting to where I will have something to do again, for while merely visiting I have had too many spells of what I suppose was homesickness.

I hope that you are all enjoying your stay in California and that the children are getting much good out of school and Sunday school.

With much love to all,

Daddy

Rangoon, Burma

Dec. 8, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

Although I mailed you a letter yesterday, I shall start on another one today, but I will not mail it until we get to Calcutta. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Habegger, Mr. Helps and I—we are cabin mates—went to see the sights of Rangoon. We saw the Shewa Dagon Pagoda. A structure 317 feet high and all gilt covered, with a crown near the top that is said to contain jewels worth \$250,000. In the temple court there must be over one hundred Buddha shrines, also gilt covered and bedecked with jewels. The approach to the main shrine is by a long series of steps. Nearly on every step sits a dirty, fawning beggar. To the main shrine you cannot go without taking off your shoes. Not being willing to pay this homage to any heathen man or diety, we did not get to enter the main shrine. A number of persons were bringing their floral and other offerings.

We also drove through their park that has a number of small lakes in it, but it hardly deserves special mention. A more interesting visit was the one to the government teak wood lumber yard

Elephants at
work in teak
wood gardens

where the logs are being placed in position by elephants trained for that purpose. One has to marvel at two things when watching these animals, namely: at their strength and at their ability to understand what their director wants them to do. A heavy log four feet in diameter and fourteen feet long one elephant would roll about or push it endwise until it would be in place. Thinner

logs they would pick up with their trunks and carry them into position. Their task done, they would, if their leaders so commanded, salaam to us with their trunks, or get on their knees for us, or even trumpet for us. Seven elephants thus working and performing can make quite a show.

After dark we took another stroll into the city, but nothing was going on and we soon returned to the ship. The ship's deck was pleasant and cool, the dining saloon and cabin are hot. Myriads of gnats flying about the lights are rather annoying. It is interesting though to watch the stevedores at work into the very night loading and unloading the cargo. When a group of them have to lift, push or pull together they sing a little singsong to keep time. I wish I could put it on a phonograph and bring it with me.

I remember that a number of years ago on the 30th of January there came to our home a certain black-haired young miss to add to the excitement of our home. For a while her weight increased three-fourths pound a week, I believe. Fortunately she did not keep that rate up, else she would today be the show of Los Angeles for on January 30th next, she will be fourteen years old. To that Miss I send my congratulations for her birthday.

Dec. 10th. On Board S. S. Elefanta. We left Rangoon yesterday at 3:30 p.m. A number of our former passengers went on other steamers so we are less crowded. Our English cabin mate, Mr. Helps, moved into a cabin where he can be alone. We have a good sea and the weather is fairly cool, but we had the fan going in our cabin all last night. The trip down the river from Rangoon is very interesting indeed. It takes about four hours to get into the open sea, the Bay of Bengal. And what business on and near the river! Hundreds of Sampans, a large number of launches and not an inconsiderable number of ocean liners—four started down the river about the same time, we and two others going to Calcutta, and the third going to Singapore. Our ship loaded 1500 tons of rice to be taken from Rangoon to Calcutta. Many other ships were loading rice also. I counted three oil refineries along the river's bank. The largest of these employs 1100 people. Rangoon ceases to be a mere spot on the map for me. Farther down they were harvesting rice on both sides of the river.

Dec. 12th. When our ship stopped last night about 6 o'clock to take on the pilot, we began to think that maybe we would get into Calcutta last night yet. But our boat stopped and dropped its anchor at 10 o'clock and did not lift it again until 10 o'clock this forenoon. We had on the map anchored at the mouth of the Hooghly River. first to wait for daylight and then for the tide to come up. Since Calcutta is 80 miles up this river, it will be pretty well towards evening before we will reach it, as we are but slowly wending our way up the winding stream. We have had our first glimpse of India with its thatched roofs on the mud huts and with its scorched looking palms. I hope the interior will make a less gloomy impression. We are told that hotels are crowded in Calcutta. So we wonder whether any of our mission people may have arranged for

lodging for us. I wired them regarding our arrival. We will have to stay in the city a day or two to report to the police, see about our further voyage after we have finished our visit in India, see about several minor items of business, etc. The reports reach us again and again that all vessels to Europe are booked full for six months ahead. We do not know whether our applications got in in time to receive attention or not. So we are anxious to get to Calcutta and see what will happen to us. We are also anxious to get news from home. Your last letter was dated October 8th. Mr. Habegger's last news from home was dated September 12th.

Up Hooghly River
Arriving in Calcutta
Arrived at 5 p.m. Penner met us at the pier. We will leave for Champa Tuesday, 2 p.m. Your Christmas package arrived but no letters. Mail no further letters here after receipt of this one unless I instruct you to do so.

With love,
Daddy

Champa, C. P., India
December 19, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

We have returned from a baptismal service at the leper asylum where forty-seven lepers were baptised. We have had our noon meal and I napped until Mr. Habegger's snoring waked me up. So I will write a letter to you before I start to an afternoon Sunday School. So you may thank Mr. Habegger's snoring for this letter.

At Calcutta we stayed only until Tuesday noon, Dec. 14th, and thus got to Champa Wednesday, Dec. 15th at 3 p.m. In Calcutta we did but little sight-seeing except what we could do incidentally while attending to our business. We visited the noted market on Lindsay Street, the Lee Memorial Mission where Rev. Penner's first wife died, and the place where daily offerings are brought to Kali. This we found a revolting place. Passport and police registration were attended in a short time. But when we inquired at Cook's we found that they have not been able to secure passage home by way of Europe for us though I wrote in September. We could have started back to San Francisco on March 28th, but we have not yet booked that way. So send your letters here to Champa until I stop you. We may stay here longer than March 1st because we cannot get away. I made out my program yesterday and find that I can scarcely crowd it through to leave India March 1st.

I was immensely pleased to get a letter from you the day after I arrived here. It was Karl's and mamma's that were written on November 4th. If you have written weekly then I still have not received that of Sept 30th and those of Oct. 15th, 22nd, 19th. But maybe you did not write on those dates, knowing that I could not be reached at those times. You say nothing about my letters reaching you. I hope you are getting them.

I hope, Karl, that your hopes of making good grades in Health

were realized. You should try to avoid, however, doing work in any courses so that you expect poor grades in them. I am very glad you all enjoyed your Mt. Lowe trip. Your description of it brings back to my mind the trip I made up that mountain three years ago last summer. Mamma, Aunt Ida, Uncle Dave, and Uncle Haury were with the crowd. When you were making your climb I was in the ship in the harbor of Hongkong.

Only six days until Christmas, but it surely does not seem like it with roses blooming, the thermometer going to 80 in day time and not below 55 at night.

I am writing a description of things here for the church papers, so I will not repeat it in my letter. My program for the India stay is: At Champa until Dec. 28th, then Mauhadih, Dec. 28th to Jan. 4th; Korba Jan. 6-13; Tanjgir, Jan. 14th to 19th; Mauhadih again and substations, Jan. 20-29; Dhamtari (Old Mennonites) Jan. 29 to Feb. 5th; speaker at interdenominational mission convention at Bilaspur Feb. 5th to 12th; other stations Feb. 12 to 24th; seeing points of interest if time permits.

Sending greetings from all our India workers and much love from me, I am,

Yours,
Daddy

Champa, C. P. India
December 25, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

Today I received Ruth's letter of Nov. 11th and also opened the two Christmas packages you sent me. I have a quiet hour this afternoon and will therefore write you a few lines. When I wrote you the last time I said I had received the Christmas package. I did not know then that there were two of them. P. A. Penner

handed the picture to me, not having noticed that it was a Christmas package. I noticed it though and did not open it until this morning. Of the other package they told me nothing, but kept it as a surprise for me till this morning. We were called earlier than usual this morning, while it was yet dark, and when stepping into the sitting room we found a lighted Christmas tree. On a table was a plate full of sweets for each one. In my plate was also the package from you. I want to thank you very much for each article, for each was very acceptable. The bar of chocolate has already disappeared, though. Of course, you expected the candy to disappear soon after being discovered by me. The other things will last longer. Besides your gifts and the plate of candy I also got two bronze Indian flower vases from the Penner family and a waiting tray or carved Chinara wood made in the Cashmir hills and donated by Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Steiner. These gifts will go to you, Emma, when I return. Today's mail also brought me a card from D. H. Richert and wife. It was a prospectus picture of Bethel's Men's Dormitory.

I am glad, Ruth, that you and Karl made fairly good grades in most branches and that you will do better next time. I am glad

you can attend parties, make hikes, and see games as long as they do not involve too much expense and rob you of too much time. Watch yourselves on these two points.

I am sorry that in a letter from Thos. Cook and Son of Dec. 20th they say, "Please note it is absolutely impossible for us to register your name now with our Bombay or Colombo offices for accommodation next March as the steamship companies are having all names register in strict priority, and we do not think you stand much chance of getting away." The above refers to booking to Europe. I am at present trying to Port Said only. If I fail in that I will try direct to America either via Suez Canal without stopping in Europe or direct from Calcutta to San Francisco. The voyage via Suez to New York is the cheaper now. We may not get away here until a good bit later than we had wanted to. So keep on sending your letters here until further notice. I wonder whether you are getting my letters. Only two have been mentioned by you so far.

Judging from the picture, I do not think you are getting very fat on California fare and air. This refers to all of you. I think I am gaining a little. I ought to. We eat four meals a day: Little breakfast at 7 o'clock, Breakfast at 11 o'clock, Tiffin at 3, and Dinner at 7. But every hour of the day has its part of the program.

We have spent ten very busy days here up to date. We have seen one heathen festival and saw the native evangelists preach at it. We attended a wedding at Janjgir where Mrs. and Miss Burkhalter and Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Moyer are stationed. We have attended Christmas programs at the Janjgir Girls' School, at the Leper Asylum, at the Champa church and one for non-Christians on the Champa lawn. We have attended baptism-Christmas doings al services in the leper asylum, at Janjgir, and here at Champa. In these services fifty-three persons were taken into the church. We have been received at three welcome meetings. Two more, at Korba and Mauhadih, are still awaiting us. I will describe these various experiences with more detail in our church papers.

Sunday, Dec. 26th. I did not finish my letter yesterday but will try to do so today. Tonight we are all to have dinner with Dr. Nath, who is the medical attendant at the leper asylum. Tuesday we will go to Mauhadih where our mission workers meet in conference. After the conference there will be a meeting for our native Christians, next Friday night a watch night service, on New Year's Day the dedication of the new church.

I hope the weather will stay as it is. It reminds me very much of early September in Kansas. Every night it is cool enough so bed covers feel good. At sun up the thermometer is 53 to 55 degrees. It climbs to 75 degrees or a little more by the hottest time of the day. The sun is so hot that all Americans and Europeans wear topies. Roses and other flowers are in bloom. The day is one flood of sunshine from morning until night. And oh the beautiful full moon at this time!

Mon. Dec. 27th. The dinner at Dr. Nath's last night was partly

Indian and partly white. The articles of food were all Indian. I found some difficulty dodging the "hot" things, but some things were very appetizing. The meal was not served on a table but on a cloth spread on the floor, somewhat as we do at our picnics. We were given plates, spoons, knives, and forks. These I think were borrowed from the mission. Had we eaten according to Indian style altogether, we would have used our fingers and taken the food from a common dish.

The mail will leave for the post office in a short time, so I must close this letter.

With much love,
Daddy

Mauhadih, C. P., India
Dec. 31, 1920

Dear Folks at Home:

This is the last day of the year and I shall at least start a letter to you since there is a lull in the program. I may not finish it today. We came here from Champa on Tuesday, Dec. 28th. The conference of our India mission workers was held here yesterday and the day before. All the workers were here except, Suckaus, of course. Today is a little recess, so preparations for tomorrow can be made. Tonight there will be a watchnight service for the native Christians. Tomorrow the new church here will be dedicated. Then follow a few days of evangelistic meetings. These will be led by Rev. Friesen of the Old Mennonite Mission at Dhamtari. About Tuesday or Wednesday of next week we will go to the Korba station via Champa. While there we will have to do some camping while looking at a place where a new station should be started.

We have found Mauhadih mission station a regular beauty spot and very interesting. Wide-spreading shade trees make you feel as though you entered a park in which is located a summer resort. The buildings are all a credit to Rev. Wiens' architectural ability. From the bungalow can be seen the water of the Hasdeo River, the same river that flows past our Korba station and the leper asylum at Champa. Within sight from the bungalow this river flows into the larger Mahanadi River. On both of these rivers there are flocks of wild ducks. In the larger one crocodiles are sometimes to be seen. Across and up the river are jungles with monkeys, wild boars, tigers and panthers in them.

And how the Wiens children have grown! They were all three away to school and are now home for vacation. Since they are attending an English school they all have acquired a decidedly English pronunciation. So has Mariam Penner. The older boy, Ferdinand, says he wants to open a new mission station south of here some day. Rudolph says he wants to become a medical missionary.

Wiens family Mika is a jolly, romping girl, still with baby face, but very large for her age. Again and again the family says that you ought to be here. They wondered whether I could not leave our family picture here. I have not promised it.

The twins, too, Martha and Frieda, are well and growing; they are quite different from each other.

As I indicated on the envelope of my last letter, your letters written on November 18th and 25th reached me on December 27th after I had sealed the letter written that day. The same mail brought me a long newsy letter and Christmas greetings from H. E. Sudermans. Letters are coming through from America in one month again, as they did before the war, if they make connections with boats.

I was interested what you say, Emma, about Dr. Coyle's strength lying in his preaching but not pastoral work. It is rare that men are strong in both of these directions. It takes time to prepare a good sermon. It also takes time to do pastoral work. One man rarely finds time enough to do both well. My inclination, too, is to prefer working at a sermon rather than doing pastoral work.

You mention the time of Hartzler's leaving our house. I spoke to Hartzler about it and mentioned July 1st as the probable date when we would want it again. But that is not certain yet. I still do not know when we will return to the States and from what direction. We can't leave India in March, because all vessels are booked full for that month. I have written to steamship companies in Calcutta, Bombay, and Colombo. inquiring about booking either east or west to America, but I mailed the letters only last Monday and have no answers yet. It is quite likely that I will not get to stop in Palestine or Europe even if I go home by way of Suez Canal, as I may have to take a boat that goes direct to America, they are not as full as the boats to Europe only. If I could leave Bombay direct for America about April 15th, I would land in New York about the middle of May. That would give me time to get to the place of our Board meeting the fore part of June. I could then get you folks at Los Angeles the end of June, if that is necessary. We could then go home by way of our Montana mission, which I am to visit also. On the way we could visit Yellowstone Park. If, however, I should return via the Pacific Ocean and also land in America about the middle of May, I would not care to loaf in Los Angeles until the children's school closes. I would then go on to the Montana Missions and the rest of you could meet me at Yellowstone. Then I would either miss the Board meeting or it would have to be postponed until towards the close of July. But I hope to write more definitely on this, after I know date and direction of my sailing.

And so you, Paul, have joined the Boy Scouts! Well, whether that is all right or not depends very much on the scout master that you have. The movement as such has many good features about it, so I do not object to it. During the war the movement was used by many masters to foster the military spirit among the boys. If there should be any of that in your organization, I hope your mother will see to it that you get out of it. If everything is all right, I hope you will enjoy to be a good scout.

Since reading about the death of Uncle Dave Lehman and the

More private
matters

sickness of Aunt Lehman, I have been wondering how Father may be getting along. Is he still in Newton, or has he returned to Halstead again?

When I got to this part of the letter Mr. Penner came back from Champa. He brought me the letter Paul wrote on Oct. 26th and mailed to Java. He gave me the information about the "Sears Roebuck baby" of Uncle Dave's. Ruth had written once before that the name should be Winston Richard Welty. I thought maybe it was a case of naming a baby before its "arrival." But now I see the baby has arrived. Congratulations.

Wishing you all a very happy New Year, I am,

With much love,
Daddy

Korba, C. P., India
Jan. 9, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

I do not know whether I have anything very special to write, but I will be on the go all of the week, and unless I write today, I will not get my weekly letter off. Your latest letter was dated Nov. 25th and I had hoped to get another one this last week, but I was disappointed in that. Of course, I can hardly expect all letters to come through as speedily as the last one did.

We left Champa for Korba on Thursday morning. Since there is a scarcity of gasoline (petrol, they call it here), Mr. Penner took us only a part of the way, only nine out of twenty-five miles, the

A tanga ride
to Korba

rest of the way we made by ox-cart. These carts are so arranged that the passengers of one seat face forward and those of the other face back-

ward. The two seats are turned back to back. The driver sits on the tongue of the cart. The cart is called tanga, and the driver is called walla. Since we were driving north, and Mr. Habegger and I were in the back seat, the top of the cart covered or protected us only partly against the sun, and thus we got quite warm on the trip of seven hours.

As we drove through two creeks our tanga walla seemed quite excited about something and spoke about it in Hindi to us, which none of us understood. I remember that he had used the word bog

A tiger and
its danger

several times. Upon relating this to Rev. Steiner after our arrival in Korba we were told that bog meant tiger. Evidently he had been trying to tell

us something about a tiger that had recently snatched a bullock from a tanga as it was being driven through the valley of that creek, or nalla, as it is called here. Near the other creek Rev. Steiner had almost run into a hyena when he was riding a bicycle on the Champa-Korba road one day. It almost gives one a creepy feeling to hear these stories. Near Korba a woman and her daughter were recently killed by a tiger and that in broad daylight. Some little time ago a tiger hid in a cane field between the mission and the village for the greater part of the day. Two nights before we arrived here, a tiger had walked along the wall enclosing the

mission compound. One evening when Mr. and Mrs. Steiner arose from kneeling for prayers, two tigers were standing on the walk near the porch. Their little boy, Bradford, was sleeping on the porch at the time. A tiger had killed a cow near here and partly devoured it. When he came back next night for the rest of his kill, a hyena was helping itself to it. A lively scrap was the result. Next week, Tuesday, we will start on a few days' tour into this wild beast inhabited country. You can imagine we are glad that the business manager for the local queen here has offered us his elephant for that trip. One is safer against tigers when on an elephant than when on a tanga.

When we arrived here we were given a welcome in a public meeting just as at the other places. The government official and his whole office force were present for that reception. The official had a part on the program. The following day we looked over the mission compound, called on some of the Christians living nearby, paid our respects at the official's home and at some of the leading business men. After the hottest part of the day the schools of the village gave a sort of field day. We and the official had received special invitations to it, and, of course, attended it. While this was going on the queen of Korba called on Mrs. Steiner. She is not supposed to be seen by other men, but I set my camera and had Mrs. Moyer take a picture of her for me. I hope it will turn out all right.

Yesterday forenoon there was a church wedding at nine o'clock. We attended it. After the wedding we explored a piece of jungle that the mission may buy to add to the compound. There were four American men and a native in the party. We had loaded a repeating rifle with us to safeguard against tigers. Towards evening the wedding meal was given. This meal was really not only

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| Weddings and baptisms | for the couple married yesterday, but for two other couples also, who were recently married. |
| | Over one hundred persons sat in a circle on a grass plot. Rice and curry, peas, a small portion of goat meat, and a sweet cake baked in butter of the buffalo cow, constituted the meal. We Americans were given plates and spoons. The natives had their portion placed on banana leaves and then used their fingers in lieu of spoons or forks. Landlich, sittlich. |

This morning eight persons were baptised in the church. Some more had applied, but were refused upon being examined. Even those that were admitted are rather crude material. But they may develop into faithful Christians. A characteristic answer was given by one of the deacons of the church when these people had been up for examination. When Mr. Steiner asked whether there was danger that the applicants came as mere "rice" Christians, that is, for material gain, he answered, "Most of us came into the church largely for that, but we stayed for something better."

Tomorrow we plan to call at the native queen's home, though we men will likely not see her. Then we go east of here to visit an outstation. Then after returning we will start to the extreme south end of our field, this is about 125 miles from the northern end, there

we have over 200 baptised Christians and about 250 applicants for baptism, but as yet we have only an outstation there. This whole distance of nearly 200 miles of travel will have to be made mostly by oxcart, only a small part of it by elephant. The cart is the more comfortable though not so safe where there are wild animals.

We still have no booking with a ship to leave India. I could have booked for Port Said or for New York on a vessel leaving Colombo, Ceylon the latter part of February. But I cannot possibly finish my work till then. So I refused that and am now trying for a later date.

I wrote you a tentative program for the time immediately after my return to America. That was on the assumption that you are planning to be back in Kansas next year. If, however, you wish to stay in California another year and can arrange for a place to live there, it will be all right with me, for I cannot be home much next year anyway, if I am to visit the churches. Of course, I could likely come home once in a while if we lived in Newton, but not at all if we lived in Los Angeles. As soon as I know that I am coming by way of New York, I will send you an address where you can reach me by letter there and let me know what you have decided. If I come over the Pacific, we can talk these things through after my arrival. If you decide not to go to Newton, write Prof. Haury that our house will be for rent for another year.

Trusting that you are all well and sending much love to all, I am,

Daddy

Mauhadih, C. P., India

Dear Folks at Home:

This is Sunday and I will try to find time to write to you. As you see I have left Korba and am back to Mauhadih for our second visit. Your letters of December 2nd and 9th were both forwarded to me at Korba and I got them last Friday evening when returning from a three day's absence to go to an outstation. On that trip I had ridden thirty-five miles on an elephant. The letters and the clippings were all read before I retired that night. The two death messages of Uncle Ewert and Aunt Barbara Schmidt, and the report of your accident, Emma, reminded me of the uncertainty of life and health. I was taught to appreciate anew the possession of both while on a trip that is not without danger. I hope that you, Emma, have not suffered very long from your accident and that all is well by this time. I will eagerly await further news. The

In tents trouble is, I will be cut off from my mail for about
— ten days or nearly two weeks, for tomorrow we start on a tour south of here on which we will have to live in tents while the missionaries Penner and Wiens are looking up and examining 260 converts who have applied for baptism.

At the same time I got your letters, I also got a belated Christmas letter from Linda and Richard Haury. I believe I wrote you that Mary and Herman Suderman and D. H. Richert had also sent Christmas greetings. It is so nice of these people to remember me.

They also wrote of the things that had happened at the annual meeting of Bethel.

I had a most interesting and instructive week in and about Korba. We were given the usual formal reception. Eight persons were baptized. I had some interesting interviews with native

English speaking natives Christians who can speak English. Several trips we made across tiger trails. For one of the tigers

Mr. Moyer and Mr. Steiner watched all night, but he did not return to the ox he had killed the night before. They had fastened two beds in nearby trees and screened them from view by means of branches, but all was in vain. The most novel experience was the elephant ride. When you want to mount it the beast is made to lie down on its belly. You then step on its hind leg. From there onto its tail, which the assistant driver doubles up as a stirrup for you. Then you clamber into the enclosed platform on the animal's back. When the four passengers are all on, the animal is given the sign to rise. It feels as though the front end of a small ship were being lifted by a sudden high swell in the sea. Then the shambling gait lifts you nearly a foot at each step and sways you from right to left about the same distance. At first these motions seem very annoying because you sit too stiffly. But gradually you relax, look at the country about you and enjoy the ride. The driver sits on the neck of the big horse and guides it by gentle words and touch, but if need be he also uses an iron with a

An elephant ride sharp prong and a sharp hook. The assistant driver or caretaker, a sharp spear in hand, precedes or follows the elephant. When he gets tired of walking he gives the spear to the driver, takes hold of the elephant's tail and pulls himself up to the vacant place back of the platform on which the four passengers sit. All this is done while the animal keeps on walking. Of course, we had to hold up umbrellas to keep off the hot Indian sun. Cautiously the animal was led around trees whose branches hung too low over our path. Where one could not get around the trees, the elephant would be made to reach up his trunk and break off the obstructing limbs.

It looks now as though Mr. Habegger and I may get to leave India for Port Said in Egypt some time in March. A steamship company wrote me that the S. S. "City of York" has been provisionally declared for March and that we have been registered for it. As soon as it is absolutely sure that it will sail and the date has been determined, they will let us know, and I will then write you too. Until further notice, however, send my mail here, Champa.

With greetings to Ida and Dave and much love to you all.

I am,
Daddy

Sukri, C. P. India
Jan. 22, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

I am sixty miles from any railroad and will have no chance to mail this letter for nearly a week, but I will write it while I have

time. We left Mauhadih on your birthday, Emma, and have been on the go ever since, but not very fast so we are only forty miles from Mauhadih and have visited only three outstations in the meantime. We were ferried across the Mahanadi River early Monday morning. When we came to our waiting tanga one of the bullocks broke loose by tearing the string that goes through his nose. The driver said he was afraid of us, because we had different clothes than the natives. After being chased by a number of men, the bullock was caught and we proceeded on our journey. Mr. Habegger, Ferdinand Wiens and I rode on the tanga. Mr. and Mrs. Penner, Mr. Wiens and Mr. Moyer rode bicycles. As we had to take tents, beds cooking utensils, provisions, etc., we had six cart loads besides the bicycles and thus formed quite a caravan. At the first place we stopped for a meal, we were entertained by a teacher and his wife both of whom are employed by our mission. The meal they served us was the usual Indian meal. We ate it while sitting on a rug spread on the porch floor. On this rug a table cloth was spread. As we had neither forks nor spoons we had to use our fingers in lieu of these utensils.

Touring

For supper that night we had gotten to our first camping place between Bereilli and Sukli. On the way there Mr. Wiens had shot an Indian crane and Mr. Penner had shot two wild ducks, so we had plenty of meat that evening. The next morning before breakfast Mr. Penner shot a species of deer called a blue-bull and at sunset Mr. Wiens shot another called black-buck. We thus had enough meat for ourselves and could send some back to Mrs. Wiens and give the villagers some. Several times we tried to get some pea hens, but they never let us get near enough to them. It is intensely interesting to be in the woods early in the morning

In early morning

when the first birds begin to chirp, then notice how the chirping and twittering increases. Soon you hear the grunt of the monkey, the call of the peahen, the whirr of the crows wing above you, there is a crackling of branches near you, a deer shyly steps into the clearing, but as you move towards it, it gives a warning cry to its mate also just emerging from the thicket, and in a twinkling of an eye they have both disappeared. At one place a tiger crossed the road between the bicycles who were leading and us in the tanga who were following. All of this wild life is possible because for miles and miles we were in a government forest reserve. We had to have special permit to shoot any of the game. I did no shooting.

And what do you think! On the 19th of January after we had pitched our tents for the night near Maraji, Mr. Habegger, Mr. Wiens, Mr. Moyer, and I bathed in the Jong River. We found the water warmer than it is at Long Beach or Santa Monica in August. Ferdinand Wiens was permitted to wade. While doing so he called out in his English accent: "This is jolly gude fun, deon't you think Kaal wude like this kind of life?" Yes, I believe you would, Karl. And I think, Paul, you would find this to beat any hikes your boy scouts can take. But there is another side to this

trip also. Stretches of the road are indescribably bad. That we have not upset a number of times is almost a miracle. Repeatedly we walk stretches rather than riding over such roads. Up till yesterday the dust was suffocating in places. One day we must have passed a hundred carts coming with lumber from the lumber camp. The dust they raised was terrible. At a few places the blasted road was so narrow that we had to unhitch our bullocks and by hand push our cart into a ditch until the other carts had passed. Yesterday the dust was laid, for while we were on the way here a heavy shower fell. Those on bicycles were soaked to their skin. Mr. Habegger, Ferdinand, and I were on the covered cart and remained dry, except that a bad place in the road one of our bullocks got balky and lay down. He has done that often. I got off to help and thus got my feet wet. We had to borrow a buffalo from one of the carts back of us to pull us out. When we got here to Sukri the evangelist and his wife had made a fire on the porch so the wet things could be dried. I was reminded of the reception of Paul and his party on the island of Melita. Today there is sunshine again and things are drying nicely.

I was glad to notice by your letter, Ruth, that your grades are getting to be very good in school. I am sure that will bring you more joy than poor grades would. I hope the boys are doing well too. I hope silence about their grades does not mean that they are poor. I wonder whether you boys are doing anything in music. When I hear the Wiens children here sing, and Mariam Penner both sing and play, then I hope you will make use of all opportunities in these directions. Music is such a fine accomplishment.

It will be over a week before I get back to Champa. Until then I will get no mail, but then I hope for several letters from you. I am thinking of a somewhat bashful youth to whom I ought to send congratulations. He may be watching his voice turning more towards the base, and examining his upper lip for an excuse to use the razor, for he will be sixteen years old next 7th of March. He temporarily lives at 201 W. Ave 56, Los Angeles, Calif. To him I send congratulations for that day.

Mauhadih, Jan. 28th. We just got back out of the jungle again. Yesterday afternoon we lost our way in the woods, but were shown the right way by a native and thus traveled only about three miles out of our way. We also broke an axle on one of our carts, but we got to our intended camping place by sundown. Tomorrow I hope to get mail from you. Dec. 8th was the last news up to date. Next week comes some more driving over our mission field.

Sending greetings from the Wiens and Penner families and much love from me, I am,

Daddy

Janjgir, C. P. India
Feb. 6, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

As you see by the heading of my letter, we have left Mauhadih

and are now in Janjgir. At this station Martha Burkhalter and Mrs. Burkhalter are located at present. Samuel T. Moyer and wife (Meta Habegger) are here studying the language until they go to the regular language school which begins in May. Besides the regular evangelistic mission work being done here, the special feature of the work here is the Anna C. Funk Memorial Girls' Boarding School.

Last Sunday Mr. Habegger and I spent at Mauhadih with the Wiens family. They all want to be remembered to you. Monday morning they took us seven miles toward Champa where Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Penner and Mariam met us with their Ford. We then

started on a few days of touring among our outstations. At places we had to make the road passable by using the pick we had along for that purpose. In most of the villages an automobile had never been seen, and some very amusing things happened when we would drive through a village. Some persons would run full speed towards the roads on which we passed so that they might see the auto, others ran just as fast away from it out of fear. The funniest thing happened yesterday when some buffalo cows loaded with household goods on which were perched some chickens, began to run away and the chickens flapped their wings and cackled. One day a pack horse ran away and scattered its bundles to the four winds. One scurvy-looking dog was killed. Fortunately no more precious lives were lost.

After we had spent two days visiting the outstations that belong to Champa we spent one night at Champa and then crossed the Hasdeo River to get into our Janjgir territory. Since there is no bridge across this river, the auto had to be taken across on the

train. The nights we spent in bungalows that the Dak Bengallows government has put up in all places where there are no hotels for white people. These usually have a separate kitchen, a dining room, a few bed rooms with bath rooms attached. In our party were Mr. Habegger and myself, Mr. Penner, Miss Burkhalter and Mariam Penner. The last two superintended the getting of the meals, for guests must furnish their own meals and bedding. A caretaker carries the water and keeps the building clean. The main roads over which we traveled in this region were very good, the side roads were indescribably bad. At a number of places we had to use the pick again. In this district we found two very interesting ancient forts. They are each about a quarter section of land enclosed by an earthen wall about forty or fifty feet high. One still has the stone arches of its two gates. Of the gate used for the elephants I took a picture. In ancient times there were thirty-six of these forts in the district in Mid-India as Chattisgarh, which means thirty-six forts. Another place of interest that we visited is Shinoreyn, a place of many Hindu temples and where Hindus put the ashes of their cremated relatives into the Mahanadi River. The priest there, Laldas by name, and who is reputed to be a millionaire, gave us an excellent meal. When I invited him to visit us in America, he said he could not travel in a

country where beef was eaten. When I asked him how it had been possible then for a Hindu priest to attend the congress of religions in Chicago, he said that the priest had reached such a state of holiness that to him nothing was sin. When I told him that many people in our country ate no meat at all so he too could live there without eating cows' meat, he simply blinked wistfully and said no more.

At every outstation we found persons who are secretly seeking after truth and see that it is to be found in Christ, but caste restrictions keep them from professing Christ. At one place a young man died shortly before he was to be baptized. There are strong suspicions that his own mother poisoned him.

The letter that Karl wrote on Dec. 23rd reached Champa ahead of the one you wrote on Dec. 17th. Yours, Emma, got here on Feb. 1st. Foreign mail is expected here tomorrow and I am hoping to get home mail then. Neither of you said anything about the hurt on your hand so I take it for granted that it is healing or had healed when the letters were written.

My date of sailing is still uncertain. I believe I wrote you that I was provisionally registered to sail the latter part of March. I have sent in a deposit of Rs. 250 or \$80.00 for each as a deposit, but have still no definite word whether we can go to Port Said on that ship, City of York, and when. Any mail that you send here will be forwarded to me. In case we get to go then, then we ought to get to America about July 1st. If we do not get to go by April 1st, then we will get to America later, unless we omit our visit in Palestine and Europe. If I am delayed, I wonder whether you could not do your sightseeing in the west alone and come to Newton without my coming after you. It will take so much time. But I will write you more definitely after I know, and will give you a New York address to which you may send the program you have made out.

My immediate program is to go to a reception by the Deputy Commissioner towards the middle of the week and then to a Girls' High School where some of our girls go. Then a visit to the Old Mennonite Mission at Dhamtari. Then an interdenominational conference at Bilaspur where I deliver four addresses. If we want to visit at Agra, Delhi, etc., and then southern India, it will take all of our time if we sail end of March. Should we be compelled to wait, I will find enough to do, for I have invitations enough to last me for at least another month. I must confess, however, my strongest inclination is to go home as soon as possible though I am in finest of health.

With love to all,
Daddy

Champa, C. P., India
Feb. 13, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

I got Ruth's letter of Dec. 30th last week on Wednesday, Feb. 9th, at Janjgir, where I was at the time. It had arrived at Champa

on the 7th. I was surely glad to get such a detailed program of all your Christmas events, but it made a feeling of homesickness creep over me to read it all. I am sorry that the Chinese slippers I sent you, Emma, do not fit. I suppose you will have to keep them as bed room ornaments.

I thought surely by the time I would write this letter, I could give you the definite date of our sailing, but because of some bungling work in the steamship office I cannot do so today. I sent in a deposit for our passage to Port Said. We are planning to sail on the S. S. "City of York." The receipt properly read "City of York," but the letter referred to the "Trafford Hall" and stated that it would sail about March 1st. I wrote for a clearing up of this muddle, but there has not been time enough for an answer.

I was at Janjgir almost all of last week, looking over the work there. The need of workers is becoming pressing. Poor Martha
Need of more workers at Janjgir
Burkhalter is almost working her head off, trying to do the work for which we ought to have a man at Janjgir. Friday we came back to Champa and witnessed a belated Christmas meal at the leper asylum. A Menonite in North Dakota has for several years sent a gift for a Christmas meal for the lepers. This year he sent \$350.00 Of course, it was not all used for 376 lepers, for they do not get Fred Harvey meals. But fourteen goats had been killed for the occasion. The pile of boiled rice contained about 70 cubic feet. Then there were peas, curry and Indian bread or cakes. The way things disappeared made me wish I could put some of these lepers into one of the eating contests that our college students sometimes have. I know who would win.

After the feast Revs. Penner and Wiens, Mr. Hagegger and I, also Mariam Penner and Rudolph Wiens drove to Korba. They wanted me to help them decide on a piece of ground to be purchased for mission purposes. We came back yesterday. Mr. Wiens and Rudolph Wiens left for home.

Tomorrow Mr. Penner and I plan to visit a Girls' High School at Katni, with which we may cooperate in the future. Then we are invited to attend a conference of the Disciples of Christ Church at Jubbelpore. Then I come back to Janjgir. The following week comes the interdenominational mission gathering where I am to deliver a number of addresses. After that comes a visit to various missions as much as my date of sailing will permit.

Mr. Habegger and I are enjoying the finest of health. Mr. Penner had a few slight attacks of fever. He says he gets it every year about this time. The heat has not increased very much yet since we arrived here. The nights are still nice and cool and we can rest well.

If you should see Uncle Deckers again, give them my greetings. This holds true of all inquiring friends. The people here also send greetings. Mail your letters here. They will be forwarded.

Praying God that He may keep us all, I am,

With much love,
Daddy

Janjgir, India
Feb. 18, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

When I came back here yesterday noon from my trip to Bilaspur, Katni, and Jubbelpore, I found your letter awaiting me here. It had arrived in Champa on the 14th. I was glad to get it, even if it contained some news that were not so pleasant. I was glad to notice that you, Paul, enjoy your hikes and your Sunday School work. Both can be of benefit to you. The former will tend to build up your health and the latter will develop your spiritual life. I surely wish I could have enjoyed your carnival of roses with you. We here too have very pretty roses at this time but not in such profusion as in California. I had some very pretty ones on my dresser in my room where I was entertained at the Disciples of Christ Mission Conference at Jubbelpore. You should have been on the train to Jubbelpore with me. For over one hundred miles the railroad goes through a jungle. From the train we saw a deer skipping through the woods. In a clearing of the woods there were about a dozen monkeys sitting and sunning themselves.

And Karl, I was sorry to learn that you had to give up your basketball practice about which you wrote me in your last letter.

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| Home news pleasant and otherwise | I hope you have seen the wisdom of the step though, and have yielded without too much complaint. When a physician gives expert advice about our health it is unwise to disregard it. With care you can build up a strong health again. At least there is no reason to feel blue. Maybe you remember that a few years ago the doctor ordered me to drink milk, eat eggs, sleep with the windows open, exercise regularly but moderately. I have been enjoying fine health ever since, but I likely would not have, if I had disobeyed the doctor's orders. I hope you have done the same and are well by this time. I am also praying for your health. |
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And you, Emma, I hope you have given the chiropractor a chance to try her skill on you. I do not think that all the things ail you that she claims, but she may at least locate and remove the cause of your frequent sick headaches.

The same mail that brought me the letter from home also brought me one from the steamship company with whom I tried booking for Port Said, Egypt. It stated that Mr. Habegger and I were now definitely booked on the S. S. "City of York", but that its exact date of sailing could not be given yet. It will likely not leave Colombo, Ceylon until in April, since the trip from Calcutta to Colombo takes over a week. This would mean that I could not get to America until the close of July at the earliest, if I stop in Palestine and Europe. Health conditions seem to demand that you stay in California another year. I am wondering whether I ought to hurry home and discuss these things with you. I am therefore writing to the steamship company today, asking whether I could go on the "City of York" all the way to New York or whether someone else is booked for my cabin from Port Said. That would mean that Palestine and Europe would be omitted. I am also asking that they

let me know whether I could sail from Port Said to New York a few weeks after the "City of York." That would mean that Europe would be omitted but I would see Palestine and the pyramids. Mr. Habegger says he will go to Europe whether I do or not.

If I go direct, it will take four weeks to reach New York after I leave Colombo. If you decide to stay in California another year, that ought to be decided before my possible earliest arrival and word sent to Newton that our house will be for rent another year. Unless we want to settle in the west permanently, then we would want to sell the house. I might then even think of entering business with Dave.

Let me suggest the following program: You decide at once upon whether or not you want to stay in California another year.

If you decide to stay, then write to Prof. Haury and offer our house for rent. You would then likely want to live alone, not with Dave's, in Los Angeles. After receipt of this letter, which ought to be around March 28th, you can no more reach me here by letter, but address it to me at Port Said, Egypt, care of Thos. Cook and Son. By wire you can still reach me here then. If conditions for any reason are such that you want me to come without stopping in Palestine or Europe, then cable as follows: Kliewer, Champa, India. Come (Emma). Be free to send this message if you feel like it, for I must confess that I have had such a fill of sightseeing that I have no very strong desire to see any more on this trip after I am through with India. If I do not get this message then I will consider it that conditions at home are not such that I must hurry home. Of course, if I should get a letter before I leave India that you want me at home as soon as possible to help decide matters or for any other reason, then I will hurry through even if no message comes. The message would then be unnecessary. After arriving in America I ought to stop somewhere for a mission board meeting and in Newton to see what repairs the house may need. If you decide to stay another year, I might also try to sell our auto. Write me what you think on this last point.

In the next letter I will let you know where I can be reached by letter after Port Said. Any letters written six weeks before my sailing will reach me here yet. The others will be forwarded to me at a future stopping place.

Next Monday afternoon we start to Bilaspur for the interdenominational convention. Wednesday we will start for Dhamtari to visit the Old Mennonite Mission. After returning here and having another conference with our workers we will briefly visit one of the hill stations where our missionaries go. Then we go to Delhi and Agra, then by way of Bombay to Secunderabad where the Mennonite Brethren have a number of mission stations. From there we go by way of Madras to Colombo in Ceylon where we hope to sail for Port Said, or in my case it may be to America. The exact dates of all these trips will have to be made dependent upon our date of sailing.

Praying that God may keep us all, I am,

With much love to all

Daddy

Sankra, via Dhamtari, C. P., India

Feb. 27, 1921

Dear Emma and the Children:

Your letter of Jan 13th reached Champa on Feb. 23rd and was forwarded to me at Bilaspur, so I got it on the 24th. The one written on Jan. 20th will likely reach Bombay early next week, but I will not get it until Friday, when I go back to Bilaspur and will meet P. A. Penner there. I see by your letter that you are kept quite busy—Grand opera, mission, play, etc. My, that sounds good out here. I do not miss good music here so much yet, because I have so many new things to busy me, but I can well undersand P. A. Penner when he says that a good concert is one of the first things in which he wants to indulge when he comes back to America.

I was very glad to be informed that Karl is coughing less than he was. I wish as soon as the doctor advises it, Karl could take corrective exercises in the gymnasium.

I am sorry that Miss Kuehny did not get to sail when she had planned to do so. And we all are wondering when P. W. Penners may come. They are very badly needed here. The
Workers needed Indian Christians are almost pleading for them.

As indicated above, we were at the Bilaspur convention and Mela the greater part of last week. We went there on Monday afternoon and stayed till Thursday night. The first two days were a convention for the missionaries of all denominations of the Chattisgarh District. I delivered four addresses, the Anglican Bishop of Nagpur one, the rest of the time was given to a regular convention program. We all ate in a dining tent and had our lodging in tents. We had a very fine time. After these two days came the mela for the native Christians to last four days. On the first day there were about 1000 native Christians present and some more coming. Mr. Habegger and I stayed only one day since we did not understand Hindi. Our train for Dhamtari was to leave at 2 a. m. Friday morning so we went to the station Thursday night. We were provided with bedding by Mrs. Penner and intended to sleep till train time on one of the bedsteads in the waiting room for Europeans, but they were all taken except one. I let Mr. Habegger take that and I stayed up. After a two hours' ride we had to change trains. Thus I did not get to sleep at all. This is the first night that I spent sleepless on my whole trip half around the world. Friday noon we arrived at Dhamtari where the Old Mennonites have their main mission station. Yesterday we came here to Sankra where a man from Mountain Lake, by the name of Friesen, is missionary. The greater part of next week we will visit in this field but also include Evangelical Missions in Raipur and Disciple Missions about Bilaspur. We hope to be back to Champa on March 10th.

The same train that brought me your last letter also brought one from the ship company stating that our vessel will sail from Calcutta April 15th, about. Three weeks later another vessel of the

same line sails for America. Since the vessel sails so late, I have decided to revise my program at some points. On March 13th we want to leave Champa for the Mennonite Brethren Mission at Secunderabad in South India. There we will stay about a week. Then we want to visit Pandita Ramabai's work at Poona and spend a day at Bombay. Then a brief visit to Delhi and Agra where a hill summer resort for the children of American missionaries may be built. Then we return to Champa for a closing conference and farewell. About April 15th we plan to sail from Calcutta on the S.S. "City of York." About May 3rd we should be in Port Said. From there we want to visit the pyramids and Palestine. After that Mr. Habegger goes on to Europe, but I am planning to sail for New York on the "City of Lahore" about May 24th, if I can get my booking. This ought to get me to New York about June 17th. I suppose the Mission Board may want to meet and have me present before I go to California to see you folks. This ought to make it possible for me to be in Los Angeles about July 4th. All of this, of course, if the Lord wills.

Now a line or so as to your addressing your letters. I believe I wrote you in my last letter that after you received it, you should address me at Port Said, Egypt, care of Thomas Cook and Son. If my sailing date from Port Said is as I think now that it will be, then any letter you write up to April 19th ought to reach me there. Then write me to New York, care of Thomas Cook and Son up to within a week of the time of my landing there. Then Newton, Kansas, care of Prof. G. A. Haury to within four days of my starting for Los Angeles.

As soon as you have decided definitely whether or not you will stay in California another year, let me know. The difference for next year for me will be as follows: If you live in Newton I will be able to come in and see you from time to time during my trips through the churches, since Kansas is centrally located. If you live in California I may not get to see you for the greater part of the year. But let health conditions decide.

You mention in your letter, Emma, that time likely does not drag for me. Surely not at the pace we are going. Often I would enjoy a few more quiet moments. The heat, too, is getting a little more from week to week. Today they shut all doors and windows in the Friesen bungalow for a few hours at noon to keep out the heat. Everybody says that will be different yet before we leave. We are in the famine region here and we saw some of the people today who are emaciated down to the very bones and almost too weak to walk.

Any cable will reach me at Champa until about April 11th unless our date of sailing changes.

Trusting and praying that the Lord may keep us all until we meet, I am,

With much love to all,

Daddy

Bilaspur, C. P. India

March 5, 1921

Dear Karl:

Your letter of Jan. 20th was handed me last night between ten and eleven o'clock after we came to our room from an evening spent with some missionaries of the Disciple of Christ Mission. Mr. P. A. Penner had come from Champa and brought it along. It had arrived there Feb. 28th. We spent five days at the Mennonite Mission at Dhamtari and one day at the Evangelical Mission at Raipur. At the former place we were right in the famine district and saw hundreds of half starved people who are being taken care of by the mission and the government. At Raipur we visited Schools of the mission and the jail of the Raipur district. The schools are not so very well attended because of the so-called Non-cooperation Movement led by Mr. Gandhi in which the natives of India are advised to have nothing to do with anything or anybody connected with or supported by the British government. India is a very restful place as the result of it. The jail at Raipur and the one here at Bilaspur we found to be model institutions. Quite different from the ones I visited in China. Good British rule is apparent in them.

Last night we arrived here at Bilaspur at 7 o'clock. The arrangement was that Mr. Penner should have arrived on a 4 o'clock train, bringing his auto by train, since several rivers between Champa and Bilaspur have no bridges. His train was four hours late, thus we had to wait for him and the people who had invited us for the evening meal had to wait for all of us until 9 o'clock. Today we are visiting the Disciples Mission here. Toward evening we will go by auto to their leper asylum about 25 miles away from here. We will stay there over Sunday. About Wednesday noon we hope to be back to Champa.

I was very glad, Karl, to receive your report that your health is improving. Be sure to obey the physician's advice if you have a reliable man advising you. Be sure to take plenty of exercise but let it be of a moderate and not a violent nature. I hope, too, that you will be able to get into the junior band, provided it is a decent set of boys that belongs to it.

I am not pleased, however, that you are thinking of joining the R.O.T.C. In the first place, you ought not to join it as long as you are not sure that your health is absolutely all right. In the second place, the R.O.T.C. is a sort of successor to the S.A.T.C. Every college president to whom I have spoken about the S.A.T.C. was very sure that it was the greatest hindrance to good studying that had ever been introduced to student life with the sanction of school authorities. You must remember that in a few years you will be a man and school privileges will be past for you. It is now that you must prepare to do something useful in life, or keen disappointments will come to you later. You must ask for what your R.O.T.C practice will fit you in later life. It may hinder your preparation more than

Objections
to ROTC

it will help, because of interference with your studies. In the third place, your receiving clothes and equipment gratuitously will put you under obligation to the military establishment. If I am not mistaken, you will obligate yourself to render some form of military service for the training and equipment that you get. I do not know whether you know it or not, but I am religiously opposed to such service. The more I see of soldier life the less I think of it. On my trip I have again and again been grateful that we live in a country where my boys are not compelled to render military service. You can readily understand therefore that I do not like to have you choose what I am glad is not forced upon you. It is rare one finds a group of soldiers who lead a clean-cut Christian life. They are mostly profane and impure. They will gamble and suck cigarettes. Some of the present unrest in the world is caused by the burdens thrust upon nations by their militaristic groups and by the excesses that soldiers have permitted themselves. Germany went almost to pieces because of its militarism. Russia's military burden started the feeling that made Bolshevism possible. India today is boiling because some British Tommies committed outrages some time ago. China is rent into north and south, because it has too many idle, lazy soldiers. In Japan a propaganda is kept up against the United States by a military clique of Japan. The magazines of the world are full of articles in favor of disarmament. The soldier is coming into disrepute. Are you surprised that I want you to steer clear of anything that even indirectly leads you in that direction. I am not pleased that you are thinking of the R.O.T.C.

We are planning to start for South India on the 13th of this month. On our way back we take in west and north India. Be back by April 1st. Sail from Calcutta on April 15th. Spend three weeks in Palestine and northern Egypt. I am not going to Europe because it is getting too late. I ought to land in Boston, not New York, about the middle of June. Letters written to me at Port Said, Egypt, up to the end of April, care of Thos. Cook and Son ought to reach me there but not later. After that write me at Boston, Mass., care of Thos. Cook and Son, 336 Washington St. I will let you know more definitely later up to what time you can reach me there. Cables will reach me here at Champa up to April 14th. Then at Port Said, care of Cook and Son. My ship to Port Said will be "City of York." From Port Said to Boston "City of Lahore." Mr. Habegger leaves me when I leave Port Said.

Railroad strike There is a threatened railway strike all over is threatened India that may make us cancel some of our trips.

Praying God's protection over all of us, I am,

With love to all,
Daddy

Champa, C. P., India
March 12, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

I shall start my letter today since I have a little time free just

now. I may not send it off until day after tomorrow though. Let me rehearse the things that have happened since the letter to Karl was written. On that same day Mr. Penner, Mr. Habegger and I left Bilaspur by Ford and drove to Baitalpur, about 27 miles beyond Bilaspur. The second largest leper asylum in India is located there. Besides visiting the asylum and mission there, we went to

the nearby river to shoot some alligators, but
Alligators none were to be seen. The next day a sixteen year old daughter of another missionary shot two of them. One measured fourteen feet from tip of nose to tip of tail. Mr. Waggoner, the missionary there, has quite a number tanned alligator skins. They are a pretty sight. A little seven year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Waggoner is now on the way to America to go to school there. A missionary going on furlough has him in charge.

From Baitalpur we drove to Parsabedehr, about 23 miles away. At this place an old bachelor has been doing mission work for 26 years. He is all alone, the nearest white persons being those at Baitalpur. He belongs to the German Evangelical Mission, is from Germany, has taught school in Kansas and took out his first papers there to become an American citizen, but did not take out his second papers. While the war was on, orders came for his deportation. But where should he go? Two things must

A picturesque missionary have induced the government not to carry out its orders. One was the poor health of the old man. The other was the opposition of the natives to this order. They consider Mr. Hagenstein a sadhu (saint) and a large force watched about his bungalow day and night to protect him. You can imagine that we had a very interesting time keeping bachelor's hall with this old man. He has sixty schools under his supervision and is malaguzar of a village.

Quite a contrast to this visit was the one to the mission station at Bisrampur. The missionary there has wealthy relatives connected with a large shoe firm of St. Louis in
A missionary of consecrated means which he himself worked before coming into the mission field. He keeps his station in the finest order. Their bungalow is a model of neatness and comfort. They put some of their own means into it.

From Bisrampur we drove back to Bilaspur on Wednesday toward evening. There we were entertained for dinner and for the night at the home of Dr. J. E. Miller. He is the physician that waited on Noah Burkhalter in his last illness. They are surely fine people. Other guests with us at dinner were Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Moody. Both of these families are Disciple of Christ missionaries. Mr. Moody and family are starting home on furlough soon. They expect to land in San Francisco about the middle of May. I gave them your address since they will stay near Los Angeles. They may call on you. Mr. Moody is a rough-hewn fellow with a good heart. Mrs. Moody is a gentle little woman. I think you will like them both, though they are likeable in different ways.

When we loaded our Ford to be shipped back to Champa be-

cause the streams have no bridges. we saw that we had driven
A Ford by rail about 150 miles. The roads were mostly graveled
and the trip was a pleasurable one. We had no
accidents and kept our program to the dot.

When we got back to Champa we found that Mariam Penner
had been in bed with fever all the time that we were gone. She got
up the next day though and has been up ever since. A good many
people here have fever this time of the year. It is just a year ago
when Burkhalter took sick.

I had hoped to find a letter from home when I got back, but I
was disappointed. For some reason no one has received foreign
mail for some little time. Evidently the weekly ship has not come
in. My last letter from home was dated Jan. 20th. I found a letter
from a ship company though, stating that they had room for me on
the "Creole State" leaving Calcutta March 21st and landing in San
Francisco about April 28th. I must say I felt a tugging to go, but
I had already made other plans and refused this chance. Accord-
ing to present plans we leave Calcutta on April 15th on the "City
of York" for Port Said. We are due there about May 3rd. A visit
to the pyramids and to Palestine will occupy the next three weeks.
Then Mr. Habegger wants to go to Europe. I plan to sail for
America from Port Said about May 24th and land in Boston about
June 17th, provided my registration for the S. S. "City of Lahore"
will effect a definite booking for me which is not the case as yet.
Any letter you write some little time before the end of April ought
to reach me at Port Said, Egypt, care of Thos. Cook and Son. Be
sure to write me there or at Port Said about your plans for the fu-
ture whether you have decided to stay in California another year
or not, whether you want me to come to get you or not, etc.
For my travel plans for next year it would be most suitable to live
in Newton, but let health conditions receive first considerations.

The weather here is gradually getting hotter. Our drives this
week reminded me very much of the Kansas part of the trip to
Colorado. Yesterday and today the thermometer went to 99 in the
Heat shade. In the sun it is just scorching. From
about 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. the bungalows are closed
tight to keep the heat out. The nights are still endurable, though
most people have begun to sleep outdoors

Great unrest prevails in India at present because of the so-
called non-cooperation movement headed by Mr. Ganhdi. Railroad
Unrest strikes make travel somewhat uncertain. This
does not suit us just now since Mr. Habegger and
I want to visit a number of places before sailing. There is danger
of being detained. But I believe we will risk it.

Sunday, March 13th. This forenoon we attended a communion
service at the leper asylum here at Champa. Since quite a number
Communion of the patients have no hands, Mr. Penner pours
the wine into the opened mouths with a spoon.
It is a pitiable sight.

This afternoon the Wiens boys came here to board the train
for Nainital where they will attend school for the next nine
months. They send greetings to you, Karl and Paul. Mieka leaves

a little later for a different school. She also will be from home for nine months. This is one of the unpleasant things in the missionary's life.

I see by the paper that a boat with American mail is expected at Bombay today. But since we want to leave tomorrow and the mail does not reach us here until Wednesday, it will have to be sent after us on our trip. I really ought to get two letters from home by that mail.

Towards evening today we drove to several places in the village. The poverty that is apparent on every hand is appalling. In front of one miserable little hut we saw a paralyzed blind boy. He said he and his brother live there and his brother begs for both. Near there we were met by an emaciated woman and her old mother-in-law. The husband of the younger woman had run off with another woman and left his rightful wife and his mother without any means of support. We had scarcely passed these people on our way towards the leper asylum when two lepers met us. They had asked for admission to the asylum but were refused for lack of room. Their imploring to be admitted was pitiful in the extreme. They were permitted to stay under a tree until two others who lie at the point of death will make room for them.

Tues., March 15. We did not get started on our trip yesterday since a report reached us that maybe a railroad strike would begin today. This was a false report though, and we will start this afternoon. We are not going south though, since the heat is so great but will go north. Besides two hill stations to which our missionaries go, we will visit Allahabad. Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, Bombay, Pandita Ramabai's work at Kedgaon near Poona. We hope to be back April 3rd. We hope and pray that neither strikes nor noncooperation may cause us any trouble.

This morning your letter of Feb. 3rd, enclosing Ruth's of Sept. 30th arrived. I was glad to receive it before starting on our trip north and west. I had word again from the ship company saying that about the middle of April is the date of sailing for the "City of York." I am omitting Europe from my travel plans because I would then get back home too late for my work next year. And the present renewed trouble between the Allies and Germany might bring unpleasant complications.

Hoping that you are well and sending much love to all, also greetings to Dave and Ida,

I am,
Daddy

Nainital, India
March 20, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

Here I am at a place that does not seem at all like the burning plains of India. I am up in one of the mountain resorts frequented by our missionaries in the hot season. Some of our missionaries

think our Board ought to build a house at one of the summer resorts. I am here to look this place over and then will go to Mussoorie, another resort from here.

On the way here we had an opportunity to get acquainted with Indian travel conditions. We carry our bedding with us, loaned by

Primitive travel facilities Mrs. Penner. Only a few of the hotels and none of the sleepers in India furnish bedding. So travelers all look like dagos with their packs on their backs. In dining cars, which are called restaurant cars here, they ask you to register just as they do in hotels at home. As there is no connection between cars of a train so you can go from the one to the other, you enter the restaurant car at one station while the train stops and leave it at the first stop after you have finished the meal. During my 700 or 800 miles of railroad travel in India up to the present I have been asked only once to show my ticket on the train. They are supposed to ask for it as you leave the station at your destination, but I have at least half a dozen tickets that were not asked of me. On our way here we have traveled several times in the same compartment with intelligent Indian gentlemen and have had some very interesting discussions.

Since Allahabad, Benares, and Lucknow are on the way here, we stopped at each of these places and visited points of missionary and other interests. At Allahabad we visited

Agricultural projects the missionary agricultural project with which the name of Mr. Higginbotham is connected. We also called at the Ewing Christian College and the Wanamaker Girls' High School. The British fort was given some little time. At Benares, the holy city of India, we Schools of course saw the bathing in the holy Ganges

while we rode on it in a boat and saw the burning ghats where the bodies of Hindus are being cremated. At Lucknow we visited Isabelle Thoburn College and the Christian University. Of special interest to us was a Mohammedan center and of even greater interest were the ruins that remind one of the siege of Lucknow in the mutiny of 1857.

The country towards the north looks quite different at this time of the year than it does about Champa. There all has the dead brown color of the dry season. The fields are bare. The trees have a fall color. The peepal tree, that looks much like our cottonwood tree, is shedding its leaves just like our cottonwood tree does when the first October frost has struck it. The few trees that do not look autumnally dull at this time are the imbia tree with its foliage of an unchanging deep green, the mango just starting its fruit and its new clean leaves that glisten in the sun, and the unshapely palsa tree just now literally covered with its blossoms of glaring red. Here farther north the fields have a fine crop of wheat just being harvested. The trees look more alive and even some of the meadows are green.

After we arrived at the last railroad station, Kathgodam, we had to drive by auto 22 miles. Every foot of it is mountain scenery. I never have driven a road with so many curves in it. On the

way here we met Mrs. Kaufman of the Old Mennonite Mission at Dhamtari. She was taking the children of several families here to school. She said there would be room for us in the building where she would stay. So we are lodging here. The Summer resorts house is 1200 feet above a lake that gives this place its name. Deep red rhododendrons set off the woods. Big white-headed monkeys gambol in a tree just below our house.

From here we leave Tuesday for another summer resort, Mussoorie. Then the program as I indicated in my letter of last Tuesday. After Mussoorie we will get back into the heat again.

Mr. Habegger and I are both enjoying good health. Hoping that you can report the same, I am, with much love,

Daddy

Mussoorie, India
March 25, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

This is Good Friday and we are having a few quiet hours in a most delightful mountain cottage before our horses come up to take us down to the railroad station fifteen miles away from here and about 500 feet lower than this. I shall use part of this quiet time to write you, but will mail my letter from Delhi or Agra where we are going next.

Nainital, from which place I wrote you last, we found a most delightful place. but Mussoorie is grander for views. Nainital has the uniqueness of having a lake 6000 feet above sea level and about three or four miles in circumference. The resort is built around this lake and is shut out from the rest of the world as to view. Indian tradition has it that the lake was caused by a tear of the goddess Nina. A temple is built for her at the upper end of the lake and every evening one can hear the bells that are rung to put her to sleep. The Wiens boys are attending school at Nainital in Philander Smith College. Mieka will come up in a few weeks to attend Wellesley School for Girls. We spent last Sunday and Monday at Nainital and then came here.

After we arrived at Dhera Dun, the railroad station for this resort, we had to go seven miles by auto and then eight miles on horseback. At the Half Way House of the horseback trip we met a mission delegation of four men of the Brethren Church. Two of these men are from McPherson College, Prof. Yoder and Dr. Harnly. We have been on each other's tracks ever since we landed in India. Sometimes we would be only a day apart at places, but we never met until at the Half Way House on the Mussoorie mountain slope. They stopped to drink a glass of lemonade as they went down, and we as we went up. They recommended the cottage to us in which we are staying now. It is owned and managed by the Brethren Church for their missionaries who come here on hill leave. It is not full yet and we found a pleasant home in it for two days. It is almost at the very highest place to which one can climb in this part of the moun-

tains. On clear days one can look for miles and miles into the valley below. But the greatest sight is the Himalaya snows to the north. A jagged range of glistening white with a purple tinge at the edges, reaching from the southeast to the northwest through about one-fourth of the horizon, is a sight too wonderful for description. They say at Darjeeling the sight is even more beautiful. We may run up to that place shortly before sailing from Calcutta.

Mussoorie and Landour, twin resorts, are the main school stations for white children in India. There are about 2000 children in school here annually. Mariam Penner was in Mussoorie and Landour Woodstock College here last year but is not attending school anywhere this year. I am looking at this place because it, with Nainital, is being considered as a place where a hill cottage might be erected by our mission. It is surely a delightfully cool place as compared with the plains. In the plains the thermometer registered 100, here they have fires in the cottages of evenings. Just before starting to write this letter I stood and looked at the snows. With the sun shining on my back I was warm enough, but when I got into our room, which is on the shady side of the cottage, I soon felt too cool so I moved into the library on the sunny side.

I am afraid we will hardly spend Easter Sunday in quite the proper way. But when you are traveling you cannot always determine the details of your journey as you would like.

Bombay, March 29th. We had most interesting visits at Delhi and Agra, but time does not permit a description now. We are leaving Bombay for Kedgaon tonight where we want to visit Pandita Ramabai's work. On Friday night we ought to be in Champa again. I hope I will find some letters from you there. A missionary told me the other day that it was difficult again to receive a permit to enter Palestine and Egypt. If that should be refused us then I may be home even earlier than the last date sent you. I will inform you though.

With love,
Daddy

Champa, C. P., India
April 3. 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

We got back to Champa night before last. After leaving the mountains at Mussoorie we visited at Delhi. There we called on Dr. Butcher who is a graduate of the same school with me, namely Garrett Biblical Institute. He gave us his automobile and driver and thus we had an excellent chance to see the sights of that most interesting city. Delhi has a number of very fine Mohammedan mausoleums. I took pictures of some of them. It is also full of interesting historic ruins. A few years ago when King George visited India he transferred the capital from Calcutta to Delhi. The necessary buildings for the secretariat and the homes for all officials are now being erected. They are all of brick but covered with

a white plastering. This new Delhi, as it is called, surely is a dazzling sight in the glaring tropical sun.

On the way from Delhi to Agra I lost the first thing that I lost on this trip so far. You remember that long, round box containing comb, brush, and tooth brush that you gave me, Delhi and Agra Emma. This and its contents I left in the wash room of our train when we got off at Agra. We arrived at Agra at midnight and I did not discover my loss until next morning. The train had gone on and nothing had been brought to the Lost and Found desk, so I was told tracing it would be hard. Some Indian may be happy in the use of these articles—even the tooth brush.

At Agra, we, of course, saw the Taj Mahal. It deserves the reputation of being the finest, although not the largest, of the many fine mausoleums that one finds in that part of Taj Mahal India. When seeing these one cannot help but think that only oppression of the poor could make such memorials for the dead of the rich possible. And yet, both Mohammedan and Hindu agitators are today inciting the Indians to throw off the yoke of the British and to return to "the good old times."

At Bombay the most interesting place that we visited was the Tower of Silence. This is the place, as you may know, to which the Parsees in and about Bombay bring their dead to be devoured by the vultures that are constantly about the place in anticipation of their feed. While we were there the body of a child was brought there. They say that generally a body disappears in about two hours, all except the skeleton. Visitors are not permitted in the place where the bodies are placed.

From Bombay we went to Kedgaon where Pandita Ramabai's institution Mukti is located. The name means salvation. No matter where we went among the one thousand residents of the place—whether in school room, printshop, weaving loom, dormitory, kitchen or office—everywhere we found a spirit of busy contentedness. The Pandita herself is in very poor health and so deaf that it is almost impossible to speak with her. So we did not do much more than shake hands with her. Her daughter, a graduate from an American college, is even in worse health, so we did not get to see her. Before long the acute question may arise about the leader to follow the Pandita.

On our trip the last few weeks we had opportunity to become acquainted with travel conditions in India. One cannot have the undisturbed nights on the train that are possible in a sleeper in America. One night when we were in a compartment for five, ten persons had come into that compartment and gone out of it before the night was over. Some were in but short distances and others longer but it is a disturbance. One night all berths were full in our compartment, but about 2 o'clock in the morning coolies brought in piles of baggage, and then came the passengers. I counted them ek, do, tin, char, panch, and sure enough, the fifth one was a woman at that with her face veiled. She is never supposed to ride in a man's compartment, but

her husband was with her and she sat obediently on the floor, with her veiled face turned into a corner of the car, so I suppose it was all right. They did not stay in until morning. At another time, in the daytime, we were in a compartment to seat 12, but there were 22 and all their bag and baggage. Mr. Habegger and I were the only white people. The Indians, however, were of a very fine type of people. On the last train we had a Parsee, a Hindu, and a Mohammedan with us. And we even discussed religion in a friendly way.

The heat is gradually growing worse. The thermometer shows 107 in the shade. The sun is absolutely scorching. Vegetation is all gone. Even most of the trees stand bare. The nights are still bearable but gradually getting warmer. Since we returned to Champa we are sleeping under the open sky. It is great to have the blinking stars above you. It seems as though you could look God right in the face.

When we returned to Champa I found Ruth's letter of February 11th and Paul's of Feb. 18th. They must have arrived on the same vessel, for they bore the same date stamped on them. I was glad for them and the clippings that they contained. The same mail had also brought me a letter from the Emergency Relief Commission of our General Conference in which I am asked to stop in Germany and take a look at the help rendered by the commission there. I thought that I could not make that fit into my program. The next day, however, I got a letter from the ship company stating that our vessel will not sail on the 15th of April because it will have no cargo by that date, maybe it will sail April 30th.

This would mean then that I could not get ready in Palestine to sail home on the "City of Lahore" from Port Said. Yesterday I wired both to Bombay and to Colombo to see whether I can get some other sailing date. I expect an answer tomorrow. I may therefore find my sailing dates of such a nature that I stop in Palestine and in Europe, or I may not be able to stop at either place.

Under the circumstances perhaps we had better
Still uncertainty of travel plans not plan with my coming to California to get you folks. Everything is so uncertain. I wonder whether you could not persuade Ida and Dave to take that boat trip to San Francisco with you and then you come home by way of the Western Pacific, Rio Grande, Santa Fe. On that trip you could even stop a day, I believe, in Salt Lake City. Such a trip you can easily make without me. It would also save the considerable outlay of my trip from Newton to the coast and back. This part of the trip I could not ask the Mission to pay. It would have to come out of what you have saved during my absence, for all our income has gone to you. The trip to Yellowstone Park we would then make in our car some other year.

Tuesday, April 5th. Yesterday I got your letter of the 25th of February. It must have arrived at Bombay by the same vessel by which Lord Reading, the new Viceroy of India, arrived. I am glad Gus is taking care of Father's business affairs.

Today I got a message from Bombay that maybe we can sail

from there to Port Said on April 10th. We just got the message and are scurrying around to see whether we can get ready and go to Bombay in four days. After receipt of this letter mail no more letters until further notice. If we get to go on the tenth I will stop in Europe and ought to land in America, likely New York, beginning July.

With love to all,

Daddy

Enroute Bombay to Port Said
Steamer Caledonia
April 11, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

I believe in my last letter I wrote you that the "City of York" which was at first declared to sail in March then postponed to middle of April, was again postponed to the end of April, and not very sure as to date even then. At once I sent several wires for booking with other companies. With everything full for several months ahead it seemed foolish to try. But the P. and O. wired from Bombay that "probably" they could get us off on the 10th. I wired to book us and let me know definitely. Then we got ready. We called all our workers together for a closing conference and a farewell, though we did not know whether we would get to go. Only ten hours before the last train that would get us to the boat, did we

Possibility of
home travel
appears

get the wire that we could go. Then before we got to Bombay our train was three hours late. We had two hours left to make the arrangements that usually take a minimum of two days. We

were told that we could not do it. But we hired an auto and said we would try. The first trip should be to the American consul. The driver said he knew where to take us but took us to the French Consul. After that he took us to another wrong place. I told him he would get paid only for the time he was on the right road and not for taking us to wrong places. We got to the consul. He said

Chasing
through Bombay

he was willing to do all he could for us but he was afraid we would be too late at the British office.

When we arrived there we were told to leave our passports and call for them Monday. But we said we must sail Sunday. A most pitiable sigh was our answer. But we were told to call in an hour. And everything was all right. We got our ship tickets just as the office was closed.

Yesterday we should have left Bombay at one o'clock but it was three. To Port Said is a trip of about nine or ten days. So we ought to be there about the 19th or 20th. This is two weeks ahead of the program I sent you. This spoils my old connections at Port Said, and I have therefore cancelled my registration for the "City of Lahore." I shall try at Port Said to book for America to sail after we have visited in Palestine. Maybe I can get the "City of York" beyond Port Said that we had intended to take to Port Said. I will go to Europe only if ship connections are such that I must. I have figured out that a trip to Europe will require more time and

money than I have at my disposal at this time. I feel that if I am to travel in the states all of next year then I need a pretty thorough rest between the present trip and that one. For this reason I would rather if you people could do some sightseeing alone in the West and come to Newton without my coming after you. But this is selfish on my part and I am willing to fit my plans into yours as far as possible. Especially if health demands your staying longer in California, am I willing to give any support to your plans that become necessary then.

Thurs., April 14th. Our trip so far has been very fine. Absolutely no sign of rough sea or weather. Yesterday forenoon the sea was like glass, almost without a ripple. It was almost as smooth as it was one day on the other side of Singapore. There is no seasickness on the ship. And yet, my stomach is upset. I think I eat too much for the little exercise I get. At 6:30 a.m., the cabin steward brings us fruit and tea of which we can partake even while in bed. At 8:30 we have breakfast, at 1:30 lunch, at 4 tea, at 7 dinner. The last mentioned is an elaborate affair that occupies over an hour's time. All men but about half a dozen "dress" for it; and, judging from the scantiness of their clothing at this meal, I

A jolly crowd
of voyagers

I suppose the women are dressed too. The majority of these women smoke cigarettes and are mostly as ugly as sin. The crowd is largely military. From the printed list I discover that we have on board 23 captains, 19 majors, 6 lieutenant colonels, 5 colonels, 1 commander, 1 lieutenant, 1 brigadier general. Then there are the following dignitaries: 5 honorables, 2 honorable sirs, 1 sir, 1 Indian maharaja or great king. It is a gay crowd. To one from prohibition Kansas, where the sale of cigarettes is under the ban of the law, it looks nauseating to have a young girl remove her cigarette from her mouth, hold it between two fingers of one hand while the other hand puts her glass to her mouth and then, without the least sign of embarrassment, alternates between quaffs and puffs. Is it a wonder that India seems in no hurry to accept Christianity if such persons are taken as exponents of it?

This vessel terminates its voyage at Marseilles, France, but direct connection by train through France and boat across the channel is made for London. I shall therefore mail this letter on this boat. It ought to reach you in about three weeks after it leaves Port Said. From Port Said I will write again and hope to be able to speak with a little more definiteness than about the next steps in my program.

Sunday, April 17th. I have just returned to our cabin from church services conducted in the first dining saloon by the captain of our boat, and now I shall add a few lines to my letter. We are in the Red Sea, but its waters are as blue as the others. Thursday afternoon about 3 p.m. the mountains of Arabia became faintly discernible above the northwestern horizon. Friday morning at 4 we anchored in the harbor of Aden. We left there about 9 o'clock. Until some time in the afternoon we were in the Gulf of Aden, then we passed into the Red Sea. At

that point we could see Africa to our left and Asia to our right. At dinner time (7:30 p.m.) we passed a group of islands called the Twelve Apostles. Since then we have seen no land. We passed many ships, and since our ship is fast we overtake quite a number of others. This morning when I woke up I noticed that the sea had a worse swell than any time since we left Bombay, but the ship tosses but little. This forenoon was the first time I could be in our cabin without having a fan going. We have three electric fans and two portholes in our cabin, so we have not been suffering. We are going north and it is getting cooler. The wireless this morning says all traffic in England is crippled because of railway and miners' strikes.

We are due at Suez tomorrow evening and at Port Said Tuesday morning. We will go through the Canal at night.

Tuesday, April 19th. We got to Suez last night at 5 o'clock and anchored there for a little over three hours. We should have seen Mt. Sinai at noon but the sky was too hazy. This morning at 7:30 we are still ten miles away from Port Said. We will get there about 3 o'clock.

Hoping that you are all well and that I will soon hear from you, I am, with much love,

Daddy

Cairo, Egypt
April 20, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

We found when we got to Port Said yesterday that nothing could be done there about booking to Europe. So we started here to Cairo at once. We landed at about ten o'clock and our train for Cairo left at 12:30. Since we had to go through the customs examination and often deal with persons who did not understand us, we did not get through by train time.

Here in Cairo we arrived at 5 p.m. My passport expires in ten days so I had to attend to that this forenoon and to see about booking for the further voyage. Direct booking to America seems very uncertain at this time, so we have booked via Europe. Our program now is as follows: Tomorrow at 6:30 p. m. we leave by rail for Jerusalem. In Palestine we will stay until May 17th or 18th, then sail from Jaffa in Palestine to Alexandria in Egypt. From Alexandria we sail on May 21st to Naples, Italy, using the steamer S. S. Umbria. After a month's visit in Europe we are registered to sail for New York from Southampton, England, July 6th on the S. S. Olympic. This last part of the journey is not yet definitely booked. If it materializes we ought to be in New York about July 13th.

After receipt of this letter send my mail to Langnau, Switzerland care of Johann Kipfer up to leaving Los Angeles June 1st. Then up to leaving Los Angeles June 20th send it to Southampton, England, care of Thos. Cook and Son, 32 Oxford Street. There any letter written up to July 6th or 7th and sent me to New York, care Thos. Cook and Son, 245 Broadway, ought to reach me there on ar-

rival. Where I will go from New York depends upon whether the Board meeting is held after I arrive.

I am really sorry that my getting home has been pushed out so far, for the best looking place on earth for me would be home, but it seems some of our travel plans cannot be carried out. But these days are full of such experiences. One hears of them on every hand.

The above remark must not lead you to think I am not enjoying my trip, for I am. The Nile valley and Cairo have been an agreeable surprise. Such wheat and alfalfa fields as here in this valley where they irrigate, I have never seen anywhere. Vegetable gardens and orchards are also very fine. This afternoon we visited the pyramids and the sphinx. I climbed into the pyramid of Cheops. Mr. Haggard did not think it worth while since he seemingly knows absolutely nothing of the history connected with them. He didn't know there was a sphinx.

Tomorrow we want to do this city of over one million inhabitants. It is nearing eleven o'clock and I must close and rest up for tomorrow.

Goodbye all,
Daddy

Jerusalem
April 24, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

We have arrived safe in the holy city of Jerusalem and are spending a quiet Sunday afternoon in it. This gives me a chance to write home again. Since writing you last we finished our visit in Cairo. We were in various noted Mohammedan mosques there, in the citadel, in the native streets and bazars, and above all their wonderful Museum, the like of which there is no where else in the world, full of Egyptian mummies, slabs with hieroglyphics and papyri with ancient stories. These things point you back three, four, and five thousand years. One walks among these things as in a dream. Not only mummified human bodies are exhibited but also mummified sacred goats and crocodiles, and the skeletons of Apis or sacred bull.

On the streets of Cairo we saw several very stylish wedding processions. At one of the mosques we saw the body of a babe brought in for funeral.

The railroad trip from Cairo to Jerusalem is over ground that is hoary with history. Before you cross the Suez Canal from Egypt into Arabia you have to go through the customs and passport offices. It is midnight before you cross over and 1 a. m. before the train starts. The train has sleeper and diner service. When you wake up in the morning your train is in the country of the Philistines. It was undoubtedly about this route that Jacob took to Egypt, also Joseph and Mary with the Christ Child. The train stops at Gaza. The height Ali Muntar to which Samson carried the gates of the

Trip Cairo to
Jerusalem

city is near by. You look at the ripe wheat fields and you think of Samson's foxes as fire brands. The same country was the scene of Sir Archibald Murray's defeating the Turks in the late war. Then the train rumbles along to ancient Askalon and Ashdod, now but insignificant villages. At Ludd, the Lydda of the Bible, you have to change trains. The few minutes that you are on the platform between trains you notice that the air is laden with the scent of the orange blossom. Then the train takes you through the vale of Sharon, noted for its roses. Ekron, Gath, Gezer, Bethshemesh, Zorah, Ebenezer, etc. are all places of Biblical note that we pass, some nearer and some farther, enroute to Jerusalem. At Bithir, the last stop before Jerusalem, not bad-looking Arabian girls offered fine oranges and figs for sale. It would seem almost sacrilegious to enter Jerusalem by the iron horse. It seems quite appropriate, therefore, that the train stops about a mile away from the Jaffa gate.

We got to Jerusalem at 1:30 p.m. and went to the St. John's Hotel. Before the war it used to be run by Germans and was called Johaniter Hospiz. It is within the wall, only about two minutes' walk from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The first half day we attended to business and looked up some American missionaries who provided us with a Syrian Christian guide. He is from the town of Sidon and teaches mathematics in a Christian school here.

Yesterday we saw what is supposed to be the tomb of Jesus, the place of his trial in the palace of Pilate, the Pool Bethesda, the wailing place of the Jews. Too bad that so many of these places have so much of unreliable tradition gathered about them that one hardly knows what to believe what is said about them. In the afternoon we had a most interesting drive to Bethlehem. On the way we passed the tomb of Rachel. As you look over the hills and valleys you wonder on which one or ones Ruth gleaned, David herded, and the shepherds watched their flocks on the night of the nativity. A stone put in a field to the east is pointed out as the shepherds' hut, but, maybe. I was surprised at the apparent wealth of Bethlehem. Some of the men have made their wealth in America and have come back and have erected palatial homes. Most of the people of Bethlehem are Christians: Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics and Armenians. They use the church of the Nativity alternately. While we were there a Greek Catholic service was in progress.

Even here are signs of the late war, though no fighting was done in Jerusalem. About two miles out on the Bethlehem road there is a large collection of captured German war automobiles—at least a few hundred of them. British army camps are everywhere. In Cairo there are three. At Kantara, where we cross the Suez Canal, there is a very large one. Flooded territory and barb wire entanglements are still to be seen. Here in Jerusalem machine guns are stationed at every gate. Today a tank was being driven through the new part of Jerusalem. The local precautions

Places of
interest about
Jerusalem

are against any possible trouble that might break out. The city is full of people. It is the Jewish Passover. The Eastern churches observe Easter next Sunday. The Mohammedans observe the festival of the Prophet Moses when they journey from the Mosque of Omar to the grave of Moses, which they say is near Jericho this side of the Jordan.

This morning we attended services in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Seven denominations worship there in different parts at the same time. We attended the Greek. It is the most ornate thing I ever saw. The crowding and noise and pushing of the audience is awful though.

After these services we attended the services at the American church. There we met a Mr. Kaufman of the Old Mennonites. He and a Mr. Eash are working under the Near East Relief Committee and are stationed at the Schneller Orphanage. We will take the noon meal with them tomorrow.

We had thought of going to Jericho this week, but on account of the Mohammedan pilgrimage in that direction it would be unsafe, so we will have to put it off to the following week. But we

can spend a whole week about Jerusalem profitably. Then we are planning to go to Nazareth, Tiberias and maybe Damascus. It is possible, though not sure, that we may join an auto crowd to Beersheba for the dedication of a church next Sunday.

Your letter of Feb. 25th is the last word I received from home. I hope tomorrow I will get some forwarded mail. About May 13th we hope to land in New York.

With love,
Daddy

Next address:

Langnau, Switzerland
care of Johann Kipfer.

Taken from paper

Now let me report some of the things I have seen since my last writing. On Monday we visited what is considered the most likely place of Calvary. As one stands among the graves on that hill, for it is a Mohammedan graveyard now, one wonders whether that really is the place where our Savior died for our sins and the greater wonder fills one that He should die for sinners. From this place we went to the Tombs of the Kings of Judah. Before one of these I saw a stone disk in a groove which must be like the one the angel rolled away from the opening of the grave of Jesus.

At the Syrian (Schneller) Orphanage we found an Old Mennonite in charge. He is Rev. Eash, a city missionary of Chicago. He is working under the Near East Relief Committee. This committee has invited Dr. Schneller to come back and I understand the English government has given its permission. The Schneller Orphanage is a noble institution.

In the afternoon we passed the cemetery where the British soldiers are buried who fell in battle in the vicinity of Jerusalem in

the late war. This cemetery is north of the city. Then we visited the grand church north of the Mount of Olives that the Germans built and the Kaiser dedicated. The British use the building now and call it a government house. Then we visited the Mount of Olives from which Jesus must often have looked across the Kidron towards Jerusalem, the temple in the foreground from that direction. Then we visited the Garden of Gethsemane. It was likely somewhere in this garden that Jesus agonized in prayer over the approaching suffering on the cross until his sweat was like drops of blood. The exact spot is shown the tourist, but such information is usually problematical.

We then drove to Bethany. A little east of Bethany there is a Greek church presumably built over the rock on which Jesus sat when Martha met him after the death and before the raising of Lazarus. They show the stone. Bethany Then we were shown the tomb in which Lazarus lay. Also the home of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus was shown us. It is roofless and a cow grazing in it charged at us when she thought we would molest her young calf still standing, but wobbly on its legs. In the evening of that day we saw a converted Jew demonstrate the Jewish Passover.

Tuesday forenoon we spent on Mount Zion. A Roman Catholic church is located there. We were also shown the room of the Last Supper and the tomb of David. Both are only traditional places and now in hands of the Mohammedans. We then went into the cave known as Solomon's quarries. It goes under the city from the northwest near the Damascus gate and extends almost to the other side of the city. The Free-masons have marked a stone in it right under the Mosque of Omar. In the afternoon we went to see a military tournament put on by the British troops who are stationed here. It seems as though the country that fought against Germany because of its militarism does not think a display of military prowess dangerous. It was held on the road to Bethlehem. A cavalry from India showed up best.

Wednesday (today) we spent just walking through streets of the old part of Jerusalem, taking in the sights and smells. We visited a Jewish synagogue, then spent some time in the Tower of David near the Jaffa gate, where we saw a very creditable art exhibit by Jerusalem artists.

April 28th. Today was a day full of excitement. At eight o'clock in the morning we went to see the ceremony of feet-washing in the Greek church. Suffocating crowds everywhere. Fortunately it was in the open and thus the air was not vitiated so much. After the patriarch of the church had washed the feet of twelve of the priests, women handed their handkerchiefs to the priests and had them dipped into the water and then rubbed their faces with them. Religious fanaticism. Thousands of people were present and the whole thing was a veritable show. But a worse show awaited us when we went from there to a Mohammedan demonstration. The Mohammedan pilgrims who had gone out to the

grave of Moses were returning and thousands upon thousands of persons went out to meet them. We stood at a point of vantage about half-way between St. Stephens gate and the Kidron. Just as we got there the pilgrims were coming into sight around the south of the Mount of Olives on the Bethany road. But, although we stood scarcely a mile from there, it took them three hours to reach

our place. The reason for their slow progress lay in the fact that they were preceded by many groups of dancers. Whirling crowds danced ahead of the returning mufti and his followers. As they danced and swung canes and even swords over their heads and made crude music in a sort of rhythmic cry that was interpreted to me to mean "Jerusalem is the city of Allah. It has been conquered by the sword. Our banner has entered Medinah. We will draw the sword against any one who opposes us." Last year a number of Jews were killed at this festival. Today there were policemen everywhere. A troop of Panjabi cavalry followed the mufti. A peculiar coincidence was that the major who had charge of the forces to keep order is a Jew, an officer in the British army, born in England, and by looks every inch an Englishman. The Lord Chief Commissioner here, Mr. Samuel, also is a Jew.

Sunday, May 1st. This is supposed to be past the rainy season here in Palestine, but on Friday intermittent showers fell so we could not do much sightseeing. It was cold enough then to wear our raincoats even for comfort if not for protection against the rain. The low temperature when the sun is hid and the high cost of living on every hand are two things that surprised us in Palestine and Egypt. The rate per day for lodging and meals is equivalent to \$5 in American money. We have a room for which we pay \$1.50 each a day. No thought of running water in it. For light we have only a candle, so we can do no reading and writing after dark. The breakfast that we get here invariably consists of two boiled eggs, heavy bread, butter that I tasted once, good honey, two cups of tea. For this we pay 67 cents American money. A Boos Brothers meal in Los Angeles for that amount would seem a banquet in comparison with it. The other two meals we eat in a British restaurant.

Since the Greek Orthodox church has a later calendar than the rest of the Christian world its Easter was a month later this year than ours—it is today. On Friday was Good Friday with them and we attended what they call the burial service of Jesus. There is much kissing of the stone slab on which they claim Jesus was embalmed, then on the part of their priests much kissing of the patriarch's hand and many genuflections before him. But the big show was yesterday when the service of the holy fire took place. The Greek church claims that at a certain time on the Saturday of each year on which Jesus lay in his sepulchre fire issues from it. Members of the church not only in Palestine but even from Europe and Africa flock in for that day to light their candles by this fire. At eight in the morning we went to the open square in front of the church. Soon a surging mass with all its Oriental variety of dress

Holy fire
color, facial expressions and jargons was packed

 against the ponderous door still locked. Not caring to be in such a press, we stood on a higher place and watched it all. The Jerusalem police tried several times to get the crowd back so the doors could be swung back, but all in vain. However, suddenly the crowd surged back. Two Jews, strangers in Jerusalem, and not knowing that they were on forbidden ground, had been detected and soon a whole mob was in pursuit. One escaped, but the other was given a terrible beating until blood streamed from his face. And this by orthodox Christians who were gathering about the presumed grave of Christ who was of the Jews. If the police had not interfered, the whole thing might have culminated in murder. Soon after that a new platoon of Jerusalem police, but under command at that time of British army officers, arrived and forced a clearing in front of the door. After the jam at the door had decreased, we entered. To our surprise we found room about twenty feet from one of the holes through which the fire was to issue. We kept that in preference to a seat that was offered us in the fourth balcony. There are several branches worshipping here. After a while a priest and a policeman came and said all but the Armenians should leave this part of the building. We had an English-speaking lady of the Syrian Orphanage tell them we were Americans and that seemed to cover the multitude of our sins. We were left where we were.

The services, if they can be called such, that followed the next few hours were barbarous beyond description. A deafening din echoed throughout the sacred building. The crowd joked and chatted. Persons in one part of the building called to those in another. Those that could get to their lunch boxes and water flasks helped themselves to their contents. Suddenly, from the nave of the church, there came a noise that sounded just like the Mohammedan procession of a few days ago. And, I could hardly believe my eyes, a young Mohammedan was borne on the shoulders of others and a group of young chaps, Christians and Mohammedans, followed, shouting with the rhythmic cry so peculiar to the Orient, "Jesus, Son of Mary, we hail Thee." The leader swung a sort of banner at first and afterwards two swords. They attempted to walk around the sepulchre but could not get through the crowd. Then came a procession of Greek priests carrying picture banners showing scenes in the life of Christ. The noise and cheering that followed was worse than I have heard any football crowd make. But absolute pandemonium broke loose when the fire (lit by the patriarch, of course) issued from the Holy Sepulchre. Everybody wanted to be first to have his candle lit. There was actual fighting. Women screamed, children were trampled on, persons fainted. It is a marvel that there was no loss of life. In a few minutes the whole crowd, even into the seventh balcony, bore lighted candles. At one o'clock I left the place sick at heart. Today I enjoyed a quiet service in the German church, where an Arabian preached an excellent German sermon on prayer and an English sermon on Jesus in every-day life. What a contrast to yesterday's meeting!

Jerusalem
May 5, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

Last Monday, just as I was on the way to the auto for the drive to Jericho, the Jordan and the Dead Sea, I stopped for my mail and got your letter of April 1st in which you mention the death of Father. When I took leave of him last summer I did not expect to see him again here on earth. But since he seems to have rallied somewhat afterwards, I thought maybe after all he might linger till my return. Considering the condition in which he was, however, it was better that he could go home. Let us all live so that we meet him in heaven.

Yes, Paul's letter went to Champa after I left there, also the letters of March 11th and 18th, but I expect them all to reach me at Langnau, Switzerland, if not before I leave here. I am sorry that it does not seem practicable to have you stay in California when you, mamma, and you, Karl, prefer it. But I really believe, all things considered, it is best to go to Kansas for next year again. I am glad the children feel drawn back to their Newton friends.

We had a very pleasant drive to Jericho and surrounding country last Monday. We had been warned not to go since some travelers last week had been robbed on the road to Jericho. But we were not molested in any way. Mr. Eash, a Mennonite who is now the director of the Syrian (Schneller) Orphanage, Trip to Jericho took us there in his Ford. We started at 1 p.m. and got to the north end of the Dead Sea after the worst heat of the day. The trip is one that takes you down, down, down, through a country that has almost nothing else than rocks and gorges. After visiting the Dead Sea we drove along the Jordan Valley through modern Jericho to the ruins of the Old Testament Jericho. The N. T. city is about a mile south of that. After looking at the mounds of old Jericho Mr. Eash and I climbed to the Mount of Temptation. For the night we put up at Hotel Bellevue. As we sat on a second story porch that evening and saw the hills of Moab across the Jordan first color in the setting sun and then fade away in the night and then saw the wonderful Syrian night sky dotted with the most brilliant stars I have seen anywhere, I had to think that in this respect I saw what Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joshua, David, Christ had looked upon. The next morning we drove to the Jordan. Maybe to the place where Israel crossed it. Now the Allenby bridge spans the stream there. By noon we were back in Jerusalem.

Tomorrow we are starting on our trip northward. We have not definitely decided yet whether we will stop at Bethel and Shiloh or not. But at Nablus, the ancient Shechem, we want to stop. I will write you about it later. We had planned to sail for Naples, Italy, via Alexandria from Jaffa on May 18th. Now Jaffa is closed and under martial law because of riots there last Sunday between Mohammedans and Jews, in which fifty persons were killed and two hundred wounded. If the place does not become safer than it is now we will sail from Haifa one day earlier on the same vessel.

When we were returning from Jericho Tuesday a crowd of panic-stricken Jews were running up street away from the Jaffa gate. The false alarm had somehow spread that the Mohammedans had started to massacre them. This morning, on Ascension Day, we were paying a second visit to the Mount of Olives. While we were there another tourist told us that the news was making its rounds that tomorrow the massacre should begin. The British army officers seem to have the situation well in hand though. On every hand one meets British or Indian soldiers. Machine guns and armored motor cars point menacingly along the streets and from time to time the whirr of an airship is heard above the city. I do not look for trouble, and yet, I will feel relieved when we are out of here.

Nablus (ancient Shechem), May 6th. We got away from Jerusalem without seeing any trouble. We met a large troupe of Indian soldiers marching towards Jerusalem. Had a most wonderful drive

of two and a half hours by Ford from Jerusalem here. But the country is mostly bare rocky hills with the exception of a few narrow fertile valleys. When we got here we found that here too the feeling against the Jews is at high pitch. And, strange as this may seem, the Samaritans, too are in danger. Had not the soldiers who are stationed here protected them some might have been injured. We had scarcely driven up to the hotel when a group of men came to inquire whether we were Jews. I was a little apprehensive because Mr. Habegger is often taken for a Jew. But nevertheless, we got a guide and did some sightseeing. We went to Jacob's well and to Joseph's tomb. Then we climbed Mount Ebal. Nablus lies in the valley between the mountains Gerizim and Ebal. Tomorrow we will have an all-day carriage drive to Nazareth.

Sunday, May 8th, at Nazareth. Yesterday morning after we had our carriage engaged to take us from Nablus to Nazareth, two men came into the hotel and said it was not safe for us to go without an interpreter. An attache of the hotel nobly offered to go with us. When we asked what he would charge, he said that money was not the question, if only he could protect our lives. On the way we took an hour to see Sebastieh, the Samaria of Bible times. It is much more beautifully situated than Jerusalem. It is but a squalid village now. They show you the graves of John the Baptist and Elisha there. These of course are doubtful. But American excavators have discovered what may be ruins of the palace built here by Amri when he made this the capital of the northern kingdom. At Silet we halted and ate our lunch under a large fig tree. In the afternoon we crossed the fields west of Dothan where the other sons of Jacob herded their herds when Joseph was sent to them by his father and when they sold him to Ishmaelites.

So far there had been no signs of disturbance. When we got a few miles from Jenin, which likely is the Engannim of the Bible, we saw a group of people, led by a man swinging a Turkish sword, excitedly approaching our road by a road forking away from our left. We got to the meeting of our roads before they did. The

leader motioned for us to stop. We drove on. Soon we met an Arab with a gun. He said the group we had met was coming to Jenin to excite the Mohammedans to go on a war path against the Jews in the surrounding villages, because they had killed some Mohammedans in a village Araba. In Jenin we found crowds on the streets and much excitement. Two Ford loads of American tourists whom we had previously met in Jerusalem were there because they had been stopped by the police and had to get the permit of the local governor, before they could go through the same procedure. We found the governor at his afternoon tea but soon got his permit and his well wishes for our journey. Then trouble arose from a new quarter. Our guide and interpreter, who so nobly had offered to protect our lives, was afraid to go on. On the streets the Arabs had told him that some Beduins had stopped and robbed some travelers the night before and had even cut a woman's hand off. The colonel who has charge of the policing of this region was in the street and I asked him about matters. He said the robbery report was true, but the guilty persons were in custody and we were comparatively safe. But our guide refused to go, saying that the village of El-Fuleh, through which we had to pass, was full of Beduins. So we decided to go without him. When I gave him one pound—a little over four dollars—for six hours of service, this man who had come along only to risk his life for ours, grumbled very decidedly at the smallness of his pay.

On our way from Jenin we crossed the plain of Esdraelon or Jezrael, the most fertile part of Palestine. To the right are the mountains of Gilboa where Saul and Jonathan fell in battle. In the distance we could also see the villages Zerin and Solam which are the Jezreel and Shunem of the Bible. When we got to the village of El-Fuleh a good-sized crowd, looking quite excited, came running towards our wagon and motioned our driver to stop. Our driver could not speak a word of English and could therefore not answer our questions who these men were and what they wanted. For a moment I wondered whether our discarded guide's fears were coming true. I made out they first asked who we were and then what he knew of troubles in Nablus and Jenin. We passed a camp of scared-looking Jews building a piece of contract road. We got to the foot of the hill on which Nazareth lies just as the sun was setting. Before we could make the few miles of steep and winding road it got quite dark. But we arrived in Nazareth unmolested.

As there were no English services here this forenoon we took that time to climb a hill east of Nazareth and another to the north to look over the city. From the northern hill one can see the Mediterranean Sea to the west with Mount Carmel projecting, snow-capped Mount Hermon to the northeast, the blue hills of Jalon east of the Jordan, and the long sweep of the Esdraelon Valley to the south. Very likely Jesus often enjoyed this most exquisite view—the finest I have seen in Palestine so far. At 5:30 this evening we are planning

View from
Nazareth

to attend an English service. Tomorrow we want to do the real sightseeing. The next day go to Tiberias.

I am almost afraid to send you this letter lest it may alarm you. You may rest assured though, we are just cowards enough not to run into danger. Should conditions become alarming here we will entrain to Alexandria, Egypt and wait for our ship there. Praying that God may keep us all, I am with much love to all,

Daddy

Tiberias, Galilee
May 10, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

I shall again start on my letter some few days before mailing it. The place of the annunciation, the workshop of Jesus, the place where they tried to cast Him over a precipice after He had preached in the synagogue, and the rock table on which tradition says He dined with His disciples after His resurrection. This forenoon we looked up the lady that has charge of Dr. Schneller's work here since the war. She has lived all her life here in Nazareth and at Bethlehem and seems a sort of adviser to everybody, even including government officials. We found her very interesting. At noon we started by carriage from Nazareth on our drive to Tiberias by way of Cana. We had the unusual experience of having a shower of rain and thunder on our way. This hardly ever happens here at this time of year (harvest). We got to Tiberias at nearly 5 o'clock and are in a good hotel. This is a noisy Jewish town, but with a good many Mohammedans.

May 11th. This morning we hired a combination row-and-sail boat, manned by four men, and made the trip to the northern end of the lake to the old site of Capernaum. Nothing but ruins are left now. The Roman Catholics are planning the erection of a chapel there and have already done some interesting excavating right where a Jewish synagogue stood. It is quite likely that Jesus preached there. The building was evidently destroyed by an earthquake after the year 600. A German-speaking priest has charge of it now and was very kind to us. From the pillars and stones lying about he has made a drawing of the building as he thinks it looked. Our boat was tied right where the main street of the city must have led into the lake as we saw the pavement stones. If so, then our boat may have been where was the boat into which Jesus went when he was being crowded too much. At what was once Bethsaida, the town of Peter, Andrew, and Philip, we ate our lunch on the upper veranda of a Catholic cloister, also with a German-speaking padri. The place is so overgrown with sharp briars that we did not go outside of the cleared space about the cloister. The woes that Jesus cried out against Chorazin, Bethsaida, Capernaum have come literally true. Capernaum was exalted into heaven and has been cast down into hell. On the way back we passed Dalmanutha, and Magdala. The latter was the home of Mary Magdalena. The lake got rough enough to have white caps when we were on our return trip and

our boat rocked a good bit. We then walked south of the town about two miles to the hot baths. The water comes steaming hot out of the ground and must be permitted to cool off before it can be used for bathing. Near one of the bath houses a Jewish archeologist from Jerusalem is doing some excavating. The old city used to be south of the present one and there are ruins on every hand.

Haifa, May 13th. Yesterday morning we took a gasoline launch at Tiberias for the south end of the Lake of Galilee to Samakh the railway station. We got here just in time for lunch. We looked up a Mennonite who lives here. He used to be the teacher of P. A. Penner's father in Bardjansk, Russia, and I think also of Mrs. David Goerz. We are invited for supper to their place for tonight and to spend the evening there. We also met a Mr. Dueck whose wife is a sister to Mrs. Paulus in Los Angeles, and have promised to spend Sunday with them. They live about a three hours' drive from here towards Nazareth. During such visits we always get much information on present conditions in Palestine. This forenoon we spent ascending Mount Carmel. It affords a fine view besides being of interest because of its connections with the life of the Prophet Elijah.

May 16th. The visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lange, to which I referred, we made on the evening of the 13th, but not in their home but in the home of Mr. Stuve, their son-in-law who is a Buffalo.

At Haifa New York man and for many years was U. S. consul at this place, but for the present the consulate is not open in Haifa, all U. S. consular work being done in Jerusalem. Saturday morning we drove out to Bethlehem in Galilee to visit with Mr. and Mrs. Dueck, the latter a sister of Mrs. Christoph Paulus in Los Angeles. If you see Mrs. Paulus you might report to her that her sister is well. Of course, they have suffered some losses through the war. They are living temporarily with their adopted son, Herman Schmidt, in Bethlehem colony because their own house in Haifa, has been requisitioned by some English Army officer. We found our visit very instructive. Mr. Dueck was Austrian Consul in Haifa for seventeen years and also handled the millions that Barons Rothschild and Hirsch used to spend in Palestine on their Jewish colonization schemes. Mr. and Mrs. B. Warkentin had their home with the Dueck family when they visited in Haifa shortly before Mr. Warkentin's tragic death. We returned from Bethlehem last night. Tomorrow morning we start for Jaffa by train and the next day from there by boat for Alexandria. We are due to leave Alexandria the 21st and to arrive in Naples on the 26th.

I am beginning to count the Sundays like children do before Christmas. Eight more Sundays and we ought to be back in good old U. S. A. How soon after that I will meet you, I do not know, because you have not definitely stated your program yet. Your letters between March 4th and April 1st have not reached me yet, but they may be waiting for me in Alexandria where I ordered them forwarded. I hope you are sending my letters to Langnau, Switzerland, at present. The letter of June 17th you should send to

Southampton, England, care of Thos. Cook and Son, 32 Oxford St.
After that address me at New York City, care of Thos. Cook and
Son, 245 Broadway.

With greetings of love to all,

Daddy

Alexandria, Egypt

May 19, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

I will send you a brief report of things as they have happened since I wrote you last. But I will hold this letter and may add to it until after tomorrow. As I wrote you last Monday, we had planned to leave Haifa on Monday morning and thus get two days at Jaffa before sailing for Alexandria. But reports came in that Jaffa was still restless and we decided to make our stay there only long enough to ensure embarkation. We consequently left Haifa by rail Tuesday at ten a. m. and expected 24 hours at Jaffa. Our stay, however, was cut even shorter than that by two unlooked-for circumstances. In the first place, a derailment ahead of our train caused us to miss our first connection at Ludd and we got into Jaffa in the evening instead of early afternoon. In the second place, the Umbria sailed before eleven yesterday forenoon instead of two in the afternoon. When we got to Jaffa Tuesday evening it was too late to make inquiries about the exact hour of sailing, since all offices were closed. But Wednesday we went to the office at once after breakfast. We were told that the boat would sail very soon,

At Jaffa

since on account of a peaceable anti-Jewish demonstration planned for that day, nobody would work and hence no cargo could be loaded or unloaded and the ship might as well leave. If we would hurry and if we would get a boatman to take us out to where the ship lay at anchor, we might still get away. We were told we could get a boat in one of two ways. Either ask the governor to order the government boat to take us, or scare the boatman by telling him we were government officials and he had to take us. The first plan did not look promising to me, because the hour was too early for the governor to be in his office, and I know these English gentlemen resent an intrusion of business into their homes. I feared by the time all red tape would be unraveled, the ship would be gone. The working of the second plan should be based on a lie, so we refused it. But money buys even the impossible things in the Orient. We paid two dollars a person for a ten minute boat ride and got on board the ship. An Englishman, also a member of a Mission Board, came somewhat later and paid double our price.

For the first time on our journey we ventured to try a second-class cabin on a steamer. The Umbria is an Italian ship and I was somewhat apprehensive about the accommodations that awaited us. But I must say I have no complaint to make. Of course, from Jaffa to Alexandria we spent only 24 hours. From here to Naples we will be on the boat about five days. We will also travel second class on the Olympic from Southampton to New York, but the

transatlantic second-class service on those large steamers is of established reputation.

A number of persons who tried to disembark from our vessel at Jaffa were not permitted to do so, because all ports of Palestine are closed on account of the unrest there at present. They tried to disembark here at Alexandria and get to Palestine by rail, but were again refused. Some of them are in a pitiable plight. I tried to help one woman out by interpreting for her since she speaks only German, but I could do nothing for her.

Our ship lies in the harbor two days and we were compelled to put up in a hotel for that time. We found a very good one. It is the first time we have indulged in a room with private bath since we left America. It is the first chance we had to do so. We are getting nearer to civilization again.

Not caring to lug my steamer trunk with me everywhere I went in Palestine, I left it with Cook's in Cairo to be sent to their office here. When I called for it today, it had not yet arrived. They phoned for it and assured me it would arrive tomorrow. I am going to send it on to Southampton from here so I need not pass customs with it at every boundary I pass. In some countries it would cost half as much to send my trunk as my ticket would cost me.

I expected to find a number of letters here from you but have not received any so far. Since the letter dated March 4th I have received only the other one dated April 1st. My forwarding instructions must have been ignored somewhere. It will be June 4th or 5th before we get to Langnau, Switzerland. I hope though that some of my mail will have preceded me there. We hope to get to Naples May 26th. Then we want to spend two days at Naples, go to Rome and spend two days there, then go to Milan for one day's visit, then to Switzerland. From there our program will be shaped by our ability or lack of it to get into Germany. You ought to have this letter about the middle of June. The letter you write on June 16th you might address to Southampton, England, care of Thos. Cook and Son, 32 Oxford St. But send none there later. June 23rd and 30th, and July 1st you may write to New York City, care of Thos. Cook and Son, 245 Broadway. After that hurrah for home!

May 21st. I have received my trunk and we are leaving. Saw some rioting here caused by a spirit of "away from England" in Egypt. Will send you more about that later.

With love,
Daddy

Crossing from Alexandria to Naples via the Mediterranean
S. S. Umbria
May 22, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

The stationery I am using might lead you to think that I'm still in Alexandria, but such is not the case. We sailed from here at 3

Meeting a schoolmate on the Mediterranean p.m. yesterday, and I am writing this on board of the "S. S. Umbria" bound towards Italy. Sailing is fine and service is good. We have a young blonde Italian in the cabin with us who is a banker by profession, was a Y.M.C.A. worker during the war and speaks a fairly good English. On this boat I also met a Dr. McCowan who was a schoolmate of mine in Evanston and has spent eight months in Palestine doing research work. He teaches religion in a school in Berkeley, California.

I alluded to riots in Alexandria in the letter that I mailed yesterday. When we were in Cairo a month ago we saw parades that were anti-British demonstrations. These have been kept up during the intervening weeks in Alexandria and Cairo. Quite an opposition to England's control of Egypt has thus been worked up. The first night that we were in Alexandria I was Anti-British not in Alexandrixa roused from my sleep, soon after retiring, by a fearful racket. Another demonstration was passing our hotel. The next morning we found out that the front windows of some British stores had been smashed, some people had been killed and a number wounded. The next day there was another parade in the afternoon. Threats had been made that all stores having British goods would have their windows smashed. Most stores therefore put up their board protectors against their windows and closed shop. The parade came off and stores were being opened again. But a large number of boys hardly in their teens yet kept up the racket. They got control of a number of street cars, riding even on top of them. When they got to a street corner where there is a large department store, Morum's, a number of carts used for hauling garbage arrived. They were loaded with stones. The boys left the street car and soon pelted Morum's windows with the stones and hit them with clubs that they carried. They broke six large plate glass front. Before they did any looting to amount to anything the employees of the store drove them away. All this time the police was absent. A group of about fifty young men marched toward the place shouting in chorus: "Down with England, down with George." When an English officer and six soldiers appeared the whole cowardly parade dispersed, but the crowd in the street showed an ugly mood. All this we saw from our hotel window. More casualties took place in another part of the city that night, but it was hard to get reliable reports. We were glad to shake the dust of Alexandria from our feet yesterday. Opposition to English rule in India, Egypt, Palestine, and South Africa. Has England bitten off more than it can chew?

There being no service this morning I have started this letter to you, but I shall not mail it until next Sunday somewhere in Italy. After this Sunday I hope there will be only seven more on foreign soil or waters. The intervening weeks will be full of interesting things, yet, they may slip by but slowly, I fear.

May 25th. Monday was an uneventful though very pleasant day on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Yesterday made up by being full of events. A little before noon the snow cap of Mount

Aetna became visible. At one o'clock we anchored at old Syracuse on the island of Sicily. There we had to leave seven prisoners conveyed by our ship from Alexandria. After leaving Syracuse again about five o'clock we saw Aetna belching forth volumes of steam and smoke. For dinner we had our first ice cream on this ship. At eight o'clock our ship anchored at Catania. A number of people still went ashore, we two did not. As a closing event of the day a big fat woman had a fit. So you see yesterday was not dull. Today has been very interesting. Since our ship stayed in the harbor of Catania until ten this morning, Mr. H. and I went ashore and had an hour's drive through the city. We found a city of about 40,000 with good buildings and streets. They have utilized a natural mound in the heart of the city for a very well laid out park. Then we saw a Roman amphitheatre that has been excavated. We also saw two excellent statuary fountains. The voyage today has led along Sicily to our left. A long while Aetna was visible in various shapes as we looked at it from different angles.

Aetna

All along there were cities and villages so close together that we could often hardly tell where one quit and the other began. When we got to the Straits of Messina this was true on both sides. We were so close to both shores that with the field glass we could see the ruins of cities wrecked by an earthquake when Messina suffered so much a few years ago. A few hours later we passed Stromboli to our left. We are due in Naples early tomorrow morning. Dr. McCowan, two Englishmen whose acquaintance we made on this ship, and we will likely see Naples together.

Naples, Italy, May 27th. Our vessel got into the Naples harbor yesterday morning at 6 o'clock, but it was nine before we pulled up

Naples

to the pier, since we had to wait for the medical and police inspectors. It was past ten by the time we got to the Continental Hotel. At 12 o'clock we five started on a 75 or 80-mile auto trip to the southeast of Naples. The trip is advertised as one giving the best combination of mountain and sea-coast scenery in Europe. It is the most wonderful drive by far that

Amalfi drive

I have ever made. The road utilizes natural ledges on the mountain side, or these have been widened, or made artificially altogether by blasting, at a number of places the spurs projecting into the very sea have been tunneled. At places vertical cliffs tower hundreds of feet above the road, at places retaining walls have been built on the water's edge, at other places yawning chasms have been spanned by bridges. There is a continuous making of curves and a repeated climbing of grades and shooting down into depressions. We were told that today the king's daughter made the same trip and even lunched at the same hotel at Amalfi.

This forenoon Mr. H. and I spent in Pompeii. I bought an album of pictures of that place and will reserve remarks on it until

Pompeii

then when I can show them. The afternoon we used for a horseback ride up Vesuvius. He acted up nicely for us while we stood and looked down into his crater.

He spit fire, belched forth huge rocks and then swallowed them again, rumbled and roared like a distant cannonading. The wind was favorable so we had no smoke and soot blown on us. Naples is a most beautiful and most wonderful place. Tomorrow forenoon we plan to see the aquarium and the museum and then start for Rome at 2 p.m.

Rome, Italy

May 29, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

As we had planned to do, we left Naples at 2 p.m. yesterday and arrived here at 7 last night. Yesterday forenoon we visited the Aquarium at Naples which is world famed. I doubt though whether its collection of sea animals is more wonderful than that we saw at Hawaii. Of course, each collection is somewhat different from the other and it is therefore hard to compare.

The trip from the aquarium to the museum was hurriedly made since we wanted to see that yet, before lunching at our hotel at 12:30. This is the first large and noted collection of sculpture and paintings that I have seen on our trip. Then they have a large collection of things excavated from the ruins of Pompeii. But we had only two hours for the whole museum and had to do things rather hurriedly.

The journey from Naples to Rome was made in a fast but crowded train. The trip was very interesting though, as it led between mountains on both sides of the road. At times the snows of a range to our left were seen. The valleys seem to be very fertile and have excellent crops. Villages are to be seen in all possible places. The older kind are often on the most inaccessible heights. Even before we got to Rome we got a glimpse into its ancient things by riding for some distance along one of its old aqueducts. The two Englishmen that I mentioned, Dr. McCowan and we two came here to Rome at different times, but we all got into the same hotel again, the Park.

This forenoon Dr. McCowan and we two attended high mass services at St. Peter's Church. You may guess that we did not get the service but got the sights. What colossal outlay it must have meant to erect that mass of marble and have all those paintings done.

This afternoon our whole quintette had planned to start out at 2:30 and see some more churches, but rain spoiled it all. This may prolong our stay here slightly. We are not yet decided whether we will stop in Milan on our way to Switzerland or not. If we do not, then we will be in Langnau by next Sunday where I hope to get mail from you. Your last letter was dated April 1st, and I am hence getting anxious to have further news. I hope you are all well. I am in the finest of health.

With love to all,

Daddy

Genoa, June 1, 1921

Dear Folks:

We are at Genoa for tonight and I will start a few lines to you, though I will not send my letter until I have gotten to Langnau and have read the ones I hope to receive from you there. We hope to be in Langnau by Saturday sometime.

In Rome we did most of our sightseeing yesterday and day before yesterday. On both days rain in the afternoon somewhat interfered with our program or at least made our excursions less pleasant. I wrote you last Sunday of having seen St. Peter's Church. It is the largest in the world. But St. John's and St. Paul's churches that we visited later are not small either. Just think of it! St. Paul's in its longest wing has eighty granite pillars each four feet in diameter and about forty feet high. Two other granite pillars are even larger. An outside colonade has several dozens of somewhat smaller marble pillars. The whole ceiling of that immense structure is gilt.

The ruins of the Coliseum we also visited. You know what it is so I will not describe. Of the forty-two catacombs about Rome we visited only a part of one. The whole of it at one time harbored 80,000 bodies of Christians.

In the Vatican museum and art gallery we spent over half a day and really but walked through the building. The great artists surely wrought wonders with brush and chisel. Raphael and Michelangelo seem a little more real to me now. Of the hills of Rome I ascended only one and had a fine view of the city.

At 8:20 this morning we left Rome and after almost twelve hours of riding on a fast express train arrived in Genoa. The trip led through quite a variety of country from lowland plains to extremely mountainous country. In the afternoon we went through Pisa where we saw the leaning tower, but only from the train. The last few hours we went through forty-three tunnels and were really under ground more than above. This part of the trip was quite dirty.

Milan, Italy, June 2, 1921. This morning we spent a few hours before train time viewing Genoa though only quite hastily. Of course, one of the places we visited was the monument for Columbus, since he was a Genoese. At ten minutes before eleven we left Genoa and got here at two. Had I been alone I would have gone to Florence before coming here to see some of the famous paintings there, but Mr. Habegger saw them eight years ago and did not care to go again. Here in Milan we saw da Vinci's famous "Lord's Supper." It is beginning to show that it is over four hundred years old. It was painted direct onto the wall and shows age by peeling off. We also saw the wonderful cathedral here. Its exterior far surpasses St. Peter's or St. Paul's at Rome, but not its interior. We also had a most interesting drive through the city. Tomorrow morning we intend to leave for Switzerland.

Thun, Switzerland, June 3, 1921. This morning at 8:30 we left

Milan in Italy and arrived here at 4 p. m. The trip began by a little excitement. The train had scarcely got under full speed when Mr. Habegger discovered that he had either lost his pocketbook or some one had stolen it from him. In it were his steamship and railroad tickets and a few other papers of minor value, but no cash. But he had not wanted to take any Italian money to the

Milano Swiss border, fearing loss in exchange, so he had not cashed any traveler's checks and was without money. By eating only a lunch instead of a full meal I could spare enough to get him here, where he could cash a check. His S. S. ticket can be duplicated free.

In Italy we rode along beautiful Lake Maggiore fed by mountain streams. We had traversed miles of irrigated valley land before reaching the lake. In that part of the country the wine and

Lake Maggiore silk industries seem to be leading. Not very long after leaving Domodossola we entered the Simplon tunnel, which, as you know from your study of geography, is the longest tunnel in the world. While in it we crossed the Italian-

Simplon Tunnel Swiss boundary. It took our train twenty-eight minutes to go through the tunnel. A little farther on we passed through the Loetchberg tunnel, which took another thirteen minutes. But since besides these two large tunnels there are many smaller ones, the whole distance from the entrance of the Simplon to Thun the road is electric and thus the trip clean though through tunnels.

The Swiss scenery is simply enchanting. It has a charm unlike that of any other scenery I have seen so far. The valleys are a velvety carpet of green. As one looks down upon them from the

Enchanting scenery train as it skirts the mountain side hundreds of feet above them, they look as though an artist

had blocked out in irregular shapes his canvas by using different shades of green for the various blocks. The roads and streams then look like lines of gray running through these blocks. A little higher up is the field of darker green where evergreens grow as straight and as pointed as church spires. Valleys and hillsides are enlivened by villages and farm houses. The more modern houses are built on the cottage plan with white walls and red tile roofs. The country homes are built of stone wall, roof and all—and therefore are a more monotonous gray. Down the mountain sides rush the mountain streams, some so small that they look like mere silver threads dangling from no one knows where, others are of sufficient size so that the water power they contain is converted into electric current. Some of these streams make tremendous leaps over awful precipices and are dashed to feathery foam as they reach a lower ledge. The roar of them can even be heard over

More scenery the noise of the fast moving express train. Above these mountain torrents, and towering even into the very clouds, are the fields of snow, dazzling white, and below are the placid lakes into which the water is collected after it has lost its turbulence and which reflect the beauties of nature about them. When one feasts his own eyes and soul on these things he

wishes that he were artist or poet so that he could put onto canvas or into verse these wondrous sights and have the absent ones enjoy them at least in a measure.

Langnau, June 5th. Yesterday forenoon the weather was fair and we could attend to our business in Thun and then enjoy the scenery on the way here. We got to Langnau at noon and after eating our lunch came out to Rev. Kipfer's. I was keenly disappointed to find only one letter from home here—Paul's of March 31st. Of course, I was glad to receive it and the pictures of Ruth and Paul, but I had expected to get all those written during March and April. Especially those sent to Port Said should all be here. My last news from home was dated April 1st. That seems awfully long ago.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. H. and I were caught in a rain in a pine woods on top of a hill to which we had climbed. The shelter of a tree kept us dry though. This afternoon I preached here. It soon began to rain after the services and is still at it. We can enjoy scenery only forenoons. Every afternoon it rains.

We are lodging in Rev. Kipfer's home. The house is a huge affair into which one could put several of our homes. On the lower floor the family lives. The second is used as church for a congregation of about 300 members. On the third floor are several guest rooms and store rooms. From this third story my bed room window opens over a mountain brook that flows musically right past the house.

Our plan is to leave here tomorrow and go to Luzern. Then we want to ascend the Rigi. We will then have to spend some little time in Bern to get the necessary visas on our passport. If we get permission to go into Germany we will look up Mennonites at Ingolstadt, Heilbron, Weiherhof, Berlin. Then go to Amsterdam, then up the Rhine to Cologne, then through the battle fields of France to Paris, then to London. We will not attempt to visit any other parts of England than London.

With much love to all,
Daddy

Sonceboz, Switzerland
June 9, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

We arrived here today, Mr. Habegger early this forenoon and I this afternoon, at the home of Mr. Samuel Gerber. Mrs. Gerber is a cousin of Mr. H. and a sister of Louis Beer, the book colporter in America. While Mr. H. is visiting with his relatives I will begin a letter to you. As we leave for Germany soon, I may not mail this letter in Switzerland any more.

We left Langnau last Monday morning and went via Luzern to the Pilatus. We had planned to ascend the Rigi but changed our plan upon advice of Cooks at Luzern. We made the ascent by cog road similar to the one going up Pikes Peak but much steeper. At

a number of places the grade is 48 percent. We had scarcely begun the ascent from Alpnachstadt when it began to rain. Our view was thus spoiled. After our dinner in the hotel on top we still got a good view of the valleys below and after dark of the lights of the surrounding towns. Even before we were called at 3:30 for the dawn and sunrise the next morning, I was awake and watched the most brilliant morning star that I have ever seen. A disappointment was that everything lower than about one thousand feet be-

On Pilatus

low us was under cover of a dense fog. But the novelty of the sight soon made the disappointment yield to intense satisfaction. It looked as though all the rest of the world except the mountain peaks had sunk into a storm tossed sea. The roaring of the mountain streams below the fog intensified this feeling. Then the northeastern sky began to color with the morning light. At 4:25 o'clock the sun rose and gorgeously lit up the layers of fog in that direction. After a while the fog that had looked like waves of the sea turned white in the light of full day and looked like drifts of snow on a treeless western prairie. The tinkling of the bells of many herds below us came up through the "drifted snow" and gave an effect of being in some fairy land. Then the bleating of sheep below that white cover made one feel like going down and digging them out of the snow. Rigi, which we had first planned to ascend but were now glad that we did not, would alternately emerge and then disappear again as the fog would rise or fall. The snow peaks above the fog—Eiger, Monch, Jungfrau, and many of less renown—had turned a beautiful purple in the rising sun and then a dazzling white. We drank in this unusual grandeur about us for over two hours. In spite of overcoats and blankets over our shoulders we felt chilled, for snow still lay on the cragged slopes of Pilatus. But we agreed that the wonderful sight was worth every effort and expense. A couple from Holland and another from Berkeley, California, felt the same way about it. When we descended the peak we found that the layer of fog was about one thousand feet thick. Beneath it the view was clear again though the sky, of course, was overcast and the mountain tops hidden.

Our next visit that day was to the Aareschlucht near the town of Meiringen. This chasm through which the River Aar runs is similar to our American Royal Gorge in Colorado. It is smaller

Aareschlucht

and more tortuous. At places the opening is only about a yard wide. A walk has been built along the seething waters over this stream. At the narrow places the walk is hung over the water just like the Rio Grande Railway is hung over the Arkansas River in the Royal Gorge. On this walk one can walk to the upper end of the chasm in about an hour. There a mountain village is hidden in an idyllic kettle-like place in the mountains.

Our next visit after Meiringen was Berne. We went there primarily to get the necessary visas for our passports. We spent all of my birthday visiting the various consulates. We had to see the consuls of the United States, Great Britain, France, Holland, Ger-

many. All but the first wanted some of our good American money and the British even had to have some more of our pictures.

In Switzerland one hears the same Swiss everywhere that we heard in Berne, Indiana. The names on business places also have a familiar look. Here at Sonceboz, however, Swiss, French, French is the official language. As soon as we Italian left Biel all announcements in the train were made in French. The conversation of the passengers was in French. The only sentence I heard in Swiss was: "Heit ihr anes brunge?"

On my birthday I got your letter of April 28th addressed to Port Said. The next day I got the one of May 19th addressed to Langnau. Your report about changes in the Bethel faculty interested me very much. In fact, no letters between the sending date of March 4th and March 30th and again April 1st and April 28th have reached me. I will get no letters now until I reach Amsterdam, Holland, about June 22nd. Maybe some of the lost letters will reach me there. Our plan now is to arrive in Ingolstadt June 12th, Heilbron, June 14th, Weierhof, June 16th, Cologne, June 18th, Berlin, June 20th, Amsterdam, June 22nd or later, Paris, about June 28th, London, about July 1st. At Amsterdam, Paris and London my address will be Thos. Cook and Son, but, of course, you cannot write there anymore after this letter reaches you.

June 12th, Ingolstadt, Germany. We got here this afternoon at 2 o'clock. We left Sonceboz, Switzerland, yesterday morning at 6:28 and traveled over Basel, Karlsruhe, Stuttgart and Ulm. We should have arrived here last night at 11:30 but when we changed Helmansberg trains at a little place by the name of Neuoffingen we found our second train gone and no hotel there. So we got right back onto the train and went to Augsburg for the night. Now I have just phoned to Rev. M. Horsch at Helmansberg and he is sending a conveyance to take us to his home where we will spend tomorrow

Germany is the cheapest place to tour that we have struck yet. Last night's lodging and this morning's breakfast cost us together 45 cents for each person. Today we traveled on the train for two hours for 21 cents each person. A bus took us and baggage a mile Cheap travel from station to hotel for 2 1-2 cents each. The poor German exchange makes it so advantageous to Americans.

Daddy

Berlin, Germany
June 19, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

Since writing you last, I have had a rather busy time and a full program. After visiting at Ingolstadt for two days we returned to Augsburg. Rev. M. Horsch came with us and we hired an automobile and drove to a place by the name of Lechfeld. It used to be a training camp for Bavarian soldiers but is now occupied by about fifty Russian refugee families--

Mennonites and Baptists. They are breaking the training meadows and putting in crops in them.

The following night we spent in Muenchen. Had time not been so limited I would have gone out to Eichstock, the home of your ancestors. Both at Ingolstadt and at Muenchen we had a consultation with the visiting nurses who distribute the gifts that are sent by our Menmonite Emergency Relief Commission.

The most extensive help by our commission is rendered in the Erzgebirge with Annaberg in Saxony as a center. So we visited there next. We first had a meeting of a few hours with the city officials from whom we got figures and facts as to the needs and the help rendered. Then we went with two visiting nurses and two pastors into the most needy homes. We found conditions tallied with reports. Many babes born that weigh less than five pounds. Infant mortality great. School children often undersized. Some come to school ill-fed and ill-clothed. One family with five children buys only half a pound of meat on Sundays, none the rest of the week. In one home nine persons have to sleep in four single beds. In many homes there were no bed clothes left any more. These people used to do lace work and head work, but demand is poor now for these articles.

Day before yesterday we arrived here in Berlin. It is the finest city we have visited so far. We called on J. Quirings once and are going again this afternoon. You may know that they are starting back to America in August. He will teach in the Bluffton Seminary. They also told me of the March storm they had had in Bethel. I had not heard of it before. Poor Bethel! when will its troubles end?

Here in Berlin it was very hot before we arrived. Now it is very cold. This morning at church most men kept their overcoats on. We attended in the church at Charlottenburg that the last Kaiser had erected of his own means. We heard Dr. Conrad, whom the Kaiser often heard, preach a very helpful sermon. Every church in which we have been in Germany—only three so far—has been crowded to its doors. Do such people deserve to be called "Huns"?

From here we plan to go to Heilbronn, Weierhof, Kaiserwert, Koeln, Amsterdam, battle fields in France, England, then home. It is only skipping through. Only three more Sundays abroad and then comes home. We are glad for it.

Praying that you may all be kept from harm of any kind, I am,

With much love,

Daddy

Amsterdam, Holland
June 25, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

We have just arrived here and have had our supper at the

hotel, and I will write you a few lines yet before going to bed. As I am beginning this letter it is ten o'clock and I really ought to retire, but it does not seem like bed time yet since it is hardly dark

Amsterdam enough to make a light necessary as I write. I will not send this letter off until I have received my mail at the office of Thos. Cook and Son next Monday. The office is closed tonight and tomorrow. I do not know whether this letter will still reach you in Los Angeles or not. Maybe the mail that I hope to get Monday will give me the necessary information.

We left Berlin last Monday morning and rode all day on a fast express train to Heilbronn in Wurtemberg. Just think of it. We had a thirteen hour ride in a comfortable compartment car and paid only about three dollars in American money. It is less than a cent

Gemeindeblatt a mile with the present rate of exchange. I went to Heilbronn to get acquainted with Rev. Philip Hege, who is the editor of the "Gemeindeblatt." This is a paper for the Mennonites of Southern Germany like our "Bundesbote" is in America. Rev. Hege is an uncle to Henry Hege in Bethel College. We also visited a Rev. Claassen there who used to be missionary in Java but could not return on account of ill health.

We left Heilbronn Wednesday morning and got to Weierhof that evening. That day we had to change trains five times. At the

Hellbronn Weierhof we visited Rev. Cr. Neff. You may remember that he and his wife visited in America just before the war. They have both aged very much in these years. The following day there was a Mennonite preachers' conference at Rev. Neff's home and we learned to know all the Mennonite preachers of the Palatinate. Neff and Hendiges are the two leading spirits. We also visited the school at the Weierhof and got

Weierhof a very good impression of the two Drs. Goebel who are the leading spirits in the school. The equipment of the institution is rather meager though.

On Friday we had a nine hours' ride down the wonderful Rhine by the boat Barbarossa. We started at Mainz, went past Bingen, the Lorelei Rock, Koblenz, Bonn, and ended the The Rhine voyage at Koeln. The scenery along this part of the river deserves all the fame it has enjoyed for some time.

At Koeln we wanted to see Dr. Schneller, but found that he had gone to Jerusalem to see about getting his orphanage back from the English. Our ships must have passed somewhere in the Mediterranean Sea. Mrs. Schneller, however, gave us much valuable information. She is a wide-awake woman, interesting and cultured. In Koeln we did no sightseeing except that we stepped into their noted Dome. It is across the street from the hotel in which we stayed. We left Koeln this noon at one o'clock and arrived here at 8:40 this evening. Mrs. Schneller is the daughter of Dr. Tischendorf of N. T. Manuscript fame.

Koeln

Monday, June 27th. We find Amsterdam interesting for its quaintness. The many canals by the side of the street look better than they smell though. Yesterday forenoon we attended services

at the Doopsgezinde (Mennonite) Church. We found a quaint mixture of modern and antique there. The church has a membership of six thousand, but I am sure not more than six hundred were present. Rev. Stuyvenberg, the secretary of their mission board, was a visitor in the pulpit and preached on the text: "Watchman, what of the Night?" You may remember that was the text of

Doopsgezinde
Church

my sermon that was published in pamphlet form. His sermon was in Dutch. By putting my knowledge of Low German to intensive use I understood enough of his sermon to get its drift. In spite of some antiquated practices in the service, the congregation is the most fashionable Mennonite gathering I have ever seen. The ministers, the choir leader, and other church officials all wore silk hats. In the afternoon I had a meeting with the chairman, secretary, and treasurer of their mission board. They all speak German and some English. I found out that one of their board members starts for America tomorrow to collect for their deficit. I frankly told them that they should have asked us and we would have told them to wait until our own deficit is paid. I am to meet the man at dinner tonight. But it is too late now to stop him since he is booked to sail tomorrow.

This forenoon I got my mail at Cook's office. It contained your two letters of May 26th and the draft for \$250.00. You interpreted me correctly that I wanted to have the money by mail and not by wire. I see now that I would not have needed quite so much, since travel and living were so cheap in Germany.

I have done almost no sightseeing in Europe as I was looking up mission and relief matters. Every place where people remark about our short stay I say that in a few years I am coming back with my wife. So do not lose hope for a visit here yet.

Tomorrow morning we are leaving for Paris. From there we will look at some of the battlefields. Then we will hurry to England to sail on July 6th. We ought to be in New York by July 13th, all going well. I am sending this letter to Los Angeles since I do not know the date of your leaving there.

With love greetings to all, I am,

Daddy

Arras, France
July 1, 1921

Dear Folks at Home:

I am writing this letter ahead of my usual time primarily to have you get one from me from France, and since a later one written from England would not reach you ahead of my arrival, for two weeks from today or tomorrow I hope to be in Newton. Of course, whether this letter will still find you in Los Angeles or not I do not know, since you do not give me the date of your leaving there.

Last Tuesday on our trip to Paris from Amsterdam we went through Haarlem, The Hague, Antwerp, Brussels. Antwerp was

On battlefields the place where I embarked for America nearly
 forty-seven years ago. So I crossed my path of
then, but I found no marks of it any more. From that place also
we began to see occasional signs of devastation of the late war.
Our journey then led through places that have become familiar
through the war: St. Quentin, Noyon, Channy, Compiègne, etc.
Here there is devastation on every hand.

Wednesday we took two sightseeing trips through Paris. Yesterday we spent a long strenuous day around Verdun. Today we are at Arras and from here have seen Vimy Ridge, Lens and Souchez. I do not have the time now to give a description of what we have seen. But it is awful. You shudder when you stand near Verdun and see the very fields where one million men lost their lives. Of the once dense forest there is nothing left. The country is full of explosion holes. Bleaching bones of partly-buried soldiers

Awful sights can be seen. Unexploded shells and hand grenades make cautious stepping necessary for the tourist. Frequently soldiers were buried where they fell. The protruding gun barrel or bayonet point marks their grave. Piles and piles of barbed wire lie rolled up, but acres of it still are where it served as entanglement. And the trenches! Some are like the old-fashioned kind used to be—mere ditches, but others are elaborate underground labyrinths. We were in a French cave yesterday that was said to have had room for eight hundred soldiers to sleep in it. Today we were in a German cave near La Targette that is six tiers deep and used to house six thousand soldiers. This is between Arras and Lens in the Vimy Ridge region. Right across the road is an immense cemetery, showing what kind of work must have been done here. Arras, the city in which we are staying tonight, was badly ruined. But Lens, a great coal mining center, was wrecked totally. Of the houses that had furnished homes for 100,000 persons not one can be seen today. Homes and business are in temporary shacks, and the place looks like an American frontier town in a region just opened for settlement. Pathetic efforts are being made to fill the enormous shell holes and make the town habitable and the fields tillable again.

Tomorrow morning we leave for London. We will go through Lille and will be in the Ypres region but we will not stop as we want to be in London by tomorrow night. This will give us Sunday and about two week days in London for on Wednesday we hope to be on the Olympic and off to America.

Your letter containing the Langenwalter letter has not been received yet. If I do not get it at Southampton I suppose it will be returned to you.

Well, Mr. Habegger is in dreamland and I ought to be there too, so good-night; auf Wiedersehn.

With love,

Daddy

SUPPLEMENT

The following articles appeared in the issues of "The Menno-nite" at the time when "Letters" were written, and, though they cover the same ground with the Letters and will therefore have some repetition of them, they may, nevertheless, explain some things that would remain obscure, if not followed by these articles. Let that be an excuse for adding to the volume, already become too long.

The Author

An incident occurred when I was staying over night in a Chinese inn, an incident not at all unusual in its nature, that proved that after all human nature is very much the same the world over. Before the first streaks of dawn in the east a voice was heard calling, if interpreted into the language of the U. S., "Henry, Henry, it is time to get up." A sleepy response of, "Yes, father," and then a period of silence unbroken by any movements. Then a repetition of the call, the answer and the lack of results. Finally a more vigorous and maybe less printable reminder that the time to get up had arrived, and the boy went with shuffling gait to his early chores. I could not help but think of the same scenes being enacted in the homeland every morning. Yes, these elemental physical needs of food, shelter, rest; how they make all humanity akin! I had dozed off to sleep once more and fancied that I heard some cook or housewife pounding the steak for breakfast. When I woke up I realized that the noise I had heard was not the pounding of a breakfast steak, it came from bellows being pulled to fan the fire in the stove of the kitchen inn, slow because of the poor burning material. A simple millet gruel was likely being prepared for a breakfast to be eaten about the middle of the forenoon. Very likely there wasn't a steak served in the whole village that morning. The same physical hunger, but in one part of the world steak is served to satisfy it, in another part of the world there is nothing but a thin, watery millet gruel.

Our plan of reaching our substation could be accomplished. The mission chapel at that place was deemed preferable to any Chinese inn there. It served, therefore, as kitchen and dining room, even as a reception room to native Christians, as a place for religious meeting in the evening and as a bedroom at night. Part of the afternoon we spent with the native evangelist on his tour to places of concourse for the purpose of reaching some people with the gospel of Christ. We stopped at a heathen temple near the tower of the city. Soon a gathering was about us to have a square look at the two white men—the only ones for miles round. Rev. Brown and the evangelist soon found occasion to offer the people some of the teachings of Christ in written and in spoken form. In the audience were blind and ragged beggars, matter-of-fact business men, long-nailed gentlemen. The listening was very different with different persons also. There was undisguised surprise, an unemotional attentiveness,

and absolute indifference. And yet, some seed may have fallen on good ground. In the meeting that was held in the chapel that evening there seemed good interest in the gospel.

The next day we had a long drive to make so we had to get an early start. At two in the morning we got up. By three o'clock we had eaten our breakfast, packed our things and were starting. The native colporter served as torch bearer for the procession, going ahead with the lantern to light the way. When we got to the triple city gate and had to be let out by the gate keeper, it took some considerable time before that worthy could arouse himself sufficiently to turn his monster key and swing the ponderous gate (two had been left open). Then into the spooky night under the Chinese sky we wended our way past a clump of sacred trees where spirits are supposed to dwell. But whether on account of our skepticism in such matter or because the witching time of night had passed, we went by the place and saw nothing unusual. Some time after this though there appeared something in the road that looked as though it might challenge our right to pass that way. Just before we got to it, it turned out, however. The light of the lantern revealed it to be a yoke of oxen pulling a crude wooden sled on which were placed a plow and a harrow. Having heard much of the thievish disposition of the Chinese of the lower classes, I thought this man was just taking home his "haul" for the night. But soon another moving object along the road attracted my attention. It was another Chinese farmer with his oxen and his plow, but no more on the road with them but actually plowing. And soon I faintly saw another similarly engaged, and another, and another, and many more as we went along. In the field plowing, two hours before the first signs of day being content with the little light of a moon in its last quarter and that hid behind fleecy clouds. I had to think of the millet gruel that was awaiting these people for breakfast. If the food of these people is scant, it is not because they are lazy. Nor is it because they do not exercise strictest economy in other matters. That same day I noticed a group of boys standing under a tree. In their hand they each had a stick into whose end had been inserted a pointed nail. What lucious fruit were they expecting to drop from the tree? None whatever, for the tree was an ordinary cottonwood. But leaves colored by the autumn chills would come fluttering down and these they were expected to harpoon and carry home for fuel. And then I saw other children in fields that had been harvested. The harvesters had been followed by the gleaners and took home for fuel not only the stubble but the roots under the stubble. And a few hundred miles away there are beds of coal that have not been disturbed by the miner's pick. Superstition and mutual suspicion have been a barrier.

For miles we drove on the second dike of the Yellow River that day. The river had broken through the first dike and inundated many villages and fields, causing very much damage. At times even the second dike breaks and then loss of property is great, and even lives are often lost. But we saw that the water

was still a good distance from the top of the dike on which we were driving and we felt quite safe. A minor annoyance came to us, however. We had planned on stopping at a certain village near the dike for an early lunch, since our breakfast had been exceedingly early. When we got opposite to the village we found that recent rains had filled the hollow roads with water to such an extent that approach from the side of the dike was just about impossible. So we drove on. But the same conditions prevailed in several other places. Thus it got to be one o'clock before we got our lunch. Just eleven hours since breakfast time. Perhaps it was well though that our appetite had been given a chance to become keen, for the surroundings of our lunching place were not appetizing at all. When the keeper of the inn where we stopped was asked whether he had a room in which we could prepare and eat our lunch, he assured us that he had. When we got to the room there were six hogs occupying it. Whether we were the intruders or they remained an undecided question. When they had been driven out, the opening where the door should have been soon filled with curious Chinese. I had just finished remarking that they would at least help keep out the hogs, when we noticed that these disgruntled animals came back into the room through a small hole in the rear wall. So while we were eating we had to give an occasional kick at the four-legged intruders, both hogs and dogs and a reminder to our Chinese visitors to give us a little more room. But the repast tasted very good nevertheless.

Before long we were back on the dike again, driving at more than our usual speed, so we would get to the place of crossing before the last ferry of the afternoon had left. We arrived just in time. After the usual amount of pushing and shouting our cart and mules and we were on the boat and starting. On account of high water the current was strong and carried us about two miles below our intended landing place. Our boatmen had expected it though and were not excited. Soon they were in the water and were towing us up-stream on the opposite bank. Running onto a few sand bars delayed us so that the sun had set before we landed.

It was about 10 o'clock before we reached our mission station at Tung Ming Hsien. All had retired except Mr. Boehr. But soon a meal was prepared. When we retired it was 11 o'clock, just twenty-one hours since we had got up that morning. But in the missionary's life such experiences will come.

To another phase of the missionary's traveling experiences my attention was called when I wanted to leave Tung Ming about a week later. Several times when we wanted to enter the city, going from the mission compound to the church, we had found the gates closed. When the city official returned my call the evening before I left Tung Ming, he explained that the city gates had been closed because a band of robbers had taken possession of a village only five miles away. He further offered me a retinue of soldiers to protect me on my journey the next day. This, of

course, I refused. The next day I made my trip on a Chinese cart unmolested and reached my destination safely. On every hand there were indications, though, that the danger from robbers is a real one. I was advised against making the trip to the Mennonite mission at Shanhsien because the robbers were bad there just then. At Tsaohsien Rev. Bartel, the superintendent of the Mennonite mission there related how the robbers had taken away two of their lady workers and held them for a ransom, but finally returned them unmolested even without a ransom. At Tangshan Rev. E. Kuhlmann related how robbers had entered their mission one night and had taken everything from them and how at another time he had been stopped on the road, and horse and money taken from him. That sporadic efforts are being made by the government to stop these depredations is also true. Just shortly before my visit at Tangshan two robbers had been decapitated and their heads hung on the city wall as a warning. In the dissecting room of a medical school that I visited, there were the bodies of three robbers on the tables. They had recently been executed for their misdeeds. The robbers, as well as other criminals, are thrown into prison and really left to rot there, as I saw in some prisons that I visited. But these attempts at intimidation are sporadic and ineffective. People cannot be scared into being good.

When our missionaries travel by rail their annoyances are but of a different kind. When I went to Tsinanfu to look at the educational work being done there, Mr. Boehr went with me as he had business there. From Tangshan to Hsuechow Fu we traveled third class. A large number of missionaries in China travel third class. At Hsuechow Fu we had to change trains. Of course, there were more coolies to carry our baggage than we could use. A veritable battle began among them for an opportunity to serve us. They were given to understand that the tickets would have to be purchased before the transfer could be made. While Mr. Boehr went to procure the tickets I stayed with the baggage. A number of coolies stayed with me and watched the baggage like a pack of hounds some prey that threatens to escape. Soon one of them shot a volley of unintelligible words at me. My usual weapon of "Pudung" (I do not understand) only got me into trouble as it marked me as a possible easy prey. Soon one of the fellows began tying some of the pieces of baggage together. When I tried my Chinese word "tsobe" (go away) on them, they seemed to take it for the word "go" and pounced upon the baggage. Only a poke in their ribs with my umbrella induced them to leave the luggage alone. When a new tussle broke out among them after Mr. Boehr had returned, the platform police had to drive some of them away. From Hsuechow Fu to Tsinan Fu we had a night trip to make and therefore did not try third class. And we were glad that we did not, for an exploring visit into a third class coach revealed an almost indescribable filth and disorder there. We could not get a sleeper and were doomed to sit up all night. Across the aisle from us sat two Chinese women of the wealthier class dressed in very fine silks. Each had a little boy with her. I

spoke to Mr. Boehr and said that we could congratulate ourselves for having such clean neighbors for the night's trip. Before the night was past I had to revise my opinion. One of the little boys should have been taken to the water closet. Instead of doing so his mother put the cuspidor into the aisle and made it do substitute duty to meet the boy's needs. It is these repeated and often unexpected annoyances while at home or while traveling that finally become trying on the missionary's nerves.

Everywhere one goes, there are found evidence of the social instincts of human beings. In the peanut fields and wheat fields of China people are seen working in groups instead of singly, when the nature of the work would not demand any grouping of workers at all. The same may be noticed in the rice fields and sugar cane fields of Java. Besides this expression of the social instinct, as it shows itself in working in groups, there are more specifically social functions that are an expression of the social instinct. One form of these social functions is the social meal. In China it assumes such proportions among the better to do, that it is called a feast—and it well deserves that name. The missionary will as a rule not be spared the obligations and the privileges that come in this connection. The visitor of the missionary will share these experiences with him.

Mr. Habegger and I had been on our Kaichow station scarcely twenty-four hours, when a wealthy business man of Kaichow, Mr. Kuø, came with an invitation that we and all men of the mission force should dine with him on a specified date. He explained that he wanted to give this feast as a proof to the visitors that our mission work and workers were in good standing in the city. According to Chinese custom only the men and not the women of the mission force were invited, although our host explained that if his two guests of honor had their wives along then he would have invited them also and put them at a separate table with his wife, where there would then have been a lively time. But, as it was, there were only men invited.

When the hour appointed for the feast was approaching, a courier from our host arrived announcing that the feast was ready. It had been Mr. Kuo's intention to have the feast in a saloon, but out of deference to our coming from a prohibition country he had changed that part of his plan. Since, however, as he explained, his house did not have a suitable room for such an occasion, he had the office of his cotton exchange converted into a temporary dining room and the feast served there. To this place we went in two Ford automobiles. Soon there was a large gathering in the yard and as many as could crowd into the door did so to watch us eat. But after their curiosity had been satisfied, they were asked to leave, since they obstructed the way for the waiters who had to carry the food in from another place. Although I am the younger man, but since my visit at Kaichow was more official than that of Mr. Habegger, I was given first place of honor and Mr. Habegger second. The other men were also arranged accord-

ing to a more or less definite law of social procedure. Mr. Kuo then remarked that it was by the grace of God that we had been permitted to gather about the table, he would therefore ask Mr. Brown, our senior missionary, to return thanks to God and to ask God's blessing on our meal and on our association. This was done in the Chinese language.

The meal consisted of a large variety and an almost endless number of courses and dishes. In fact, by actual count, there were thirty-seven different kinds of dishes served. This counting of the dishes seemed no breach of Chinese etiquette. In fact, the more we asked about the meal even to the extent of inquiring into the cost of the articles of food and how long it took to prepare it, the better our host seemed satisfied. When the nineteenth dish was served, he apologetically announced that this was half of the meal. We also had our regrets, but rather that this dish did not terminate the meal, for though on the whole the feast was admirably prepared, there were some dishes not to the taste of the American palate. Fortunately the portion one need take of each to satisfy the demands of good form need not be large, a mere sip or a mere nibble was generally enough. I had at first thought of passing by entirely the less inviting looking dishes, but that brought about even a less desirable situation. The host would take the spoon with which he ate and with it fill the guest's spoon and thus force him to eat a larger portion than would be his own choosing. To avoid being a too-frequent victim of this lavish display of hospitality, I usually sampled every dish that was brought in, but I did it with cautious temerity.

The dishes at our disposal at this feast were rather unusual. Instead of plates of the ordinary size, we were given plates of about two and one-half or three inches in diameter. They were intended only to catch the drippings from our spoons after the latter had been conveyed from the dish in the center of the table to our mouths. The spoons were round and deep and their liquid contents could be drained only with a great deal of noise. At first we were given only chop sticks instead of forks, but after our awkwardness with these had produced sufficient merriment, forks were brought us for the rest of the meal. Napkins were not used, instead of them each diner was brought a wet hot cloth at the close of the meal with which he could clean his lips and fingers. Then some water was brought for the purpose of taking into the mouth and rinsing it. After that it was spat out onto the floor. When our feast was closed we discovered that we had spent two and one-half hours at the table. Before we left, we were asked by our host to sing a verse of a Christian hymn. Thus there is the unobtrusive insertion of Christian things even into things that still remind one of being in an ancient heathen land.

A more official and somewhat more formal dinner was given me by the mandarin or city official of Kaichow. He made more of the form of the invitation sent me. It was written in due form on bright red paper and inserted into an envelope of somewhat

darker red. As this official has decision over life and death in the territory under his jurisdiction, I did not know what missive might be contained in such a menacing looking billet. It was interpreted to me as reading as follows: "Li Mu Shih (that is my Chinese name), By the Chinese calendar the eighth month and the thirteenth day after one o'clock you are invited to a meal and to visit with your humble servant willing to learn."—Chow Tsu Hsien.

He had attempted to make the dinner conform somewhat to Occidental customs, so he had plates and knives and forks on the table. The food had also been prepared with less of the distinctly Chinese flavor to it. There were fewer dishes and larger quantities of each. A somewhat amusing incident occurred in connection with his attempt to conform to our American preferences and prejudices. Usually he would serve wine at such a function. Knowing that we came from a country of prohibition, he had given orders to the servants to bring only soft drinks. The servant brought a bottle of what looked like orangeade to fill my glass from it. For some reason he was ordered back and that drink was given to the sub-officials who were also dining with us. For Mr. Brown and myself Sarsaparilla was served as a drink. We decided that we were not greatly in need of medicine and left even the "soft drink" almost untouched.

This meal also conformed to the Chinese custom that only men were present. Mr. Brown and I were the only white men. The other six were Chinese. Of these six the four officials were heathen, the two others—the postmaster of the city, and a retired business man—are officers in the church of Kaichow. This meal too was begun with thanking God as the giver of good gifts, Mr. Hsu, the postmaster leading in the prayer. The conversation at the meal was a mixture of the jovial and the serious, very much as it would be at a similar meal in the homeland. The official took occasion to speak in commendatory terms of the work being done by our mission.

When we invited this official for a meal and he arrived for it, I had an opportunity to see in what Oriental state these officers can appear. A retinue of soldiers preceded his wagon and a caller cleared the streets through which he was to pass. So many things that one sees here daily remind one of passages in the Bible.

Different people will undoubtedly carry away different impressions. Of the impressions made by physical things a very vivid one is the barrenness of the hills of northern China. Deforestation apparently is a crime that has been committed ages and ages ago. What changes would come to that part of China if its government would put into operation a systematic program of afforestation. Building material almost unobtainable now would in course of time be available. The waters of the rains in the upper hills, now rushing unchecked to the valleys below and causing destructive floods, would then be held back and the floods averted. Some of the regions now arid, would have a greater and a better distributed rainfall.

Another physical need is better transportation. Most of the famine periods would be felt less keenly if there were better transportation. Some of the poverty would also be relieved by better transportation facilities. Before the Chinese people themselves can arrange for better transportation facilities, the spirit of confidence, as cooperation will be necessary to establish better means of transportation.

Another crying physical need is cleanliness and a more systematic endeavor at sanitation. If the Chinese did not spend so much time out of doors they could not survive the diseases bred by the filth in the home and in the open sewer in the street. Another saving feature is their abstinence from drinking cold water. The hot water they drink has usually been boiled and thus made less likely of contamination by disease germs.

One cannot be in the interior of Northern China any length of time without noticing that the statement seen in books and magazine articles on China, that footbinding and the wearing of the cue are disappearing, is not true. Away from the railroads there is hardly one Chinese in one hundred who has his cue cut. And about the same proportion holds with reference of the unbound feet of the women in these regions. A mere railway trip through the interior of China will not reveal this fact. Most of the men who travel on the railroad of China, even in the interior have their cues cut, but even a short walk from the station into any inland town, will soon reveal an entirely different condition.

I had often heard and read about the Chinese filial respect and respect for authority. My observations in this direction would teach me that this respect is merely formal and not real. In the home the child has its own way, even to the extent of upsetting all parental regulations. In the schoolroom the master is hardly ever the master of the situation. Of course, I am told that in olden times things were better in these respects.

One of the surprising things that I observed was the apparently utter lack of devotion of the Chinese to their religion. It is true there are temples everywhere but these are often in a very bad state of repair. I have seen temples that had collapsed because their walls had been weakened through floods or excessive rains. The images were buried, or if partly exposed were crumbling to pieces. But no one seemed interested enough to rescue either gods or building. Indescribable filth was found in many temples. I have seen not only dog dung but human excrement on the floor of some of them. In another there was a tramp with his clothes off, delousing himself. In the country I have never seen a man in the temple in the act of worship, but only a woman now and then. Men would follow us foreigners into the temples but never in an apparent spirit that might be called devotional. A man who had followed us into a temple, lit his pipe at the sacrificial taper that a woman had lit shortly before. No one seemed to think it a lack of respect to the holy place. In response to the query what the different idols are to represent, we almost invariably were an-

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swered by a loud guffaw of laughter and the added statement that they were really nothing, that they were dead objects made by men.

And yet, secretly they may fear these idols, for superstitious dread plays an important part in the life of the Chinese. Any day one can see how they expect a red ribbon, band or rag to keep the evil spirits away: it may be a piece of red tied into the child's hair or on the chicken's wing, or on the cow's horn, or into the mule's tail. You meet a boy with a hideously ugly name. Inquiry into the reason for such a name brings the information that the boys preceding him in that family had all died, but because this one bore that ugly name, the evil spirits did not desire him.

The double or even triple gates of a city are never so placed that the city can be entered in a straight line, for a turn in the road puts the evil spirits off their track. A driver likes barely to miss the curbstone in turning a city corner, for that will surely leave the pursuing evil spirit behind. North of Kaichow there are the ruins of the walls of an abandoned city. Chinese superstition connects the following story with it: The devils started to build a city there. One of the conditions of their building it was, that it must be built in one night and that no human being should see them at work. Some man, however, saw them and the city had to be abandoned unfinished. For proof of the truthfulness of the story the Chinese point to the ruins of the city wall and to two immense flat-topped mounds of dirt where two of the devils who had a share in the building are said to lie buried.

Even in as European a city of China as is Shanghai there are evidences of old superstitions. We got to this city on the 27th of October. That evening we heard the greatest din made by exploding fire crackers that we had ever heard. An American Fourth of July celebration is quiet in comparison to it. And what was it all about? The eclipse of the moon was the cause of it all. The firecrackers were being exploded to scare away the dragon that was about to swallow the moon. The din was kept up until the moon began to come out from the earth's shadow.

Naturally friends of the mission cause are asking what missions are accomplishing for this people so full of good and of bad qualities. So void of religion and yet so full of dread of mysterious beings. Such a question could be answered in a statistical way, and that would perhaps be scientifically the most correct way. I shall let the readers of this article draw their own conclusions by pointing to a few observations made during my visit in China. Our schools in Kaichow are full to capacity, filled with young people who are in the search of truth. In Tung Ming the chapel at the evening service is filled with eager listeners. One woman answers the missionary when he puts the question whether he is being understood, by saying how can she, for this is the first time she has heard these things, but she will come again since she wants to learn. At a dilapidated inn where we stop to prepare our noon lunch, several come and ask whether we have no Gospels for sale. At the Shantung University at Tsinanfu there are one hun-

dred students in the medical department preparing to alleviate the ills of their own people in a scientific way. Likely none of these or at the most but few of them, would be medical students if they had not been influenced by mission work. At the Christian University at Nanking there are students of the long-nailed gentry type who are getting scientific agricultural training and will in the future likely be obedient to the commandment, "Six days shalt thou labor." These all seem to think that what missions offer them is worth while. So do the missionaries who give their lives to this work. At Tsinanfu I met an old missionary over eighty years old. He had gone through the Boxer horrors twenty years ago. Ten years later he was mobbed in an inland village and lay with unattended wounds for three days until medical help could arrive and then had to be carried over two day's journey before he could get home. But he stayed with his work and intends to stay with it until the Lord calls him hence. He wants to be buried in the soil of China.

I had listened for a while to the screechy singing of an open-air Chinese theater as I passed it. It was being given as a thank offering to the god of agriculture for the recent rain that had fallen. Within hearing distance from that theater I stepped into a mission school and heard a native Christian teacher explain to a Bible class how God's law is operative in our lives. In a Christian Endeavor society I heard questions pertaining to the Christian life very intelligently discussed. I found out that Christians of the same group tithed themselves for the support of religious work. Girls are so unwelcome in the Chinese family, while it is still heathen, that they are not even mentioned when giving the number of children in a family, but I saw a Christian Chinese, the postmaster in a city of 40,000, take his two little daughters to the altar in a church to be consecrated to the Lord. Women are so despised that their husbands will not be seen with them on the street. Christians everywhere set a different example in this respect. I have seen well conducted schools and churches entirely in the hands of native Christians. The labor in the Lord seems not to have been in vain in China.

The trip from Shanghai to Singapore had two very interesting features about it. One was the cosmopolitan make-up of the passenger list, and the other was the stop at Hongkong. One cannot take a trip like the one we made on the S. S. Africa without noticing on the one hand how the people of different nationalities can get along with each other if they will, and how on the other hand the late World War has made its deep inroads on the lives and plans of so many people.

On this steamship there was a veritable Babel of languages spoken: English, French, Italian, Swiss, German, Russian, Chinese, Polish, Dutch and a number of others that I could not determine. Nearly all first class passengers spoke two or more different languages. The exceptions to this rule were usually Americans. This, to my mind, does not argue favorably for our share of the

world's trade, other things being equal. Partly because of the ability to converse in different languages there was quite a good spirit of international friendship among the passengers. It was not at all uncommon to see a Frenchman and a German conversing with each other, now in the one language and then in the other. A German gentleman and a Russian lady often conversed with each other either in the language of one of them or in French. A young Hollander, now employed in a bank in Java, got quite chummy with a group of Americans. Of course, they always spoke English.

And then what thread of sadness the late war has woven into the life story of some of these persons. Two German business men were returning from being pioneers of war in Japan. Their business has been wrecked by the war, but they want to see whether there may be any salvage. An Austrian who had been permitted to represent the interests of Austria at Peking through the Swiss Legation, has closed up the affairs and is on the way home because Austria is dead and needs no representation at Peking. A man from Vienna was returning from being a prisoner of war in Siberia. He reported that in his prison camp sixty per cent had died of contagious diseases. Of the survivors many had their hands and feet so badly frozen that they had to be amputated. Two quite refined families had fled from Moscow to Vladivostock when pillage became so common in Russia, and they were on their way to western Europe now, intending to await the time when they could return home from that direction. Some business men from Riga had also been in eastern Asia, in Harbin, at the time of the outbreak of troubles. They had lost all trace of their families and were now on their way to Danzig in hope of getting home from there to begin search for their families. The horrors and the heartaches that have been caused by this war surely cast a fearful burden of responsibility upon the persons and institutions who are to blame.

The two days' stop at Hongkong constitutes a pleasant break in the voyage from Shanghai to Singapore. The island is one of the many gems of British ownership that dot the seas all around the world. The harbor is one of the best in the world, being entered from the east by the Lyemun Channel and from the west by Sulphur Channel. No sooner had the "Africa" anchored in mid-harbor when a busy life began around it. A launch arrived to carry the passengers ashore. Big flatboats came alongside either bringing or taking the ship's cargo. Some Chinese sampans were rowed to the stairway and solicited the patronage of such passengers as wanted to go ashore but did not get away on the launch. Money changers had begun to ply their trade as soon as the vessel had arrived. Now came venders of all sorts of ware. Tailors offered to make pongee suits while you waited. Deck chairs ready made or made to order were offered for sale, the prices declining as the time for sailing drew nearer. Then there were men in sampans or whole families on house boats selling birds in cages—canaries, parrots, lories and paroquets. Others were offering pups and

monkeys for sale. When a person on the deck above and the dealer in the boat below had by much shouting to each other agreed upon the price of an article then it would be hoisted to the deck by means of a basket attached to a long pole and the money would be put into the basket on its return trip.

Since the city of Hongkong (really its name is Victoria, but everybody calls it by the name of the island) is situated on the side of a mountain rising 1,700 feet from the level of the sea, it makes a wonderful sight after the thousands of lights have been turned on of an evening. The lights are naturally thickest below and decreasing gradually as the peak is approached. It looks as though the stars of heaven had been collected in the lower part of the sky to the southwest of the ship with the milky way for the basis of this galaxy of light.

One of the most wonderful views imaginable is to be had if one ascends to the peak of the mountain. The greater part of the way can be made by Peak Tramway. The rest of the way is a comparatively easy climb on a paved road. The view is superb. Ocean and islands to the south, east and west. The harbor and the mainland, with the city of Kaulung in the foreground to the north. The water of the ocean and bays and channels around seems varicolored from the deep blue to a green that almost vies with the color of the vegetation around one. The bay and harbor are astir with vessels. Ocean liners floating almost every flag of the maritime nations of the world are there. In the east end of the harbor were the war ships, among them three with the Stars and Stripes fluttering in the breeze. Then there were launches and ferries darting to and fro. Chinese sampans and houseboats were to be seen everywhere. No wonder that when a number of years ago a typhoon struck this harbor almost unannounced, forty thousand persons lost their lives, for nearly sixty thousand are said to live in these houseboats.

Soon after leaving Hongkong we ran into very rough sea which caused much seasickness. Some of the things that seasick person do look rather amusing to the person that remains well. A New Yorker walked the deck with apparent glee when the waves began to go high, "For," said he, "I am in my element now, because I was raised where I could hear the waves roar." He seemed perfectly delighted with the "foist" wave that swept the deck. But soon after that he looked distressingly pale. He then confessed that he was getting sick—a bow over the railing, two convulsive humps of the back, and he brought his offering to Neptune. In my awkward way of commiserating others I said, "My friend, I am afraid there are more to follow." He responded, either because he had misunderstood me or because he had not lost his sense of humor, "Yes, I am afraid there is more to follow." The last word was not very plainly uttered, for another offering to Neptune was imperative. He then disappeared from deck and was not seen there again until the sea was calm.

At Singapore we made almost immediate connection for Java.

To do this we had to sail on a freight steamer. This compelled us to spend three days on the voyage instead of thirty-six hours. The time was lost in loading 6,500 ten-gallon cans of Borneo petroleum at Palmsomala and \$12,000.00 worth of tin bars on the island of Billelou. Arriving in Batavia we found Java to be interesting right from the very start. It was a new lesson in geography to us to find out that the European residence section of Batavia is called Weltevreden. The name means well content. In this section the hotels are located. We had hoped to be able to find room in a hotel with a Dutch or Javanese name like Java, *Nederlander des Indes*, *Konigsplein*, but found these all full and had to put up in one with a more prosaic and more pretentious sounding name, "The Astor." Hotels in Java are so different from our hotels in America. They are mostly only one or at the most two-story buildings. They are so built that a number of open courts are placed between the different sections of the building. In these open spaces a variety of tropical plants has usually been put, both flowering and aromatic. This causes a hotel to cover a large space, especially so since a wide veranda runs in front of all the guest rooms. On these verandas tea is drunk, writing is done, visitors are received, and naps are taken in the reclining chairs. The dining room, too, usually is one large veranda. The sleeping rooms are not piped for running water and therefore do not have what we call modern toilet and bath facilities. The toilet and bath facilities are to be found in the back of the hotel premises. When I stepped into one of these bath rooms for the first time I was a puzzled stranger in a strange land. The tub was deep and narrow and almost closed at the top. I did not see how a more corpulent person than I am could get into it. Then I noticed that the floor was grooved in such a way as to lead water poured onto it into a drain pipe. On the edge of what I took to be the bath tub, and which was full of water to the top, stood two dippers. It dawned upon me that the bath tub, as I had taken it to be, was no tub but the tank, containing water enough for a number of bathers, and baths in Java consist of water poured on one's self. Some hotels have shower arrangements. The bedrooms, too, have their surprises. They have all their bedsteads screened against mosquitoes. Their beds have no covers, not even upper sheets, for none are needed because of climate. I am told that in July and August the nights are so cool that bed covers are needed.

The servants in hotels, and everywhere else, all are barefooted. The chauffeur taking you to the station is barefooted, so is the policeman directing the traffic at street crossings, the clerk in the bank taking your traveler's check, the conductor on the train as he politely asks for your ticket, the native preacher in the pulpit—all are barefooted. Whereas in Japan, China, the Straits Settlements and India all servants are called "Boy," here they are known as "Jungas." Most of them speak only Malay or Javanese and some amusing misunderstandings occur. I found I had no vessel in my room into which to pour the wash water. I rang up the Jungas and tried to make him understand what I wanted by going through the motion as if pouring water from the wash basin into a

vessel that was not there. He then took the basin and would have finished my pantomime by really pouring the water on the cement floor, if I had not stopped him.

Travel in Java is unique in this respect that the trains do not run at night. We started from Weltevreden early in the morning and got to Samarang for the evening meal. We left Samarang again the next morning so early that we had to have our breakfast put up as a lunch. Our hotel bill at the "Jansen" for one night's lodging, one meal and one lunch was two-thirds as much as the whole day's journey had cost us first class. The two reasons given us for not running night trains were that on account of the active volcanoes in Java there were frequent landslides which would be more likely to cause wrecks at night; and that the Javanese could not be sufficiently trusted to keep awake at night to make their handling of a train at that time safe.

Every inch of travel in Java, whether by train, or by automobile on the fine paved roads, or by their two-wheeled carriages on the roads, or afoot on the paths through the woods, is a veritable delight because of the novelty of everything that meets your eyes. Dense tropical vegetation almost everywhere! Now you see the towering cocoanut palm, with its fruit far out of reach, then the less pretentious banana palm, then a bunch of slender bamboos. Coffee trees, breadfruit trees, mangos, papias, all are new to one coming from a northern country.

Teak wood trees furnish a much desired lumber of the Orient. Groves of rubber trees and fields of cane keep nearby factories busy. Kapok trees furnish the short-fibered, water-shedding cotton for life belts. And then there are jungles of tropical growth beyond one's botanical ken. The rice fields, some in the level plains along the ocean, others in terraced fields on the mountain sides, are astir with half naked human beings and elephant-colored water buffaloes working in them knee-deep in the water. And then the native huts with their walls of matting and their thatched roofs attract your attention. Even the heavens have their wonders. The sun at noon, at the time of year we were there, is right above, and objects cast no shadow. The moon when at its zenith peeps in at your north window. Even our constant, never varying, never wavering north star is nowhere to be seen, and you look in the opposite direction for the sign of the southern cross.

In this most interesting island, with its seven hundred person to the square mile, the Mennonites of Holland and Russia have conducted missions for three-fourths of a century, long enough so that the oldest missionary of their mission at present was born and reared on the island. This mission, too, has a number of characteristic or even unique things about it. Its method of colony organization is peculiar to it. The plan is briefly as follows: The mission a number of years ago leased a large tract of virgin forest from the government on a seventy-five year renewable lease. This tract was subleased in smaller parcels to farmers who paid less rent than others would ask of them but still more than the mission

paid, thus leaving a balance to the mission for supervising the villages that finally grew up after the forest was cleared. The renter also rents on a seventy-five year renewable lease for himself and heirs. Both Christians and non-Christians may become renters. Among the conditions are: that no opium will be used, the children will be sent to school, and children will not be given in marriage under fifteen years of age. All of these are points that the government would like to enforce but has not yet dared to do so. The originator of this plan was P. A. Jansz, the present senior missionary and son of the first Mennonite missionary to Java. Old Father Jansz has an interesting history. He was born on the island of Java. Twelve years of his youth he spent in school in Europe. Forty-three years ago he returned from school and has never left the island since. When he saw how much of his father's work at Japara was made void by the new converts moving away and lapsing into heathenism again, he proposed the colony scheme described above. Getting little or no support for his plan, he started it on his own responsibility. He settled in the forest when his workmen were in danger of tigers lurking in the jungles, when wild cats screeched and wild boars stood at bay with foaming mouths in the surrounding forest, and monkeys still inhabited the trees. His wife died a few years after their settlement in the jungle where the present mission station and colony of Margeredja are. He took his children to his father who was then at Solo. Two of them died in one night of cholera and were buried before he got there. Seven years he was on the station alone. He found as second wife a Miss Schroeder who was the daughter of a Gossner missionary on the island of Sangir north of Celebes. Her father had started mission work there when the inhabitants were still cannibals. Today the island is Christian. The island was a very lonesome place for Europeans, since only one ship a year touched its shores. The present Mrs. Jansz was eight years old before she saw another white person whom she remembers, besides her parents and family, and she was afraid of him. When a famine struck the island they subsisted on leaves and roots because no help came from Europe since no news of their need could be sent there. The past experiences admirably fitted Mrs. Jansz for her lonesome post. She and her husband have seen the jungle give place to planted fields of rice and groves of trees that bring returns of a marketable kind. The present colony provides homes for over one hundred seventy families. Other colonies on the same plan have been started elsewhere.

Rev. Jansz has been a pioneer in other respects. He is the author of the first and so far the only Dutch Javanese dictionary printed in Roman characters. He is now a member of a committee to revise his father's translation of the Bible into Javanese. In his training school for teachers he educated the first female teachers in Java. The government has since that time begun to employ lady teachers. He has collected a group of native game songs for children and set them to music. We saw his kindergarten teachers use some of these songs. I am surprised no educational society in

Java or the educational department of the government is having this collection printed and thus preserved. So far as I was able to find out, this is the only collection of its kind in Java. Mr. Jansz was retired from his work as principal of the teachers' normal school a few years ago. The war, however, made it impossible for some workers home on furlough to return, and the old man has voluntarily stepped into his old work again. The whole work consists of three main stations, twenty-four preaching places, one hospital, several dispensaries, a number of schools and the supervision of three colonies. Only three missionaries, a physician and one trained nurse are on the field now, besides a number of native helpers. Since most of the support had come from the Mennonites in Russia, but these have been reduced to penury by the war, the work is in financial straits. The Mennonites in Holland do not seem to rally to its support as they ought to do. The help from Mennonites in America can be only temporary since their own fields in China and India will tax all their strength for some time to come. Java Mennonite mission work seems to face a crisis.

Although Java is intensely interesting, one feels a relief in leaving it and also Singapore for more northern latitudes. As our ship, the *Elefanta*, on which we left Singapore, was ploughing its way through the waves on its way northward we noticed that it was gradually getting cooler. We made a stop of one-half day at Penang and of two days at Rangoon. At Penang, one of the important tin stations of the world, one finds another of those interesting bits of British civilization thrust into the very midst of heathen life. Rangoon is a surprise to the traveler who makes that port for the first time. We had steamed up the Rangoon river forty miles during the hours after midnight and our ship had anchored before I got up. When I looked out of my cabin port hole in the morning I was surprised at the extent of the harbor and the excellent wharf facilities. Afterwards I counted a number of oil companies one of which alone employs 1,100 people. In the government teak wood lumber yards we saw elephants placing logs in place. When we visited the noted pagoda, 317 feet high, possibly 75 feet wide at its base and gilt from top to bottom, with a crown of jewels said to be worth \$250,000 and with one hundred or more smaller shrines also gilded and bejeweled, we again were made to realize that modern civilization and ancient heathenism live in close proximity to each other. Will these clash in the near future? In that very temple we saw placards advertising the Burmese students not to cooperate with the government educational institutions and plans. Later we found that this propaganda is spread by the seditionist Ghandi. It does not seem to be getting a very firm hold though. Sensible Indians seem to realize that weakening the present government might bring about chaotic conditions for India. In Calcutta, where we landed on December 12th, we were met by Rev. P. A. Penner, our missionary at Champa, Central Province. He had arranged for our lodging, and we were very glad for it, because all hotels were filled to capacity. A disappointment awaited us in Calcutta in the news that our booking for the home-

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ward trip via Europe had not been made, because all steamships were full to capacity for several months to come. This was our first check we had received in our traveling plans, though we had been compelled to sail on six different vessels up to date.

Since sightseeing can be made only a secondary consideration in my journey, we saw only three places specifically outside of the places where we had to go on business in connection with passports and steamship reservations. These places were the Black Hole of Calcutta, the Lee Memorial, and the altar where sacrifices are offered to Kali. The site of the Black Hole of Calcutta is of historic interest because in an old prison, fourteen by eighteen feet, that used to be located here, one hundred forty-six Englishmen were imprisoned and most of them perished for lack of air. The Lee Memorial Mission is of peculiar missionary interest. Mr. and Mrs. Lee were missionaries in Calcutta. Having no satisfactory school facilities in Calcutta they sent six of their children to school at Darjeeling in the mountains. A landslide crushed and buried the building in which the Lee children and other children were lodging. Only two of the six bodies were recovered for burial. In memory of these children Mr. and Mrs. Lee started the Memorial Mission in Calcutta. They are still superintending this mission at which many native boys and girls have not only received an education but have also found salvation. The first wife of our missionary P. A. Penner died in this mission.

The place of sacrifice to Kali is a gruesome place. Every forenoon a number of kids being offered to the god, the place reeks with blood. We were there just at the time of sacrifice. Some other parts of the worship have details of repulsive obscenity. The approach to the place is lined with beggars and fakirs. One of the latter was lying on a bed of pointed spikes and passers-by were prostrating themselves to him.

On the railway journey from Calcutta to Champa we had occasion to notice two peculiarities of travel by rail in India. The one is that no bedding is found in the sleepers. Each passenger must therefore carry his bedding with him. Mr. Penner had expected our improvidence in this respect and had provided bedding for us. Another thing that surprised us even more than want of bedding was that trains run at night without headlights.

We arrived in Champa in the afternoon of December 15th. It was an afternoon in respect to weather like every afternoon has been since. I am writing this on December 27th. The last half of December in this part of India is very much like the first half of September in Kansas. The sky is cloudless day and night. The nights are cool enough so that one needs covers at night to be comfortable. Early in the morning the thermometer shows between 53 and 55 degrees. At the hottest time of the day it goes up to 75 degrees or even a little higher. The sun is then so hot that every one who is not a native must wear a topie. One continuous flood of sunshine streams down from morning till night. The full moon is glorious at nights just now. Roses and other flowers

are in bloom where they have received sufficient water. This is the time of year when vegetables can be found in gardens that have been irrigated. So we could hardly have reached India at a more auspicious time.

At the railway station of Champa we were met by Rev. P. J. Wiens, our missionary at Mauhadih. He took us in his Ford to the Champa mission station. There our mission workers from Janjgir, Mauhadih and Korba had met to greet us. As we approached the entrance gate to the mission compound we found it decorated with green boughs of trees and the American and British flag. Bamboo poles of uniform length had been stuck into the ground in rows on both sides of roads and paths through which we should pass and running parallel with them. A cord was strung along the tops of these rows of poles and leaves of the mango tree fastened at intervals of about four inches to this cord. Pennants, each of different color, were fastened to the tops of the poles. The whole arrangement made a very pretty effect and was a credit to the native Christians who had planned it. When we got to the bungalow we were greeted by the Hindu hymn: "Now let us thank our God," sung by the native Christians and the missionary families. The word, "Welcome" over gate and doorway and the word "Salaam" spoken in chorus after the singing and the individual words of greetings after we reached our missionaries, all bore the same message of cordial welcome.

The formal program of welcome was given in the church about an hour later. It too had been prepared almost exclusively by the native church. Rev. P. A. Penner presided and interpreted. There were appropriate songs and Scripture. A number of boys recited Bible verses. Short talks were given by Rev. Steiner and the visitors. Letters of welcome were read by two native Christians, the one using the native tongue, the other the English. In these letters gratitude was expressed to the Christians in America for the interest taken in India's spiritual welfare. Their sending representatives to visit the field was considered an answer to the prayers of the Christians in India. A specifically Indian touch to the occasion was given by the putting of floral wreaths around the necks of the visitors, all missionaries and members of their families, and the native workers in the church. With words of tender sadness they gave Mrs. N. L. Burkhalter two of these wreaths, explaining that one of them was for her deceased husband who died at Champa last spring. A similar reception of welcome was given us at the leper asylum the next forenoon and at the Janjgir station nearly a week later.

The twelve days that we have spent here up to the time of this writing have brought us very full programs for each day. At a heathen festival in honor of Krishna we saw thousands of people watching dancers whose movements were full of obscene suggestions. The evangelist and the missionary did some preaching to parts of the crowd, but found too much noise disturbing. One noon we went out to a place where a panther had killed a horse.

We thought maybe the panther would come back the next night and could be shot. But his prey was all eaten and it was therefore quite certain that he would not come back. Then we have paid several visits to our leper asylum. I have mentioned these three things in connection because they are the things that helped to impress me with the contrast between here and our homeland.

Our visit to the leper asylum was a revelation in several ways. To move about among three hundred sixty-five lepers and see them at close range, reveals the loathsomeness of the disease. To hear music and singing among them and even to see them at quite jolly play, reveals the fact that these people can be made quite happy in spite of their misery. Of the three hundred sixty-five lepers now in the asylum there are a few more men than women. The men are housed in four larger barracks. The women are in seventeen smaller wards. These wards were pronounced the model wards of India at a meeting of superintendents of leper asylums held in Calcutta, January, 1920. The published report of that meeting contains a reprint of the blueprints for these buildings. To Mrs. P. A. Penner of Champa belongs the credit of having planned these buildings. The financial obligation of erecting these buildings and of maintain this work is assumed by The Mission to Lepers, an organization of international scope but with headquarters in London. The Indian government has, however, made substantial grants for the buildings and gives three rupees a month for the maintenance of lepers coming from certain territory. Those coming from what are called native states do not get this grant. Strictest economy must be exercised to make ends meet in this work, for only nine rupees (\$3.00) a month is spent per person. This amount clothes and feeds the lepers and provides for all the servant and medical help. The spiritual care of the inmates and the supervision of the entire work in all of its phases has been put into the hands of our missionary, Rev. P. A. Penner. Of the 1050 lepers that have been in the asylum about 350 have been baptized there. Some of them are veritable jewels of Christians. The ages of these lepers runs from 8 or 9 years to the decrepit old grandfathers and grandmothers. The advancement of the disease runs from the first stages when it is scarcely perceptible to the stage when toes and fingers have fallen off and the patient can no more walk and must hold his spoon between the stumps of his hands for eating. And yet, I have seen some of these pitiable beings in our Champa asylum fairly shine for the joy they have found in Christ Jesus. One of the unforgettable sights of our visit to India is the one we saw on the forenoon of December 19th when forty-eight persons of the leper asylum knelt on the grass plot south of the leper church to receive the holy rite of baptism on their confession of faith in Christ as their Savior.

Horrible as the disease of leprosy is, it has some alleviating phases to it. It is not hereditary. Thus the children of leprous parents, if segregated before infection has taken place, need not become leprous. Our mission at Champa is taking care at present of nearly thirty of such untainted children. Of course, it is a sad

day for a family when the discovery is made that its circle will have to be broken because some are leprous and others are not. Recently it was discovered that a well educated man here in Champa, a schoolmaster, was developing leprosy. His wife has up to the present refused to leave him. Another merciful phase of the disease is that it is communicable only through an abrasion in the skin. Very careful attention to disinfecting all wounds after contact with lepers will safeguard against contagion. After the baptismal services on Dec. 19th, Rev. Penner washed his hands in a disinfectant. The painfulness of the disease is lessened because after it has reached a certain stage the affected parts become feelingless. We saw this illustrated when a toe of a woman had to be amputated because it was disease-eaten beyond redemption. She was not taken to an operating table with white-aproned nurses standing around and the air laden with ether, she was given no anesthetic, but sat down on the grass, put her foot on a brick and watched the doctor without moving a muscle while he had to apply his strength several times before he could sever the tendons. Whether the disease is curable or not is a question to which the answer is held in abeyance until results can be reported of an intravenous injection, now being applied with much expectation and it is past the experimental stage. When one thinks of the 150,000 lepers in India, one can only hope and pray that this new treatment may effect a cure. The difficulty of all experiments with cures for this disease grows out of the fact that the culture of the lepra bacilli outside of the human body has up to the present date not been found possible.

At Janjgir we had the opportunity of attending the wedding ceremony of two native Christians. The ceremony was performed in the church in the afternoon. A large number of the non-Christians were present with the Christians. Rev. Penner therefore used this occasion to preach to them. The wedding meal was served later by moonlight out of doors. Because of the mild evening I could hardly realize that four days later could be Christmas. The meal consisted of rice, curry and peas. A small bit of meat in the rice was considered a special treat. We started out to eat in Indian fashion, using our hands for forks, but they made an exception with us and brought us forks and spoons. None but Christians were present for the meal, for caste restrictions prevent others from eating with Christians.

Our series of Christmas programs that we attended was begun at Janjgir December 21st. This was given so early by the Girls' School at that place because on the following day the girls started home for their Christmas vacation. The preparation of the program had been in the hands of Miss Lall, the native teacher, and was indeed a credit to her. I was agreeably surprised that parts of the program, both songs and readings, were given in English. Some of the songs were sung in dialects different from the local Hindi. The second Christmas service was with the lepers on the afternoon of Dec. 24th. It was held out of doors. After Rev. Penner had preached the sermon, gifts were distributed. The men each

got a woolen cap. These had been sent by a society in England. The women got a scarf, but there were not enough scarfs to make the round. Then some sweets were given each leper. One quilt had been sent by some friend. This was given to the woman who had been in the asylum the longest time. A friend in America had sent the money with which to procure the lepers a dinner. This will be given them a little later. Some gifts intended for the various stations by American friends could not be distributed because they were delayed at Calcutta on account of a coolie strike. I am informed that the following gifts for lepers are very acceptable: scarfs, woolen caps, socks, bandages, quilts, a few rag dolls and children's dresses, boys' sweaters, mouth harmonicas, cheap pocket knives, pencils, hair pins, and knit helmets.

On the same day in the evening the Christmas program on the mission compound at Champa was given. Decorating the church and preparing the program was in the hands of the native Christians. The program was in content very much like our programs at home are, though more crude in quality. The distribution of presents was awaited by the children with as much eagerness as our children at home await it. Songs were sung in Hindi, Hindustani, Madrasi, Bengali, Tamil and English. An orchestra of six typically Indian pieces furnished some music. Christmas morning there was a service for the non-Christians. The Christians gathered on the rear veranda. About 250 non-Christians were on the dried grass in the back yard. And what a contrast between the two groups, although but a few years ago they were absolutely alike! There was a forceful mission appeal in this contrast. The native preacher, Abraham, preached a powerful sermon, calling attention to the joy of the Christian and the lack of joy of the heathen. Sarees were distributed as far as they reached and to the most worthy. The plea of those that had to be slighted was pathetic as they lifted up their tattered rags in proof that they too were needy.

On December 28th, we started from Champa to Mauhadih for the semi-annual workers' conference and the dedication of the new church. Since the mission workers from Janjgir and Korba also went at the same time it took both of the Fords on the mission field to convey us. The Fords proved quite a convenience for this trip. We made the distance of twenty-five miles in two hours. by ox-cart it would have taken all day. The Mauhadih mission station makes a very good impression on the newcomer. The buildings are substantially built and quite suitable to meet the demands of hot weather. Their architecture is a credit to Missionary P. J. Wiens. The bungalow has the same general plan that all the bungalows of our India mission have. The widespreading mango trees give the compound a park-like effect. From the front veranda one can see not only the opposite bank of the Hasdeo river to the west of the compound, but also the silver thread of water as it comes from the north and empties into the larger Mahanadi almost opposite to our mission compound. The Hasdeo river also flows past our Korba station and past the Champa leper asylum before

reaching Mauhadih. On this river and the Mahanadi are flocks of large wild ducks. A few miles up the larger stream from the mission station there are crocodiles. On the opposite side in the jungle are wild cats, wild hogs, monkeys, panthers, tigers, etc. Anyone that feels the call of the wilds can be satisfied quite close to Mauhadih. In this attractive place it was our privilege to meet in conference session for two days. Since we know that in spite of the splendid hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wiens it would be impossible to provide lodging for all of us, tents and bedding were sent ahead. These made not only a cart load, but six coolies were also employed to carry our baggage. In the conference the discussion of the various topics gave proof that prayers and gifts of the home churches had accomplished gratifying results, but that much more work can be done with increased means and working force.

On New Year's Day the new church was dedicated. The Christians from our different stations had begun to arrive the day before for this festive occasion. By the evening of the last day of the year about 500 native Christians were camping on the mission compound. A large straw bed had been prepared for the men on the floor of one building and a similar one for the women in another building. Besides this, many families lived in tents pitched for that purpose. As these were lit up by a number of flickering camp fires at night, it looked as though an army lay encamped there. But it was an army that had come up to hear the gospel of peace. On New Year's Eve these Christians and their missionaries met for a watch night service. Missionary Wiens led the meeting. Brief talks on Bible passages, impromptu remarks, prayers and songs alternated spontaneously and soon filled the time allotted for the meeting. At the midnight hour a group of male singers serenaded us all and sang various familiar Christian hymns in the native tongue and some Christian verses to characteristically Hindi tunes. One could almost forget that heathenism was prevalent in India that mild winter night.

The dedication services on New Year's Day began at 9 o'clock. Since there were about enough Christians on the mission compound to fill the church, space was reserved for them before letting any of the non-Christians in. The latter stood about the building on the outside and curiously peered in through the open windows. Some of them seemed surprised and even disappointed after they had looked—possibly because they had not seen the Christians' God there. For the afternoon meeting the throng of curious heathen at the windows became so large and so loud that it had to be driven back. A Brahmin who is a friend of our mission rendered this service. The outside crowd was then assembled under the spreading branches of a mango tree at some little distance from the church where Rev. Penner and two native evangelists preached to them. In the church Rev. P. A. Friesen preached. He remained for a few days and preached twice each day. The meetings were intended primarily for the Christians. They were helped in the deepening of their spiritual life. In the

Sunday School the next day there were 526 persons recorded. This was an unusual number on account of the many visitors. But even the usual attendance for the last year has been very good, the average having been 221. As I went from class to class as they were scattered not only in the various parts of the church but also under various trees about the church, and saw how eagerly they listened to what was being taught I could not help but think of the wonderful opportunity for work that there is at this place. Such a gathering as that at Mauhadih gives opportunity not only for spiritual strengthening but also for social meeting. The last day of our stay in Mauhadih one of the evangelists invited us in for meal. Curry and rice and chicken, peas, sweet cakes fried in buffalo butter, and some sweets constituted the meal. The "hotness" of it was somewhat tempered to suit the palates of us newcomers. Yet it was still quite peppery. So much so that when my traveling companion took a nap soon after, he suddenly sat upright in bed, and, while rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, related that he had dreamt that he and a number of his Berne friends were in a house in Switzerland, this house had caught fire and it had been impossible to put out the fire.

After returning to Champa and spending the day there, we started on a trip to our mission station at Korba. Besides Mr. Habegger and myself there were Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Moyer in our party, who are new recruits in our mission field and still engaged in language study. On account of the scarcity of gasoline, petrol it is called here, Mr. Penner could take us only about one third of the distance. The rest of the distance was made in two relays by ox-cart. These carts are not at all uncomfortable vehicles, but travel in them is slow, unless the bullocks pulling one of them are of unusual willingness to trot. The cart is easier riding than the Chinese variety because it has springs, whereas the other has none. It has room for four passengers. Two face forward and two face backward, but the seats are arranged back to back. A top protects the passengers against the hot sun of India. Driving the bullocks is an art in itself. The drivers sits on a little platform placed on the tongue and immediately in front of the dashboard. To one not accustomed to the contrivance, the animals seem but insecurely fastened to the vehicle. A heavy rounded beam running at right angles to the tongue is placed over their necks. Pegs protruding from this beam at both ends of the beam keep the animals from slipping from under their yoke sideways. A sort of choke strap holds the yoke down when the tongue of the cart would tip up because of unbalanced loading. The horns and head make it impossible for the animals to slip from under the yoke backward. A convenient hummock on the neck facilitates pulling the load. And yet, the whole get-up looks rather loose-jointed to the novice in this kind of driving. This is especially so when the animals become obstinate and turn in such a position that they almost face the vehicle instead of pulling it. But our tanga walla (cart driver) always succeeded in righting the course of our yoke in time to avoid an upset that seemed un-

avoidable. He would kick or whip their flanks on the side opposite to the direction in which they should go. Or he would pull their tails, also in the opposite direction of that to be travelled. As a last resort in cases of extreme need he would tug them into position by means of rope lines through their noses. By shooting at them and grunting at them and applying the whip with telling effect he would get them into a fair trot on good stretches of road. After this drive I could understand why missionaries in India do not do their own driving of their tangas. As we were going through two creeks our tanga walla very excitedly tried to tell us something in Hindi, which, of course, none of us understood. Several times we heard him repeat the word "bog." When we reported this to Missionary Steiner after our arrival, he said undoubtedly the driver had been trying to tell us about a tiger that had frequented these creeks for some time. As danger from wild animals is an item in the missionary's life here, I shall relate a few incidents pertaining to it.

One day while at Champa the report was being circulated that a panther had killed a small horse of one of the native evangelists. We went out and found the place only about a mile from the bungalow, but the carcass had all been eaten except a few bones. One day when Mr. Steiner was riding his bicycle on the Champa-Korba road a hyena stood on the road until he had almost run onto it. Then it turned off and walked into the woods. A tiger had killed an ox near Korba and eaten part of it immediately. The rest he left for the following night. When he came back for it, a hyena was helping itself to it. A lively fight ensued, with the rightful owner coming out as victor. Mr. and Mrs. Steiner were arising from evening prayers one evening. When they looked out through the screen door, they saw two tigers standing on the walk in front of the veranda. Their little boy, Bradford, was sleeping on the veranda at the time. The tigers walked away when they found themselves discovered. On our trip to Gorhi, an outstation to Korba, we were shown a place scarcely a rod from the road where a tiger had recently killed a woman and her ten-year-old daughter in broad daylight. While looking for a plot of ground at Katghora, where a new station ought to be opened by us, a native called our attention to a crocodile sunning itself on the banks of an artificial pond. It slipped away before the two rifles in our party could be brought in range for it. After we had been away for three days and two nights from the Korba station, we were told upon returning that both nights a tiger had been near the mission compound. The following night he killed and partly ate a steer only a stone's throw away from the bungalow. After these events I could understand a little better why the missionaries in their daily devotions would include thanksgiving for being preserved against wild animals while on a journey, just as in China I had learned to understand what they meant by being grateful for not having been molested by robbers or having fallen victims to cholera.

When we arrived at Korba from Champa, we were given the

same public reception at the church that had been accorded us at the other stations. Among those who had part in the program was the manager for the Korba estate. He spoke in terms of appreciation for the work that the mission had done there during its existence of about five years. The Korba station, like the Mauhadih station, has a very romantic location, right on the left bank of the Hasdeo river. There are two undesirable features to this location, however; one is that after a very heavy rain last spring the compound was flooded, though the oldest residents say it had never occurred before within their memories, and must therefore be of rare occurrence; the other is that it is in the jungle and therefore wild beasts are uncomfortably near. The church membership at this place has passed the one hundred mark. Eight were baptized the Sunday we were there. Some more had applied but upon examination were found not to be ready. There is always danger that some will apply for membership because they expect material gain in the form of more remunerative employment by the mission or speedier help in time of famine. The term "rice Christians" is applied to such converts. In this connection one of the native deacons made what to me seems a suggestive remark. When the names of the applicants for baptism were being voted upon by the church board and after the apparently unworthy ones had been rejected the missionary asked whether even some of those accepted might not be rice Christians. A man who is now a very reliable worker in the church then answered: "Sahib, most of us came into the church partly as rice Christians, but we stayed in because we found something better." The kingdom of God has to be built out of crude material here.

Nearly twenty miles to the northwest of Korba we have the outstation of Katghora. At present we have only a native worker there. The station should be made a main station soon with a regular missionary stationed there. There is almost endless unoccupied territory to the north of there, i. e., there is no mission work being done there yet. To reach this place from Korba the Hasdeo river has to be crossed. On account of its sandy bed there is difficulty in crossing it. A yoke of bullocks cannot pull much more than an empty tanga across. For this reason and for the further reason that more than can ride on a tanga had to make the trip to Katghora, an elephant besides the tanga was procured for the trip, the manager of the Korba estate being so kind as to loan us the government elephant for the trip. In two relays all passengers were taken across the river by elephant, the tanga was taken across empty. The elephant ride from Korba to Katghora and back, a distance of thirty-five or thirty-six miles was the first experience of the kind that I had had. At first the jolt at each step, especially when the animal is speeded up a little, seems quite hard and the sway of its body rather discomfoting, but after a while you relax and both jolt and sway are felt less. After six hours on the elephant's back I did not feel at all tired. The elevation at which we sat gave us an excellent opportunity to see the country through which we passed. In the forest the driver was

very careful to pick a way so that the limbs of the trees did not brush us off. At places where overhanging limbs closed the path, the driver made the elephant reach up with his trunk and break the limbs off and thus open the way for us. One must marvel at the animal's strength and cunning when it does this bit of work. In the wet season the missionaries resort to the elephant for travel, as that is the only way some of the swollen, bridgeless streams can be crossed.

On January 17th, we left Mauhadih mission station to spend about ten days or two weeks in touring the Sukri district of our mission field. A tour like that always implies considerable preparation with conditions prevailing as they are in India. No food supply will be obtainable enroute except rice, split peas, and sometimes eggs. Any other eatables aside of these have to be taken along or provisions made for them to be sent to the different camping places. In this season of the early rains the travelers may get an unexpected drenching occasionally, so extra changes of clothing have to be taken along. Some may become sick of fever or be bitten by snakes or scorpions, so a supply of medicines is necessary. The native houses are full to capacity and even if there were room in them, bed bugs and lice make them undesirable lodging places, so tents must be used for sleeping. Since there were seven of us white persons and three native evangelists to make this tour it required quite a little caravan of vehicles. Four of our party rode on bicycles and three used the tanga. It took five other carts to take evangelists, provisions, tents, etc. To get an early start, all these vehicles and bicycles were sent across the Mahanadi river the night before, since the long stretches of travel through the sand on either side would tire the bullocks and buffaloes if they were to continue immediately after crossing the river.

On the morning of starting on our tour we walked about a mile to the river, where ferried across it by a native boatman and walked another quarter of a mile where the tonga and bicycles were waiting for us. On our approach one of our bullocks broke loose by tearing the rope that was put through the hole in his nose. The driver explained that undoubtedly our clothes scared him. After a number of men helped, the animal was caught again. The first stopping place on this tour was our mission school at Beltikri. There are between forty and fifty boys in the school. It is taught by two masters. Some classes recited for us and the school sang several songs. A number of men, among them the village owner, were also there to greet us. Not one of these men could read, but they said in one of the villages there was another man besides the school master who could read. The head teacher and his wife had prepared a meal for us. It was a typical Indian meal of the better kind, consisting of rice and curry, split beans, chicken, and sweet cakes baked in buffalo butter. They offered us both water and milk to drink. The meal was served on the floor of the front porch. In our honor the floor had received a

recent coat of cow dung mixed thinly with water. On the floor we placed a carpet and on it a table cloth. Thus our seats and our table were on the same level. Since we had plates but no knives, spoons or forks, we had to use our fingers in lieu of these eating utensils that characterize an effeminating civilization. But the morning ride had whetted our appetites and we did full justice to the meal.

After we had passed through the village of Wawni, picturesquely situated on a flat hill covered with red sand stone, and after our native evangelist had preached there and in several other villages enroute, we camped for the night between the villages of Bareilli and Sukli, quite near to a mission school that we have there. Since Mr. Wiens had shot an Indian crane on a pond that we passed and Mr. Penner shot a deer belonging to the variety known as blue-bull. Some of the natives would have liked to have some of the venison, but the missionaries had skinned the animal and thus defiled it for the heathen castes. They were very much displeased over it, especially so the village owner. But at sundown of that day Mr. Wiens shot another deer, known as black buck here, and the whole animal was given to the villagers. They saw to it that the caste permitted to do so, handled the meal and all was well again. The next morning when we broke camp there, many willing helpers and the salaams seemed to indicate a friendly parting. The abundance of game that we found on this trip is due to the region's being a government reserve. Only persons having a hunter's license for the reserve may hunt in it. Our party was given special temporary permit by the forest ranger. One morning at dawn I went with two of our party who went into the woods to shoot some pea-fowl as they were returning from their early feed in an adjoining rice field. While the hunters were waiting for the game, which, however, did not come their way that morning, I enjoyed noticing the forest silence of the night gradually merging into the sounds of day. At first there was only an occasional sleepy chirp, then came twitters here, there, and yonder, then one could hear the whirr, whirr, whirr of the crow flying overhead, soon its almost mocking caw, caw, caw was heard. Monkeys were grunting their morning greetings to each other. Gradually the forest was all asound with warble and chirp and song. A deer stepped nimbly yet cautiously into a small clearing. The hunters quietly crept up to get into range for this larger game. A careless step caused the crackling of a branch. They were discovered. The deer gave a warning sound to its closely following mate and in the twinkling of an eye they had both disappeared in the woods. We had neither fowl nor venison for that day, but I was nevertheless glad for having spent the early morning in the woods.

The roads over which we passed on that day on which we left Bareilli camp were absolutely beyond description for badness in some parts. It simply meant picking your way between large rocks that interrupted progress everywhere. For a stretch of the way the road had been newly made of crushed stone, but it was so narrow that when we would meet one of the many groups of carters

hauling lumber and bamboo, it was exceedingly difficult to pass each other. At one place where the road had just been blasted into the hillside, we had to unhitch our oxen and push our cart into a niche in a boulder so the long row of carts could pass by. Dozens of men, women and children were working on the road. The men loosened the necessary ground with a pick, the women and children carried it in place by baskets on their heads. There was, of course, no thought of steam shovels and rollers, nor of teams and scrapers. There wasn't even a hand hovel or spade to be seen anywhere. These tools are not seen where the working force is barefooted. The many teams raised a suffocating dust on these roads, since we were in the dry season and no rain had fallen for some time. When we camped near Maraji for the night we felt uncomfortably dirty. The limpid water flowing over the rocky bed of the Jong river nearby looked inviting for a plunge. So, although it was the 19th of January and although we had bath arrangements in our tent, four of us men took a swim in the river that afternoon. We found the water warmer than it is at Long Beach or Santa Monica in July and August.

Just as we were arriving at our camping place we were introduced to another experience that our missionaries may have while they are touring their mission field. It began to rain just as we were unloading our things. Our tents had been pitched though before our arrival and we suffered no special inconvenience. The next morning we waited for our tents to dry before starting for Sukri. The sun shining only part of the time it was noon before we could start. Very quickly a rain cloud came up and we were caught in a drenching rain. Those on the bicycles were soaked to the skin. Some of the bedding, too, got wet. When we arrived at our church in Sukri, our evangelist, Isadas, and his wife, Matura Bai, received us as kindly as they could. Soon a fire was kindled on the floor of two rooms and the porch. Clothes and shoes and bedding were hung up to dry. As our party sat about the crackling fire drying and warming ourselves we were reminded of Paul and his party, shipwrecked on the island of Melita. He says (Act 28:2): "And the barbarous people shewed us no little kindness: for they kindled a fire, and received us everyone, because of the present rain, and because of the cold."

When we reached Sukri we were in that part of the field where the work was to be done for which we had set out on this trip, namely the baptizing of a number of applicants for admission into the church. Along the way we looked into missionary matters only incidentally. We visited three schools of our mission with over two hundred pupils enrolled. At some places requests for the opening of mission schools came to us, but it is difficult to get properly trained masters even for the schools we have. At nearly all the villages through which we passed some preaching was done and some Gospels were sold. At the places where we camped, people came for medicine. At Sukri, the chief of police came to call on us and he entered into a lengthy discussion. On Sunday forenoon three persons were baptized in the Sukri church. On Sunday after-

noon ten children were blessed there. While we were in the midst of this service a group of women belonging to the home of the village owner came in. It is possible that they had come because one of them had received medical aid on the evening before or because we had called at the home the day before. But it was quite evident that these people had never attended a religious meeting of the Christians. They were so loud that the service had to be stopped until they were seated and quieted. To face the speaker, who was a man, seemed inexcusable to them.

The day of our leaving Sukri was a heathen holiday because it was full moon. It is the privilege of one of the castes to go begging on that day. While we were getting ready to leave we were being serenaded by a group of women while an equal group of children held out their baskets for a backshish. When we proved obdurate to this mode of pleading, a group of men played a native game for us in which a row of them twines in a sinuous circle through another similar row, stepping according to the time indicated by beating each other's clubs while passing each other, striking alternately at a height above the head and below the knee. It was quite a contrast to these exercises when the Christians of the place grouped themselves about us for a farewell. A hush soon came over all, even the recently loud heathen. A Christian hymn was sung. A few words of appreciation and thanks for what our mission had done for them were spoken by the evangelist, Isadas, to which I responded in a sentence or two, then the superintendent of the field, Rev. P. A. Fenner, closed in prayer. The heathen listened with silent and apparently respectful attention.

On our way from Sukri to Jagrandi, our next camping place, we had two experiences that were new at least to the new arrivals in India. One was that those riding the bicycles were carried across the Jong river. Another was the form of greeting accorded us at the village of Barnai, as we passed through it. A big crowd of men, women and children soon gathered in the street when we stopped and the evangelists preached. The women then greeted us by twirling their tongues in their mouths puckered as for whistling. This was new even to our missionaries and to our native evangelists. At Jagrandi we had an ideal camping place. Our tents were pitched under shady mauhei trees, to the west of us was a pond of fairly clear water, to the north a wooded peak of about 600 feet in height. In a cleared spot near the pond ninety-three persons were baptized on January 25th. Five came too late for the services. One hundred seventy more in that district have applied for baptism, but will have to wait until Rev. Wiens can make another trip to them. These converts are the result of a sort of mass movement that has started in one of the castes. In some of the villages half of this caste have become Christians. The ice is giving signs of breaking in other castes. But these people need care after they are taken into the church. For that more workers are needed. The people seem hungry. Will we give them to eat? I will not soon forget the meeting we had in front our own tent the evening when we camped in Bamui. During the afternoon the missionaries and

the evangelists had met the villagers individually and invited them to a preaching service. After dark these villagers came with a sort of village band composed of several drums somewhat on the style of a kettle drum, several cymbals and several small bells. After they had played a few of their pieces the missionaries and evangelists sang a few Christian hymns. Then each one of the three evangelists and a Christian layman spoke to those assembled, testifying of God's love as revealed in Christ and what this love had meant to them. In spite of the meeting getting somewhat late, most of the listeners were attentive to the end. Some bought Gospels after the meeting. Similar meetings should be repeated at frequent intervals in the about 1300 villages of our India field. Everywhere we were kindly received and there seems to be an open door.

Champa, C. P., India

March 11, 1921

Dear Brother: The last few weeks have had such a full program of travel while visiting different mission stations that I could find no time to send in reports to the "Mennonite." I fear that the next few weeks will be equally full. Maybe I can write again during sea voyage. I thought perhaps some friends of our mission might be interested in our further travel program. If it please God it is to be as follows:

After we have visited the Mennonite Brethern mission about Secunderabad, we plan to return here to Champa for our farewell. About April 15th we hope to leave Calcutta for Port Said, Egypt, on the S. S. "City of New York." Between ships we will visit the pyramids and Palestine. Then Mr. Habegger plans to visit Europe, especially Switzerland. I plan to leave Port Said about May 24th on the S. S. "City of Lahore," and to land in Boston about June 17th. My booking for this latter ship, however, is not definite yet, though I am registered for it. At the beginning of my journey I had included Europe in my plans, but a visit there would make my return to America so late that my plan of work for next year would be difficult to accomplish. Since I have no special commission for Europe I will this time have to put work before pleasure.

Here in India the heat is gradually on the increase. During the hot hours of the day the houses are kept tightly closed to keep the hot air out. This week we drove 150 miles by auto in our visits to different mission stations. These drives reminded me very much of a dry August in Kansas or Oklahoma. As I write these lines, at 4 p. m., the thermometer shows 99 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. What will it be by the middle of June? No rain will fall before that date.

I cannot close this communication without expressing my gratitude to God for the fine health He is giving my companion and me. We know that prayers ascend for us.

Your brother in the Lord,
With heartiest greeting,

J. W. Kliever

When one meets Indian gentlemen on the trains and in their homes and finds them models for politeness and sometimes not ill informed on a variety of subjects, one wonders whether these men really believe some of the Hindu superstitions, whether they can, for instance, pay the accustomed Hindu veneration to the monkey and especially to the cow. But doubts on this point are dispelled by almost daily observations. While at the railway station at Champa one day, I noticed a bill posted on the bulletin board headed by the picture of a cow, very much in the same fashion as in America the bills for cattle sales are headed. At once the herds upon herds of old scrawny cattle came to my mind that seem to eke out a scant existence on the bare pastures of India. I wondered whether someone was becoming so progressive in his thinking and business methods as to announce a sale of his surplus cattle. The bill was in Hindu and I could not read it. Rev. Penner explained that it was an appeal for funds for the erection of a sort of old age home and hospital for cows. The next day while waiting between trains at Katni I saw a similar notice. A copy of each was obtained for me through the kindness of Mr. Penner and a translation made by one of our Christian habus. I am having these notices appear in the "Mennonite" as a proof that heathen thinking is still a reality in India and the leaven of the gospel a need. I wish the readers could read these notices with some of the sidelights falling on them that has been my privilege to see while in India.

While reading the appeal in the Champa station I couldn't help but think of it that a little ways down stream, on the opposite bank of the same Hasdeo river where the cow hospital is under construction, there is a leper asylum, and has been for nearly two decades, housing, feeding and clothing nearly four hundred of these unfortunates of India, but Champa with its six thousand inhabitants, and some of them wealthy, has during all of these years given less than two hundred dollars for the support of the asylum. Now a holy appeal is made to help cows that are in misery. I further had to think of a woman and her mother-in-law, both emaciated until their bones almost shone through their skins. Their complaint was that their husbands had deserted them, they were too weak to work and no one would give them a bite to eat. Had they been old cows they would have received more consideration. I had to think, while reading these notices of the Hindu priest, who is at the same time the zemindar of several villages and a reputed millionaire, who was entertaining several of us and showed much interest in America. When I asked him whether he would not like to travel in America, he responded that he could not without being defiled, for everywhere in America the flesh of the cow was being eaten. When he was asked what the Hindu did who represented them at the Congress of Religion at Chicago, he answered with good Hindu logic, that that man had reached such a stage of holiness, that nothing was sin to him anymore. And then again when I read this appeal I think of the Hindu on the train from Bombay to Calcutta who said when he reached Calcutta he would have to fast twenty-four hours, not even drinking water. When asked why, he said for riding on the train and because penance had to be made for every wrong.

When further asked how train riding could be wrong, he confessed he could not tell, but their gurus decided such things. I also read these appeals in the light of the conversation I had with a merchant while traveling with him. We got into a discussion of the comparative merits of Hinduism and Christianity. I cited the elevating influences that Christianity had exerted upon the lower castes and outcasts of India after Hinduism had kept them down for ages. He said that was humanitarianism. That had nothing to do with religion. There is one difference. Christianity is human. Hinduism is bovine. New conceptions of God, of man, of sin, of salvation is what India needs. In this light the following announcements should be read:

(The words enclosed in parentheses are not a part of the notice, but were added by the translator for explanation.)

Praise to the Cow-Mother!

It is announced with a religious warning that the real cause of all the country's suffering is this, that the cow-mothers are being troubled. In the Vedas and six Shastras (Hindu religious books) it is truly written that anyone who troubles another is sure to get trouble himself.

All living beings which are existing in this world, desire happiness and try to obtain it, but real happiness cannot be obtained. The primary reason of it is, that unless we make others happy we cannot get happiness ourselves. All animals which are in the world, God has created for our ease and comfort and to take proper work from them, and thus to make them happy is the only principle of all our happiness.

In India the cow is greatly honored and respected, and the chief reason of it is, that this animal is of great use in this country. Cultivation, trade and some other works are managed with the bullocks and oxen, and the cow-mother gives us milk with which we can prepare ghee, curds, butter and other good things for our provision. By the help of this animal alone, we get our food and manage our cultivation work. Besides, by using cow's milk we may strengthen our body and keep ourselves healthy. It is true, that only then we can do good to others and keep God's commandments when our body is in good health. Our kind and good government calls attention to this, and rouses the public to increase the number of oxen, and thus wishes that some improvement be made in cultivation and good harvests. But friends, it can then only be done when cow-mothers are protected, cow-shalas (hospitals) are built in various places for the protection and care of the cows, and the breeds of the bullocks and oxen are examined and corrected. If cow-shalas are erected in various places the public can easily get pure milk and ghee from the cow-shalas and be satisfied. For the accomplishment and improvement of the above mentioned purposes alone, we have established a cow-shala in Katni ten years ago, and are trying hard for its improvement. But for such a big work much money is required. The merchants and the town people who are reported to have helped us are very few in number, and so it seems impossible

to accomplish the whole work with the small amount of subscriptions we receive. Hence the cow shala appoints representatives and evangelists to go abroad and solicit the public for help, and in the meantime hopes that everybody will help and make his friends and others to help us by giving any amount of subscriptions, which is gratefully accepted. Indeed it is a virtuous act, and the society believes that all will help in cooperating with it for its improvement. Anyone who is interested in this may send his subscription to the undersigned or may put his money into the boxes conveyed by the servants of the cow-shalas to railway stations.

Tulsidas, the famous Hindu poet, has said that by the help of Raghubir (a god) the money spent in virtuous acts never decreases, as the water does not decrease taken out of a running stream.

(Signed) Badridassji, Sec.,
God-Shala, Katni

Praise to the Cow-Mother! Praise to Shri Krishna Bhagwan!
From The Cow-Shala Committee,

Champa Zamindary,
District Bilaspur, B. N. Ry.

Dear Sirs:

Champa is a small town where by the grace of Shri Krishna Bhagwan (a Hindu god) a cow-shala (hospital) is being erected, the foundation of which has already been laid by the zeminda (village owner) of Champa, Dewan Ram Seran Singh. The town and market people have as much as possible helped the cow-shala by paying taxes on their merchandise. We are grateful to the town people who are ever ready to help us in this work. But my dear Indian brethren, you are all sleeping as yet, and so we request and pray you all to awake from this wicked sleep, which is the real cause of India being poor. You have all read or perhaps heard in the shastras (Hindu religious books) that Shri Krishna Bhagwan (a Hindu god) himself took all the cowwalla lads with him and was in the habit of roaming in the jungles grazing cows, and you all know that by using the milk and ghee of cows many have become powerful men like Bhim and Arjun (Hindu heroes). Besides in the ancient time everything, i. e., rice, paddy and such other things were much cheaper. But, in the modern world, our Indian brethren being greedy, began to lend or advance money in cash to butchers in order to get interest. Dear friends, see how the government is also kind enough to leave pastures and grazing field for the cows. But, alas! our Indian landlords and land holders sell such pastures and grazing fields to others in order to make money. Consider that it is a great sin to trouble such innocent creatures. Therefore, brethren, let us be ready ever with our friends to help the cow-shalas, and if possible to trouble ourselves to collect any amount of money from the villagers of our surrounding villages and send the same to the treasurer of the cow-shala, who will be glad to register such subscriber in the cow-shala subscription register.

In charge Sec., Cow-Shala Com., Champa, C. P.

On a trip like this it is to be expected that a number of changes of plans will have to be made. Originally I had planned that when I would have finished my visit and work in India I would embark at Bombay and sail up the Persian Gulf to a port that would connect me with the railroad running through Bagdad. This would have been the route that Alexander the Great took on his return after his conquest of northwestern India. It was on this trip that he died at Bagdad. From there I had planned to go through ancient Babylon by rail and then through Damascus on the way to Jerusalem. But that region is in such chaotic state now that travel through it is unsafe. So that part of the plan had to be changed. The second change of plan came when we had to stay in India six weeks beyond the original date set. This induced me to drop Europe out of my itinerary and I booked to sail from Calcutta via Port Said direct to America with a three weeks' interruption of my voyage at Port Said to visit Cairo and Palestine. This plan had to be changed also when our vessel was announced to sail a month later than at first advertised. An unexpected booking to Port Said was found possible from Bombay. A hurry call for a conference with our mission workers was sent out and on April 10th we could leave Bombay on the S. S. Caledonia of the P. and O. line—a British liner. The vessel was full of British army officers and their families. Some of these had waited for a long time for a chance to return home. The printed list showed that we had on board the following army officers: twenty-three captains, nineteen majors, six lieutenant-colonels, five colonels, one lieutenant, one commander and one brigadier-general. Besides these we had five honorables, two honorable sirs, one sir and one Indian maraharaja or king with us. It was a gay crowd. The majority of the women smoked cigarettes. To one coming from Kansas, where the use of the cigarette is under the ban of the law and where the prohibition law has been tested for several decades and not found wanting, it seems quite out of place to have a young woman light her cigarette, order her drink and then alternate between her quaffs and her puffs. But why has she not as much right to it as the young man who sits across the table from her? Are we too provincial in our state? Time will prove, as scientific investigation is already pointing out, that both mental and physical energy are enhanced by abstinence in these two directions.

A few hours after we had landed in Port Said we were on the train to Cairo. The first part of this trip is over the sand waste on the Egypt side of the Suez canal and quite uninteresting from the viewpoint of scenery. History, however, has been made even on these sand wastes. Somewhere over these sandy plains the armies of old must have crossed when the question was to be decided by force of arms whether Egypt or one of the nations to the northeast of Asia should have the supremacy in the ancient world. Marks of the recent great war are still in evidence. On the Arabian side of the canal are barb-wire entanglements and vast flooded areas, means which the British army used against the Turks. At Kantara, where the railroad swerves to the southwest and leaves the canal, there is still an immense British army cantonment. After a little

we leave the bare sand and enter into the irrigated parts of the Nile valley. Formerly this valley would be flooded once a year and be under water several months and could raise only one crop a year. Since the irrigation dam was built up-river, when Lord Kitchener was chief commissioner, the flow of water has been distributed over a longer time and thus several crops a year are raised. And such crops! Wheat fields, just beginning to be harvested, alfalfa fields ready to be cut were the finest that I have seen anywhere. This ancient land absolutely does not show signs of its strength being exhausted by old age. Of course, there is a touch of the Oriental everywhere. The country roads are full of ewe-necked camels carrying their loads, riders sit so far back on their tripping donkeys that you think they must slip off; meek-looking water buffaloes pulling their loaded carts. But everywhere there is life. People everywhere—at the water wheel, in the orchard, in the vegetable garden. No wonder that Jacob sent his sons into such a land when there was scarcity of bread in Palestine.

Cairo was most delightful the few days that we spent there. Coming from hot India we felt almost too cool. It is the most modern eastern city that we have visited up to the present. Automobiles, street cars, telephones, electric lights, water works, well-stocked stores are all to be found in the modern parts of this city of over one million of inhabitants. Of course, there are the typical streets of old Cairo too, as they have been shown in our world fairs in America. Getting into one of these makes one realize that this part of the world is different from ours. Then there are all kinds of indications that this is a Mohammedan country. The stations on the way from Port Said to Cairo bear such Islamic sound names as: Basel-Esh, El-Kab, El-Hersch, Ismailia, Tel el Kebir, Ebau el Akdabar, Agazig. Then there are dozens upon dozens of mosques and minarets, some of the former of ancient glory and renown, others of more recent date and of less prominence historically and architecturally. But the age of Moslem things pales into insignificance when compared with the mementos of the various Pharaonic dynasties. To most people who do any reading, the largest of the pyramids, that of Cheops, and the sphynx near it, both of them only a few miles to the southwest of Cairo, are at least familiar enough so they will understand an allusion to them. Cheops built this colossal pile—450 feet square at the base and the same height to the apex—to secure a place where the body of himself and that of his queen would rest undisturbed. But these huge walls of stone were not the expected protection. The king's chamber, 225 feet above the foundation, and the queen's chamber, 112-12 feet above the foundation are today both empty. The bodies have been taken to the museum in the city. That which was intended to insure the peace of the soul, as the ancient Egyptians believed, now but helps to perpetuate the infamy of the name of Cheops, for every tourist that visits the pyramids is told that maybe the body of Cheops never rested in its intended place, since the wickedness of Cheops made him so hated by his subjects that they disposed of his body in an ignominious way and placed another body into his sarcophagus. As I was climbing up the intentionally obscure passage—

ghostly dark, illumined only by the two lighted candles that my guide and I carried, and the passage so low at places that we almost had to go on hands and feet—as I was climbing up this passage to the inner chamber I could not help but ask myself the question that I had asked on Easter morning, when standing in front of the Taj Mahal in Agra, India: Would these people have spent so much for the resting places of their dead, if they had had the resurrection hope that has been given us by Christ?

Before entering the pyramid I had taken a look at the sphynx. Its face is still in a good state of preservation but for its nose. It is gone. Our guide told us that it had been shot away by one of Napoleon's guns when that would-be world conqueror made his Egyptian campaign. I do not know whether such a statement is authenticated by history.

A place that deserves much more time than the two hours that we could give of our hurried program is the Kasr-el-Nil Museum the like of which there cannot be anywhere in the world. The articles collected here count their existence not only centuries but millenniums. What a profusion of marble slabs with historic data. Then there are almost numberless sarcophagi, from the plainest to the most highly ornamented. Utensils, tools, jewels and other decorations would be subjects for months and probably years of comparative study. And then there are mummies, mummies, mummies everywhere, some of royal persons, others of lesser nobility, still others of no special distinction. Some with their exposed features so well preserved that one could identify the persons had they been known during their life time, some partly decayed, in spite of all precautions against it, and others with their preserving wrapping still undisturbed. Parts of the history of the bondage life of Israel in Egypt flit across one's mind as one looks into the mummy face of the Pharaoh of the oppression and the Pharaoh of the Exodus. And not only human mummies are shown but the mummies of crocodiles and sacred rams. Skeletons of the national bull-god Apis, are also exhibited. In the papyrus rooms there must be interesting glimpses into the distant past to anyone that can read their writing. Secrets of state, of business, of religion and even of love are here said to be laid bare.

The journey northeastward from Kantara, towards the Holy Land was begun at one o'clock in the morning. Abraham undoubtedly crossed this desert area somewhere on his way to Egypt, so did Isaac, also Jacob and his family and still later Joseph and Mary with the Christ child when fleeing from the cruel Herod. Daylight found us in ancient Philistia. At Gaza a Jewish nurse came into our compartment. The hearty "Goodbye Sister" that was called after her by some Arabs led me to conclude that while serving in the government hospital she had done a good turn to some of the goyim whom her forefathers would have hated with a religious hate. It was she who pointed out the heights of Ali Muntar to us, supposed to be the hill to which Samson carried the gates of the Philistine city and a place which the British troops stormed in the late war. The once important Philistine cities of Arcalon and

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Ashdod through which we pass are now but insignificant places. At Ludd we had to change trains. The air was laden with the fragrance of the blossoms of the surrounding orange groves. This is the place that is mentioned several times in the Old Testament as Lod, in the New it is called Lydda. It was here that Peter healed Aeneas who had been sick of the palsy for eight years. Then we go through the plain of Sharon and its "roses." Akir, the Ekron of the Bible where the ark was taken from Gath, is passed; then El Mughar, probably the Makkedah of the Bible where five Amorite kings hid in a cave after the battle of Ajalon; then Tell Jezer, the Gezer where David fought with the Philistines; then the valley Sorek connected with the story of Samson and Delilah, and Zorah, the birthplace of Samson, and Ain-es-Shems, the Bethshemesh to which the ark was taken from Ekron; then the Ebenezer of Samuel's time, now Dier Abou. After entering the Wady Ismail the railway is soon in an evernarrowing rocky gorge. The rock of Etam connected with Samson's history is here. The train winds like a snake to the ancient Canaanitish city of Bittir, then it emerges into the plain of Raphaim, and, as if not to desecrate the holy city of old stops at the station about a mile outside of the Jaffa gate right in sight of Zion, the hill so dear to David's heart.

A visit to Palestine has its disappointments besides having its pleasurable sentimental appeal. The first disappointment comes in the appearance of the country, especially in Judea; nothing but bare, rocky hills greet one on almost every hand. It seems hard to believe that this should ever have been the land in which milk and honey flowed. Coming from the well-watered Nile valley one must be convinced that Israel's motive for exchanging it for the rocky hills of Palestine cannot have been of an economic nature. A feeling quite akin to disgust creeps into one's heart when being shown very definite places claimed to be connected with Biblical events and especially with the life of the Master which have extremely meager ground for these claims. The stone slab on which Jesus was embalmed is shown to thousands in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and devoutly kissed by many, but it surely is a fake. The very name of that church rests on a claim that can scarcely be considered authentic. In Bethany a church is erected over the very stone on which Jesus sat when Martha met Him on His return after the death of Lazarus. But how slender the thread by which hangs such tradition. On Mount Carmel Elijah is still reported to appear and help any children that chance to get lost in that Mountain. Nearly every important event especially in the life of Christ, even if the place of its happening has never been definitely ascertained in later years is so definitely localized that a church is built over it, the door locked, and every time the key is turned to let in a tourist a backshish is necessary. There is a church where Jesus was born in Bethlehem, where His birth was announced in Nazareth, where His workshop was, where He preached and was rejected, where He ate with the disciples after His resurrection. In and near Jerusalem there are churches where He agonized in prayer in Gethsemane, where He wept over Jerusalem, where He was tried, where He

prayer last, where He was crucified, buried and where He ascended into heaven. Near Jericho the mount of Christ's temptation is shown. We climbed to the top of it, but the path led through a Greek church stuck like a swallow's nest to the side of the mountain, and the priest with his huge key had to be called. Then there are disgusting rival claims by different religions and two or more churches have been erected for the same event.

Another disappointment is that the religions of Palestine today get a superstitious or fanatical expression in most instances. A number of events that my traveling companion and I observed may prove this assertion. On Maundy Thursday, we watched the ceremony of feet-washing in the open court in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. After the Greek priest who is superior here had washed the feet of twelve priests of more inferior rank, as a sign of humility, there was a rush of women towards the elevated platform on which the performance had taken place, to get their handkerchiefs dipped in the water that had been used. After the handkerchiefs were returned they rubbed their own faces with them. The priests who had just taken part in a visualized proof of the beauty of the virtue of humility, did not only permit this homage to them with apparent satisfaction, but they were the ones that dipped the handkerchiefs into water that had been used for the footwashing. At another service the next evening this humble servant, the leading priest, had the other priests fall on their knees before him and kiss his hand.

From the service of feet-washing we walked through the city and out at the St. Stephens gate to the west bank of the Kidron where we selected an advantageous position to watch the Mohammedan pilgrims returning from the grave of Moses. They point out the grave of Moses to the west of the Jordan to the right of the road when one travels from Jerusalem to Jericho. With fanatical enthusiasm they make annual pilgrimages there during Holy Week. Soon we saw them passing on the Bethany road to the south of the Mount of Olives and approaching the eastern gate of the city. To the right of them, on the southwest slope of the Mount of Olives were thousand of Jewish graves, a little further down on the same side of the road quite near the Kidron lay Gethsemane. Although we were less than a mile away from the place where the procession first came into sight several hours elapsed before they passed the place where we stood. The procession of which the mufti of Jerusalem, who had but recently been inducted into office, and other Moslem dignitaries made up the rear, moved so slowly because dozens of circles composed of dervishes moved forward ahead of the mufti only as the dancing circle advanced. Terrible fanaticism was discernible in their distorted faces as they danced. In the characteristically Oriental rhythmic song, or call, repeated in chorus after their leader, they called out sentences that were interpreted to me as follows: "This place has been conquered by the sword. Jerusalem is the city of Allah. Our banner enters Medina. We will draw the sword against anyone that opposes us." While they spoke these threatening words a dervish who was lifted on the shoulders

of others frantically brandished two swords over his head. Last year a number of Jews were killed at this festival. To prevent a repetition of these murders this year the police force had been increased. The British and Indian troops still stationed near Jerusalem also helped to maintain order. The situation was rather peculiar because the man who was chief in command of the troops is a Jew. In looks and behavior, however, he is every inch an Englishman. Herbert Samuel, the British high commissioner of Palestine, also is a Jew; so is Sir Isaacs, the viceroy of India.

On the day after Good Friday (according to the Julian calendar) we went to see what is known as the festival of the holy fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The claim is made by the Greek church that on this day fire descends from heaven into the sepulchre in which Christ lay. It is then handed out for the assembled congregation to light its candles by it. We went to the outer court of the church quite early to watch the crowd gather. Soon there was a fearful jam against the ponderous door. As the doors open outward the crowd would have to be removed before the doors could be opened. The police tried in vain to do this. After a while, however, a large part of the crowd surged back from the coveted places at the door. Two Jews, as strangers, not knowing that this was forbidden ground to them, had gotten into the crowd and were now being pursued. One of them got away without much injury but the other was terribly beaten up and might have been killed had he not been rescued by the police. And this beating was done by Christians when they assembled near the presumed grave of their Master who according to the flesh was a Jew. When reinforcements of the police under the command of two British officers arrived the crowd was sufficiently removed from the doors so they could be opened. We were offered seats in a balcony but preferred to see at close range and stayed on the ground floor only about twenty feet from one of the openings from which the fire should issue. Many in the crowd had come as for picnic. They had their lunches and their drinks along. There was constant chatting and laughing and shouting at persons on the opposite side of the building. Above all this din there came a noise from the nave of the church that made everyone look in that direction. There was that same rhythmic half singing shout that we had heard in the Mohammedan procession two days ago. A group of young men indulged in the same antics in which the Mohammedans had indulged. One of them was being carried on the shoulders of others. While he swung two swords over his head he led the others in their shouts or cheers. I was told that he and many others in the group were Mohammedans and their cry was: "Jesus, Son of Mary, we hail Thee, but down with the Jews." They attempted to march around the sepulchre, but could not get through the crowd. They were lustily cheered. Then a procession of priests appeared bearing picture banners showing incidents in the life of Christ, especially of the Passion week. The crowd went wild. The cheering and the yells would make one think of the demonstrations at an American football game. It appeared as though the different groups

attempted to lead in the noise-making at different times. Now the Greeks led, then the Armenians, then the Copts, then the Abyssinians etc. The priests and the choir meanwhile marched around the sepulchre chanting and bearing lighted candles. When they had finished the third round the others of the procession withdrew and the leading priest went into the enclosure of the sepulchre. Though still noisy, the crowd was in tense expectancy. Suddenly the holes of the housing of the sepulchre were thrown open and fire burst forth. Now absolute pandemonium reigned. Everyone tried to be the first or near the first to get his candle lit. There was a heedless rushing towards the fire. There was not only crowding and pushing but actual fighting for points of vantage. Men with their collars torn open, women with hair disheveled, persons fainting, a little girl trodden under foot. In a surprisingly short time the fire was all over the building, even to the seventh story balcony, where it was pulled up by means of candles suspended by ropes. Another procession by chanting priests followed. This time they were the Armenians. I watched them only a short time. I had watched the proceedings three or four hours and was not only tired but sick at heart that such superstition and fanaticism should be centered about even the presumed place of the crucifixion and burial of the Savior of mankind.

The next day was Easter Day for the Greeks, though Latins and Protestants had observed it a few weeks before that. I had really planned to watch the Easter service in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but the place had no attraction for me when my soul was hungry. My traveling companion shared my feelings. So we went to the near-by church formerly used by the Germans but now shared by Germans and English. There was first a German service at which an Arabian pastor preached, using a most excellent German and speaking on prayer. He especially emphasized that we could pray anywhere or at any time. Then followed an English sermon in which a visiting pastor spoke on the presence of Jesus in everyday life. That, after all, is the great difference in emphasis of Catholicism and Protestantism—holy places, times and ceremonies with the former, holy everyday living with the latter.

There is a surprising concord in Palestine at present between native Catholic Christians (I do not notice it with Protestant native Christians) and Mohammedans. This concord is brought about by their common hatred of the Jews. On the very day, May first, on which we were enjoying a Protestant service in Jerusalem, there was a fatal clash between Arabs and Jews in Jaffa. Fifty dead and two hundred wounded were reported. This trouble was not primarily religious as generally reported, i. e., between Mohammedans and Jews, but ethnic, i. e., between Arabs and Jews. Repeatedly we had opportunity to observe how Jew fears Arab and Arab fears Jew accordingly as the one or the other constitutes the majority in a place. We had just returned from a trip to Jericho and after dismissing our auto in front of the post office in Jerusalem stepped out on the Jaffa road when we saw a stam-

pede of Jews up the Jaffa road. A false report had stated that a massacre of the Jews had been begun near the Jaffa gate. This was two days after the Jaffa trouble. A few days later we stopped at Nabulus, the Shechem of the Bible, on our way to Nazareth. We had scarcely registered at the hotel when a group of men inquired of the landlord whether the new guests might be Jews. And peculiar as it may seem in view of the gulf between Jews and Samaritans, the few remnants of the ancient Samaritan people were included in this persecution, so that they had to be put under police protection. When we were about to leave for Nazareth the next morning, we were warned not to make the trip without some one who could interpret for us. Our driver knew no English and we no Arabic. We might get into positions where it would be of advantage to us to explain that we were Americans and not Jews though we wore hats. A young Greek Christian who had interpreted for us in the hotel was ready to go with us. When we asked him about the charges he assured us that he did not do this for the money. "What is that between you and me, my father, I am going to protect your life and not to earn money." At noon we stopped under a large fig tree near a spring opposite to Silet to eat our lunch and to feed our horses. The group of Arab men who gathered in a shady place near us showed absolutely no hostility but our guide announced to us with great deal of gusto that he had explained to them that we were Americans and all was right. As we were approaching Jenin, possibly the En-gannim of the Bible, a group of about thirty or forty people was seen approaching our road on a road that forked from ours to the southwest. We got to the junction of the roads before they did. Their leader, who was swinging a crooked sword, motioned us to stop, but we drove on. A little further on we met a man with a gun who said the group back of us was on the way to Jenin to arouse the Arabs there to combine against the Jews in the neighboring villages because they had killed some Mohammedans in Arabia. When we got to Jenin all was excitement. The streets were full of people. Several carriages and autos passing through there were stopped and the occupants had to get permits from the local governor before the police would let them proceed. We had to go through the same procedure. When we returned to our carriage, permit in hand, and wanted to hurry off so we might reach Nazareth before dark, since we had been warned not to drive after dark, trouble arose from a new and unexpected quarter. Our heroic interpreter who had so nobly offered to protect our lives was afraid to go on. He had heard on the streets that the Beduins had robbed some travelers the night before on the very road we were to drive and had even cut off a woman's hand. I inquired about conditions of a policeman who could speak English and he advised us to go on. Our guide was not convinced though. I then spoke to the colonel who had charge of all the troops in the region. He said the story of the robbery was true, but the four men implicated in it were in custody and we would be comparatively safe to go on. But our guide said the people of El-Fuleh, through which we had to go, were especially bad and he preferred not to go. After losing con-

siderable time parleying with him, we decided to proceed without him. When I handed him one pound for six hours of work and to cover expenses, this gentleman who had only our safety at heart grumbled very decidedly at the smallness of the remuneration. We drove through the Plain of Esdraelon with Jezreel, Shuem, and the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan fell in battle to our right. We had almost forgotten all prophecies of danger when we got to El-Fuleh and saw a crowd of men rush towards our driver. For a few moments I wondered whether we had been too rash to ignore the warnings of our discarded guide. But from the way all eyes first turned towards us and after that the repetition of the names of places where there had been trouble I concluded that these men had first asked who we were and then what further news there was of trouble farther south. We at least were not molested and drove on. At the northern edge of the Plain of Esdraelon we passed a scared looking camp of Jews building a new macadamized road. The sun was setting just as we began the sinuous climb of a few miles up the hill on which Nazareth is built. Of course, it was dark when we got to our hotel. With thankful hearts we thought of the words of our travel psalm: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, etc." We were also conscious of the fact that there is a tension in the Holy Land which may result in serious things.

When asking what has caused this tension then the answer most ready to hand is that the Zionist movement has at least contributed towards it. Wealthy Jews, who are interested in Zionism, have been so liberal in spending money for this cause that many unworthy and even dangerous Jews have found it possible to enter Palestine. Today there are three classes of Jews in Palestine. There is the pious, orthodox Jew who scrupulously adheres to the prescribed rites of his religion. Then there are the reformed Jews who ignore the Jewish religious prescriptions but who lead a decent moral life. They are well-to-do and well educated and play an important part in business and politics. Then there is the rabble that has flooded in as the result of the war and because of help received from the Zionist movement. This is mostly from Russia. Many Jews of the last class are Bolsheviks in their principles and are morally rotten to the core. The moral lapses of which they are accused are nothing less shocking. The Arab says: "What will become of my daughters if they must witness all of these things?" As may be expected, though not excused, in such chaotic times all Jews are put into one class and treated as equally guilty. At such times it cannot be avoided that innocent and guilty suffer alike. In Haifa we heard that that port was closed against all Jews. When we were taken to our ship at Jaffa we found not only Jews but also non-Jews who had wanted to disembark there but who were not permitted to do so. In Alexandria the same disappointment awaited them. We too, though we wanted to be in Alexandria only between the arrival and the departure of our vessel and transact some business in connection with our voyage, had to deposit our passports with the port police for that time. All such

observations and experiences as indicated above somewhat blur the good impressions of a visit to the Holy Land. But I hope to be able to mention some of the latter in a later article also.

Our visit in Alexandria after Palestine was like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. The anti-British demonstrations are just going on here. They have already resulted in wounded and dead. In front of our hotel we saw demonstration parades day and night. We also saw how a mob of boys scarcely in their teens broke six plate glass windows in a large department store. We will be glad when our ship continues its voyage.

I have written at such length about the disappointing things in connection with a visit to Palestine that I almost fear I have given the impression that taken as a whole the trip is to be regretted. Such is by no means the case, however. A visit to the Holy Land should be considered a privilege to any student of the Bible and especially to any Christian. On the sea voyage between Alexandria and Naples I had leisure to inquire into the satisfying impressions left by my Palestinian visit. Of some of these I mean to write in the present correspondence.

In the first place, the impression of bleakness and barrenness of the country, received from a visit of the vicinity of Jerusalem, is corrected by a drive through the plain of Jezreel, which through the ages has not only been the place of battles but especially the place of bread. This year, however, the wheat crop did not look so good in that plain. I did not learn the cause. It may be drouth and thus the meagerness of crops is temporary. Or it may be impoverishment of the soil, and remedy may thus be possible. Excellent irrigated areas are found in the Jordan valley, south of the Sea of Galilee and smaller ones near Jericho. The German Temple Society and some Jewish settlements have fine agricultural and horticultural projects in the Mediterranean slope between Haifa and Jaffa. The religious status of these German Temple Societies, however, I have found quite disappointing, if my observations have not misled me. The movement began in the soil of German pietism after ridding itself of the less practical quietistic tendencies, but today it seems to have sloughed off not only quietism but also pietism and is decidedly rationalistic and Unitarian in its tendencies. It is exerting good influence in Palestine economically and morally, but it seems to have no missionary message for that country or any other. An institution that renders temporal help and at the same time exerts a missionary influence is the Syrian Orphanage at Jerusalem. Many Mennonites have contributed towards its support when Dr. Ludwig Schneller made several visits to America in its behalf. To them it will be gratifying to know that the institution is doing good work under its present director, Rev. Eash of the Mennonite mission of Chicago. The orphanage is at present under the supervision of the Near East Relief and is being financed by it. Initial steps have been taken to put it back into the hands of the former organization with Dr. Theodore Schneller as director. The correspondence regarding this transfer was still being carried on when we visited in Palestine.

The place where Jesus was born, Bethlehem, and the place where He grew to manhood, Nazareth, are almost wholly Christian today. Bethlehem was an agreeable surprise to me in its evident prosperity. Quite a number of really fine homes can be found there. Some of their owners and occupants have been in America and have made their wealth there. And Nazareth, the once despised Galilean village, is the most pleasantly situated of all places we visited in Palestine. I do not care whether the places now pointed out for the annunciation of His birth, worship, preaching, and eating with His disciples are authentic or not, somewhere on the southeastern slope of the hill on which the present Nazareth is located, He spent His childhood in a home in which there was more piety than comfort, as understood today. Somewhere here He was a boy like the boys one sees in Nazareth today, yet different. Here He played and worked, rejoiced and experienced sorrow, found His Father's will and yielded to it. As a lover of nature He must at times have climbed to the top of the Nazareth hill north or west of the town and feasted His eyes on the view from there as we did. Looking westward He could see the Carmel range running out to its northern point, and then north of it the strip of white sand of the Mediterranean coast and beyond it the blue water itself, hardly discernible from the sky above it. To the northeast He could see Mount Hermon, with its snow top, standing like a hoary-headed patriarch to bless the surrounding country. To the east was pleasant Tabor and the blue mountains to the east of the Jordan. To the south stretched the plain of Esdraelon and beyond it were the hazy hills of Samaria and still farther those of Judea. As His soul was delighted as it drank in this beauty, what sadness may have gripped it when contemplating the needs of sinful man living in each of these directions.

As we were rowed from Tiberias over the lake of Galilee towards the ancient site of Capernaum and then Bethsaida, the lake was calm, a gale rose on our way back and the waves were capped with white foam. Somewhere here it must have been where the disciples experienced the storm while Jesus slept in the boat. When we looked at the excavations of an ancient synagogue in ruined Capernaum and saw the briars growing over the site of Bethsaida and saw insignificant Chorazin on the hill I could not help but think of the woes of Jesus pronounced over these cities. Capernaum was at one time exalted into heaven, it had the distinction of being "His city," but long ago it has been gone, it is cast down into hell. The words of Jesus have been fulfilled.

When we visited the pool of Bethesda, Jacob's well, Bethany, I could not help but think of the range of the influence that came from contact with Jesus. Health restored, religious views corrected, friendships deepened, death baffled. And He is the same yesterday, today and into the endless tomorrow.

Rev. A. M. Eash of the Syrian Orphanage and I climbed up the mountain west of Jericho that is pointed out as the mount of temptation of Christ. Whether this claim for this mountain can be substantiated or not I do not care, but comfort comes to me

from the thought that He was tempted as we are, though without sin. Even today souls that have more lofty ideals than the crowd are tempted to yield to the accepted thought of the crowd. This thought includes selfish use of peculiar gifts, dependence on physical means to accomplish great things, emphasizing the spectacular in religion instead of the hidden things of the Spirit. That evening as we sat on the second-story veranda of our hotel in Jericho and watched the blue hills east of the Jordan fade into the oblivion of night and then saw the wonderful blue of the Syrian sky deepen with the increasing darkness and those brilliant Palestinian stars come out one by one until they almost crowded each other for room, I was just sentimental enough to get satisfaction out of the thought that I saw the same outline of hills and the same starry heavens that Abraham had seen, and Joshua, and David, and the Christ, and that I could believe in the same God and trust in His plans for saving mankind.

The fact that it was the Greek Holy Week and not according to our reckoning did not deter us from visiting on respective days the garden of Gethsemane, the hill north of the Damascus gate supposed by many to be Calvary, and the garden near-by where the tomb of Jesus is pointed out. On Ascension Day as we observe it we stood on the Mount of Olives. One cannot but read with greater interest ever afterwards the stories connected with these places. And the awe and wonder increases that God should love a sinful world so much as to do so much for it.

I believe I have mentioned it in a former article that our original plan was to visit Europe on the way home. When we found that we could not leave India until about six weeks later than originally planned I abandoned the plan of going by way of Europe. Then the sailing of the vessel for which we were booked was postponed for lack of cargo, but a chance was open to book for Port Said. About the same time a request came from our Emergency Relief Commission that I should look up some of the places where it had rendered help in Europe, especially in Germany. My decision was therefore soon made to go to Port Said, from there to Palestine, and then to Europe, primarily visiting the places where help had been rendered and making sightseeing only incidental on the way. A visit to Amsterdam and to the battlefields in France was an exception to this rule.

After landing in Naples we spent a brief time in visiting some of the places of interest about that place. This included the Amalfi-Sorrento drive, a visit to Pompeii and a ride to the top of fire-spitting Vesuvius. Then we hurried on and entered Switzerland through the Simplon tunnel. In Switzerland we inquired into the orphan work of Rev. Ummel, spent a Sunday with one of our Mennonite churches, ascended Pilatus, went into the Aarenschlucht and after seeing to our passports crossed into Germany at Basel.

Through Germany we followed a somewhat zigzag course, going through Stuttgart, Ulm, Augsburg, Ingolstadt, Munich, Chemnitz, Berlin, Heilbronn, Worms, Mayence, and Cologne. Travel for one with American money seems very cheap. We rode

mostly third class, but even second class, which is practically like first except in name, is quite cheap. From Berlin to Heilbronn we traveled second class in a fast-moving express train for thirteen hours for about three dollars in American money. A good meal in the dining car costs about forty-five cents. This seems cheap to us but it represents a day's wages in Germany.

The impressions one gets in merely traveling through Germany as to its economic condition are easily misleading. People on the trains seem well dressed, though most of them travel third and fourth class. The dining cars are usually full. But a closer observation reveals that those in the dining car have come from the first and second class coaches and are often travelers from abroad, a large per cent of them being American Jews. While they are enjoying their meal the majority of the passengers are munching at a cheaper lunch in the coaches where they travel. One's impression of plenty in Germany is also lessened when going into a restaurant and finding that no bread can be served the guests unless they produce a bread ticket. Registered guests at a hotel, however, are excepted from this restriction. Very much financial stringency is found among elderly people who retired on what they considered a comfortable competency. Today they find that their living costs them just ten times as much as in pre-war days, but their income has remained the same. Professional people and many of the nobility are also in financial straits. The greatest poverty we found among the inhabitants of the Erz mountains. In Annaberg and surrounding villages we inquired into conditions somewhat minutely since our Emergency Relief Commission had rendered help there through the instrumentality of a Mennonite committee of Germany calling itself "Christenpflicht," which by translation means Christian duty. To avoid a duplication of help to those who have received help from other sources, this committee works in conjunction with municipal boards of charities. A committee composed of representatives of the board of charities and one minister of each denomination of the city makes a list of a specified number of families that are still left in the greatest need after having received the municipal aid. To these families tickets are issued that can be exchanged for provisions at stores listed for this purpose. At Annaberg we had a meeting with this committee. Since the chairman of the Board of Charities, the Superintendent of Schools, the School Physician and the visiting nurse had but recently reported the poverty conditions to the city council, it was easy for us to obtain statistical reports on this subject. Some of these were comparative statistics and extended over a period to pre-war times. It was shown that attendance at school was made irregular by lack of shoes among pupils and by diseases attributable to undernourishment. Many babies did not weigh over four pounds at birth. Infant mortality is alarmingly great. Both in Annaberg and in Chemnitz authorities told us the deathrate surpassed the birth rate. A deaconess took us to some of the homes where help had been rendered by American gifts. In one of these families we were told that for seven persons in that home one

pound of meat was bought for Sunday and no more the rest of the week. In another family of parents and seven children we found only four single beds to accommodate all for the night. Several families had converted all their bed linen into shirts and other clothes. Their uncovered straw ticks on which they slept were, of course not in a sanitary condition. A good many persons are wearing their last supply of clothes and do not know what they will do when that is gone. In a Quaker kitchen we saw a group of 300 undernourished children fed. Most of them were so much undersized that the eleven-year-olds were not larger than the average American child of seven. The persons visited did not impress us as belonging to the habitual poor. Before the war they were not dependent upon charity. They do not parade their poverty but need and gratefully accept help. Their poverty is caused primarily by two circumstances. First, on account of the high altitude, and latitude also, very few vegetables can be raised there, and living is in consequence much higher than in other parts of Germany. Second, they work mostly in beadwork and making laces. These are luxury articles and there is little demand for them now, consequently there is great unemployment.

I was struck by the large number of Russian refugees to be found in Germany. I was told that there are about 150,000 of them. Germany can ill afford to furnish bread to all of them, but she says she cannot send them away. No other country wants them. If they were sent back to Russia they would soon fall victim to the waiting sword, for they are mostly persons who are in bad standing with the present rule of terror there. Among these is a considerable number of Mennonites and Baptists of German descent who have retained their German citizenship. About sixty families have been granted permission by the government to settle on agricultural tracts in Bavaria and Mecklenburg. The one in Bavaria is at Lechfeld and is interesting in that it has been a military training field since time immemorial. The barracks are now occupied by non-warring Mennonites and the fields sown to wheat, oats and flax, and planted by potatoes.

In Amsterdam I attended services in the large Doopsgezind (Mennonite) church. The peculiar mixture of the modern and the antique noticeable there was a very interesting feature of the service. If any comes into this very old Mennonite church and expects a group of old-fashioned people there, he will soon find that he was in error. The ministers and church officials all filing in with their silk hats in hand will dispell the wrong notion that these people are antiquated in dress. The building, however, with its old-fashioned pews, is not at all up to date. I was agreeably surprised to discover that I could follow a Dutch sermon sufficiently so that I got its line of thought. Rev Stuyvenberg, secretary of their mission board, preached on Isaiah's question, "Watchman, what of the night?" Since I had used the same text a year ago last New Year's, I listened to the sermon with added interest. The disappointment to me was the observation that a congregation of six thousand members should be satisfied with a church seating

only eighteen hundred, and that this building was only one-third full. Reducing the situation to cold figures it means that one member out of ten was in church that morning. I was told, however, that the vacation period partly explained this smallness of attendance.

The memory of the visit to the battlefields in France almost follows me like a nightmare. Even on the train from Paris to Verdun we noticed an after-effect of the war. A French woman dressed in black came into our compartment. She was very deaf and spoke incessantly. We did not understand her, but an American lady and American physician who speak French well interpreted for us. She showed us pictures of the members of her family. Her husband became consumptive from inhaling German gas, and died. She herself was compelled to stay in territory occupied by the Germans. She had lost her hearing, she thought, as the result of the cannonading. The sufferings of the war had brought sickness to her daughter and she too had died recently. Fortunately her youngest boy was too young to be drafted for the war and he was now caring for her. All of this information she gave, jumbling her thoughts very much. When her ticket was demanded she could not find it and explained that her memory had become too short to remember where she had put it. By the help of the American lady she found it, however. This poor French woman will be in the insane asylum shortly. A result of the war. Alas, such cases are not isolated ones.

In Verdun we saw the old fort in which the whole population of the city was in hiding for a number of days. We looked over the battle field where one million of men in the best years of their life went to their death. On the sides of ravines were the holes where they had dug in and where they lay in wait for each other like beasts for their prey. Large piles of barbed wire reminded of the attempts to keep the enemy at a safe distance. The fields are torn by bombs so that they will not be fit for cultivation for a long time to come. The once beautiful forest has disappeared entirely. Nature, kinder than human beings, is trying to hide the evil deeds of man by the sproutings of a new forest. But, alas, the attempt is pathetic in being but partially successful. The fields are full of unexploded grenades and bombs. This makes even the visit to the fields and much more so the reclaiming of them, dangerous. Accidents are of almost daily occurrence. When walking through the fields one can see many gun barrels protruding out of the ground as a sign that a soldier lies buried there. Occasionally a bleaching skeleton shows that the burial was hurried and incomplete. In other parts of France we saw that for miles and miles only the dead standing trees reminded of the forests that had at one time stood there. It was as though a forest fire had swept the country. The shot-up cities through which we traveled reminded of the devastation by a tornado, only these French devastated areas are much larger. In Lens, for instance, we drove from one end of the city to the other and made frequent stops for closer observations. In this place and its vicinity, where at one time 100,000 persons

lived and worked. we did not find a wall that had remained sufficiently intact so it could be use in rebuilding. One's heart almost breaks when seeing the many burial places with their black crosses for the German dead and the white crosses for the Allies. Here lie five thousand, there ten thousand, there seventeen thousand, there twenty-three thousand, etc. And no one wants to bear the blame for this wholesale murder.

My travel report comes to a close with this article. God willing, I may give my real mission report orally to our churches. But I know that some of the readers of these lines have accompanied us with their prayers on our journey. These have been heard. That a journey like ours is not without dangers was brought to our minds when we were visiting the Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow, India. We met a mission inspector there of one of the Methodist branches. He had started from home with a traveling companion, but had been compelled to bury him in India where he had fallen a victim to fever. In one of the summer resorts of India we met a mission inspection committee of three Dunkard Brethren. Today only two of them are on the homeward voyage on the "Olympic" with us, the other lies buried in Africa where he died two days after his arrival from fever whose germs he had brought from India. My traveling companion and I can appreciate it especially in view of such observations, that we have not had a sick day on our journey.

Tomorrow we hope to land in New York under God's protection. His hand has been over us until now. Him we would praise.

On Board S. S. "Olympic".
July 20, 1921.

FINAL WORDS

On July 12 our S. S. "Olympic" landed us safely in the harbor of New York. Mr. Habegger left at once for his home in Berne, Indiana, I left for my home in Newton, Kansas. There I arrived on July 16, on the same train on which my family had left with me on July 21, one year ago. The family was in comparatively good health. I was in the prime of health, to the praise of God.

